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THE NEW YORKER

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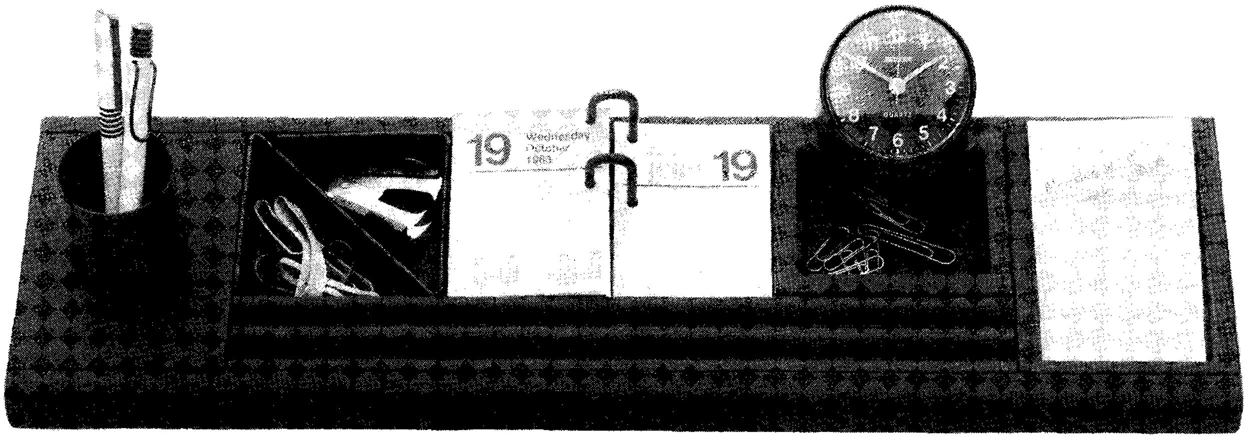

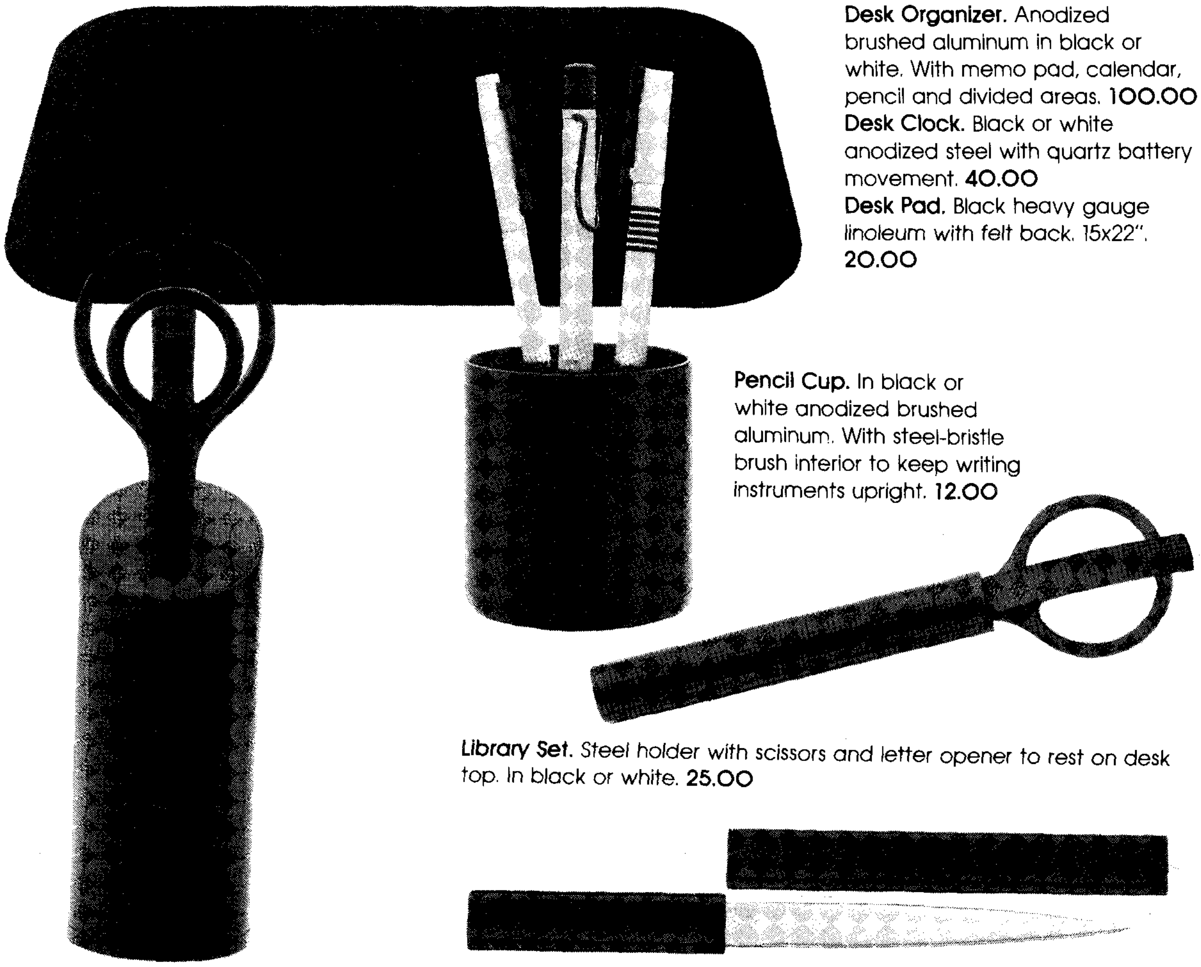

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A return engagement of the Long Wharf Theatre production of David Mamet's play, with Al Pacino, J. J. Johnston, and James Hayden. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, Oct. 20-26. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 27. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Big Maggie—This harsh comedy—an Irish import by John B. Keane—is about a widow and the schemes she devises to initiate her four grown children into the stringent realities of life in provincial Ireland. Ideally, the play should be performed by an Irish company, but the American actors assembled do pretty well under Donal Donnelly's direction. Robin Howard is excellent in the title role. (10/10/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brass Birds Don't Sing—Janet Sarno and Susan Stevens in a play by Samm-Art Williams. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 19-20, at 8. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 21, at 7. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, Joe Namath, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Edmund Kean—Ben Kingsley in a one-man show that celebrates the disreputable personal life and brilliant professional career of the man who is generally considered one of the three or four greatest actors in British history. (10/10/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Oct. 23: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Oct. 26: Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Master Builder—A moribund revival. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stag One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednes days, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gersh win songs, neatly tucked into a new book b Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twigg and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cas (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398 0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

My Uncle Sam—This prankish, guff-ridde comedy, by Len Jenkin, has a few genuinel funny, original scenes. John Arnone designe the remarkable scenery. (Reviewed in this is sue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-710 Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunda at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play abou a young woman bent upon committin suicide is an altogether successful work of a and much less dispiriting than one migh suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Piton iak, who have been ably directed by To Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th S 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patroni ing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Ha classic musical of 1936. The director, Georg Abbott, helped to write the original book an at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious reco lection of how things were and how the

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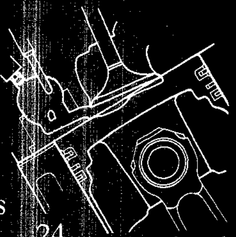
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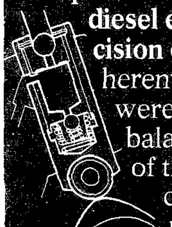
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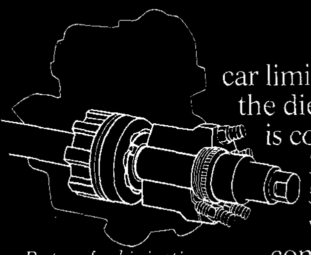
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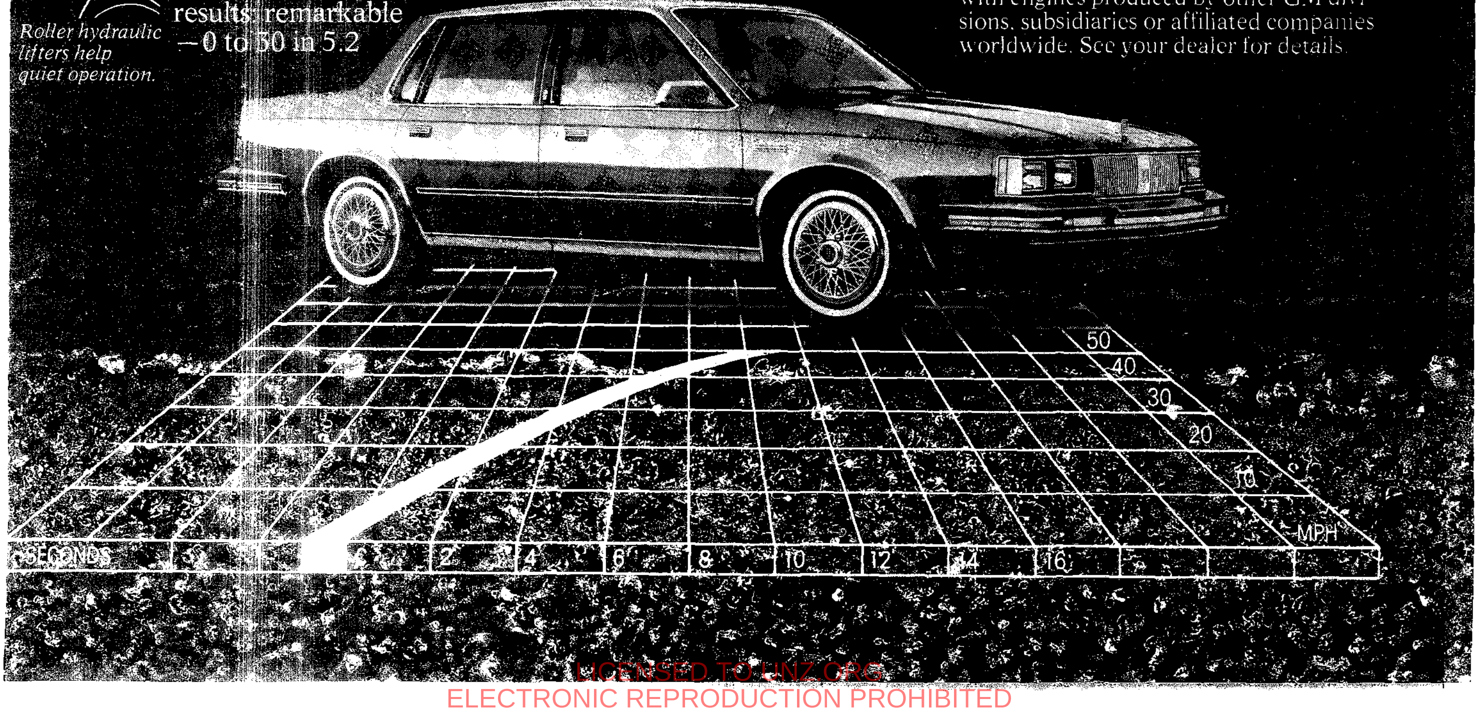
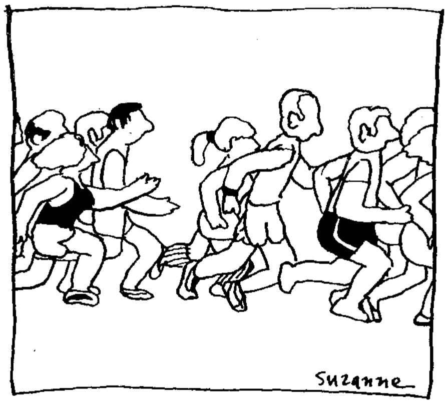


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—A stylish and spirited revival of Christopher Hampton's satire—a spinoff (and reversal) of Molière's "The Misanthrope." David McCallum gives a strong performance in the title role, and he is very well supported by Glenne Headly, Anthony Heald, and Robin Bartlett, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Barbara Caruso. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Shades of Brown—An Afrikaans policeman comes to a Colored psychologist for advice, and this melodrama set in South Africa becomes a two-act therapy session. The idea (fable or not) is preposterous, but the actors give it more credibility than it earns. They are Count Stovall (therapist) and Michael O'Hare (cop). (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston, was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trial of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.—A play by Billy Graham. Opens Thursday, Oct. 20, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Eddie Albert heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical, based on a movie that Quinn and Kedrova also starred in, back in 1964. A curiously woebegone production. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8: Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,768 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics, Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 869-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30 Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 19 Friday evening, Oct. 21; and Sunday evening, Oct. 23: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Love Songs" (New York première), and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Thursday evening Oct. 20; Sunday matinée, Oct. 23; and Friday evening, Oct. 28: "Dream Dances," "Five Brahms Waltzes in the Manner of Isadora Duncan," "Round of Angels," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct 22: "Petrouchka," "Quarter-Tones for Mr. B" (première), and "Cloven Kingdom." . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 25: "Petrouchka," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 26 "Les Patineurs," "Italian Suite" (première) and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "Petrouchka," "Parade," and "Italian Suite." . . . ¶ Saturday evening Oct. 29: "Italian Suite," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—A program of avant-garde dance that includes a new work "Set and Reset," with music composed and performed by guest artist Laurie Anderson (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday Oct. 20-22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

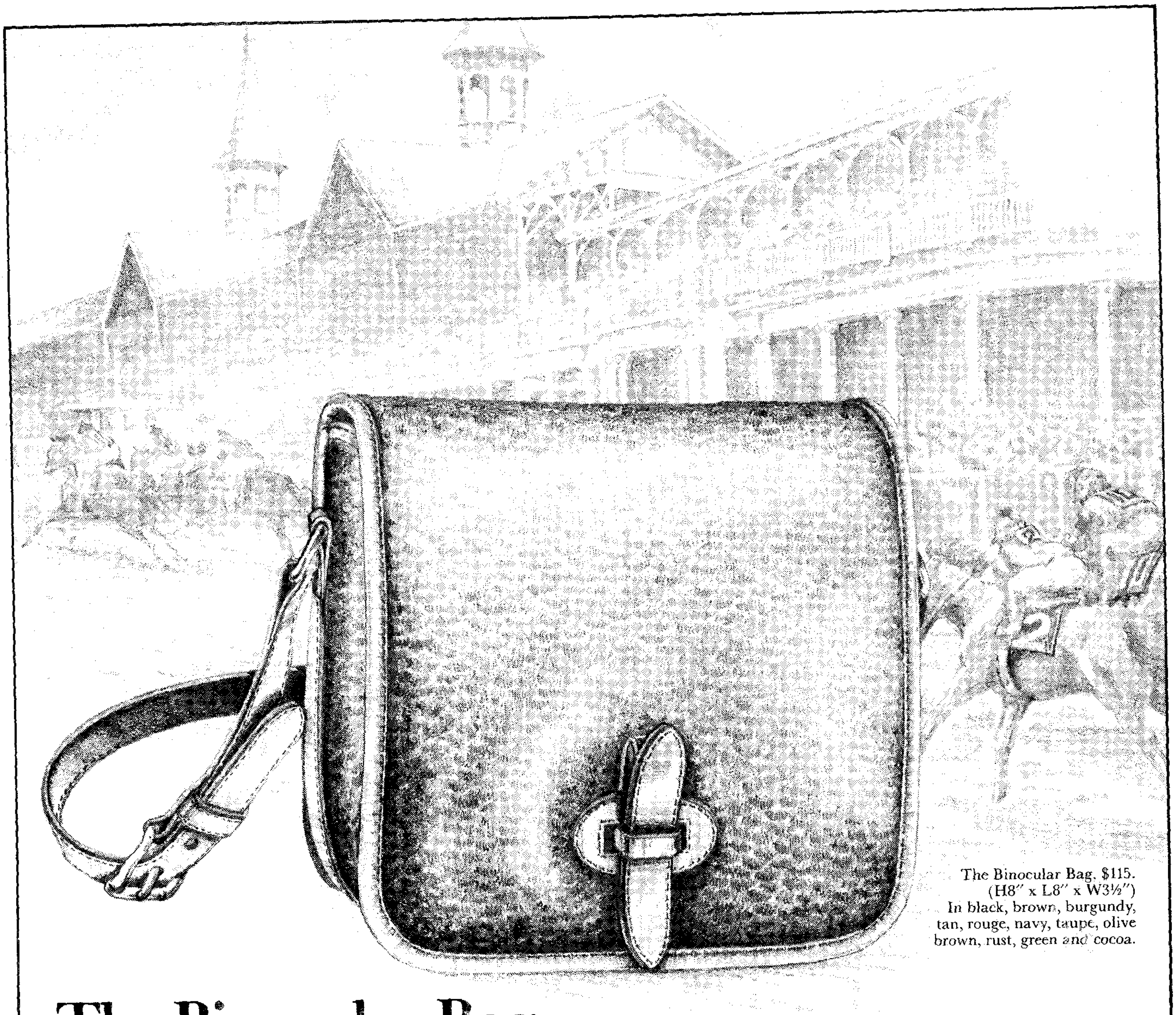
Court Dance Company—A program of Renaissance music and dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct 23, at 3. For tickets, call 255-5545.)

Harry—Senta Driver and her company performing new and repertoire works. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 26-30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Oct 21-22, pianist **JIM MC NEELY'S** trio, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Vernel Fournier trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE,** in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice, sings from a repertoire that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Hip"—which all convey, with help from Miss Dearie's detached delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hepness (or hipness) and what now seems more like innocence. Concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**JEAN CARN** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 23; Monday, Oct. 24, will be claimed by Carol Sharcone, Laura Dreyer, and alto saxophonist **MONTY WATERS;** *and starting* Tuesday, Oct. 25, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** a flamethrower of a tenor saxophonist and bassoonist, will arrive with a big band. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 19, bass virtuoso **JACO PASTORIUS** and Word of Mouth; Thursday, Oct. 20, Steve Smith & Vital Information, and rhythm and blues with drummer **BILLY COBHAM,** guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, singer **PHOEBE SNOW;** Monday, Oct. 24, the Joe Perry Project; Thursday, Oct. 27, stunning North Carolinian singers and flat-pickers **DOC** and **MERLE WATSON;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, Richard Thompson and T-Bone Burnett. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving young pianist who sounds great whether he's playing bebop or Latin-tinged jazz, is here with showboating **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who accompanies his own bass solos with deep, buzzing vocals, through Saturday, Oct. 22; on Monday, Oct. 24, bassist **RED MITCHELL** will take charge with pianist **KENNY BARRON.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but world weary when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in the saddle in the Café Carlyle with his trusty aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and with his repertoire of twentieth-century high popular art. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebop pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Oct. 19, the Pet Clams, the ICBM's, and the Privates; Thursday, Oct. 20, the Academy, the Egyptians, and Lew Miami; Friday, Oct. 21, the Helen Wheels Band, Startoon, and Bonnie Parker; Saturday, Oct. 22, Lenny Kaye and Steve Almaas; and Tuesday, Oct. 25, the Drongoes, Screen Test, and the Service. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Club Jisco, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—An agreeable jazz loft. On Thursdays, the **HERMAN ANGEL SEXTET** holds forth with guest soloist trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** on Oct. 20, and alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** on Oct. 27. On Saturday, Oct. 22, organist **CHARLES EARLAND** will head up his jazz-funk group. Music from ten. Dancing. Closed Friday, Oct. 21, and Saturday, Oct. 29.

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Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**JOE TURNER,** a first-edition stride pianist, shows what it's all about every night but Sunday at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Oct. 19, Cathal McConnell; Saturday, Oct. 22, the Double Decker String Band; Wednesday, Oct. 26, Sean & James Keane, with Mick Moloney; and Saturday, Oct. 29, Walt Michael & Company. Music Wednesdays at eight and ten, and Saturdays from nine.

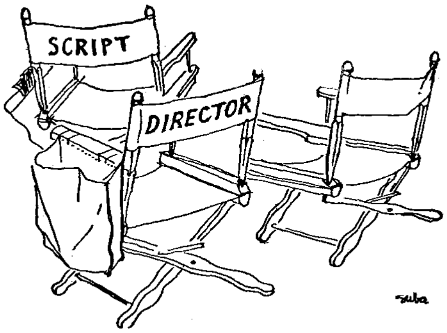
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Oct. 23, the Ray Alexander quintet will work from nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty belong to Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays, the **JAY LEONHART**–Danny D'Imperio quartet performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. The 1983 reissue of the **RED NORVO TRIO**—vibraharpist R. N., with **TAL FARLOW** on guitar and **GEORGE DUVIVIER** on bass—can be heard through Sunday, Oct. 23; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, singer **ANITA O'DAY** will take charge. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Friday, Oct. 21, Frank Christian and Chris Smither; Saturday, Oct. 22, bluesman **SONNY TERRY;** Sunday, Oct. 23, Jane Brucker; Tuesday, Oct. 25, Julie Gold and Michael Fracasso; Thursday, Oct. 27, at eight and eleven, Martin Carthy, John Kirkpatrick, and Howard Evans; Friday, Oct. 28, rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** and Saturday, Oct. 29, folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 19-23, pianist **JOHN HICKS;** on Tuesday, Oct. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and guitarist **CHUCK LOEB.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist Matt McErlean's trio; Mondays pianist Baba Motta with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups perform from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.



Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The pianists: **DILL JONES** through Saturday, Oct. 22; **MIKE ABENE,** with trumpeter **DICK SUDHALTER,** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 25; **KEITH MAC DONALD** on Sundays; and **DICK HYMAN** on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to real fine piano-bass teams. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** have the floor, and the Sunday and Monday men are, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty: Wednesday, Oct. 19, David Carradine; Thursday, Oct. 20, veteran folkie **RICHIE HAVENS;** Monday, Oct. 24, Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings and Eight to the Bar; Tuesday, Oct. 25, folk-rocker Michael Murphey. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** the all-smiles hard-bop pianist, leads his quintet on Wednesday, Oct. 19; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 20-23, will belong to Gene McDaniels & Diamond Mind; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25-26, will be given over to trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV'S** band; and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 27-30, the **JAKI BYARD–ERIC KLOSS** quartet will be present. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MAX MORATH** is at the piano, performing a program of American pop music with his quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, Oct. 19, Thorne Birds; Thursday, Oct. 20, Ivy Ray; Monday, Oct. 24, Crossing Point; Tuesday, Oct. 25, Clive Stevens & Brain Child; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27, French Toast; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, gospel and soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster; Wednesday, Oct. 19, Kevin Sullivan, Via Satellite, and the Gift; Thursday, Oct. 20, the Stereo Types, the Electric Storm, and the Hi-Beams; Friday, Oct. 21, singer **ETTA JAMES** and Fats Deacon & the Dumbwaiters; Saturday, Oct. 22, Skip Castro and Mojo Bone; Monday, Oct. 24, Crisis Art, Clyde Zone, and the Black Box; Wednesday, Oct. 26, the Allies, Art Halperin, and the Young Turks; Thursday, Oct. 27, the Third Wave, Jesse Bullitt, and Richard X. Heyman; Friday, Oct. 28, Jim Dawson and Linda Webb; and Saturday, Oct. 29, Diamond Dupree and Steve Postel. Shows start at ten. Sundays are reserved for a jam session. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in the quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer through-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, Oct. 21, the November Group; Saturday, Oct. 22, the Neats; Friday, Oct. 28, Panther Burns; and Saturday, Oct. 29, the **FEELIES,** *an off-again, on-again rock* quartet (its members get involved in other projects) that is apparently on again. The Feelies are clean-cut and studious looking (they might have convincingly called themselves the Physics Majors) and hail not from England but from Haledon, New Jersey, a suburb of Paterson. Their songs sound like nineteen-eighties Ventures music, with its heavy emphasis on percussion and rhythm guitar. In fact, some of their numbers are virtual rhythm-guitar festivals with an occasional whiny, slithery guitar solo excavated from the Acid Rock Age thrown in. And they make you want to dance. Music from way past your bedtime.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS,** the erstwhile rock-and-roll drummer who has, over the years, gigged with Sammy Price, Lucky Millinder, and Dinah Shore, leads his **SAVOY SULTANS** through some irresistible arrangements to Lindy to on the sixty-fifth floor; through Sunday, Oct. 23. On Tuesday, Oct. 25, **SY OLIVER,** trumpeter, arranger, and Professor of the Bounce, will return with his band. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and 'eighties. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25-26, the **GANG OF FOUR;** Friday, Oct. 28, Translator; and Saturday, Oct. 29, Juluka. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, Oct. 19, Tiger Oroshi; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER** and his big band, with **RANDY BRECKER, WILL LEE,** and **DON GROLNICK** in its ranks; Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 22-23, singer Jocelyn Brown; Monday, Oct. 24, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA;** Tuesday, Oct. 25, Ed Palermo's big band; Wednesday, Oct. 26, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS;** Thursday, Oct. 27, **SYBIL THOMAS,** a fine, bluesy young singer; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, Noel Pointer. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Oct. 19, Mixed Grill; Thursday, Oct. 20, African Connection; Friday, Oct. 21, Brazuca; Saturday, Oct. 22, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Oct. 25, Daniella; Wednesday, Oct. 26, **JORGE DALTO** and his Inter-American band; Thursday, Oct. 27, Billy Bongo and his African-American High-Life Band; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**RED RODNEY** and **IRA SULLIVAN** and their vibrant, mainstream quintet work until Saturday, Oct. 22; on Monday, Oct. 24, trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH** will drop by with his sextet; and on Tuesday, Oct. 25, super bassist **RON CARTER** will begin a five-night visit with his quartet. Sundays belong to **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his Brazilian-jazz band, **AMAZON.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic-blues and R. & B. hangout. Buster Poindexter (a *nom de guitare* if there ever was one) holes up here on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Music after nine.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on Monday, Oct. 24, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** will share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist **DIZZY GILLESPIE.** . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** play piano-bass duets through Sunday, Oct. 30. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio Tuesdays after nine, alternating with the visiting duo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. **JON FADDIS,** whose trumpet solos are more likely to be found in the stratosphere, is here with his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 23; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, pianist **HANK JONES,** tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH,** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** will take charge. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music after ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Singer **CHRIS CONNOR** takes advantage of them Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Wednesday, Oct. 19, Joe Ruddick and Frank Jollife; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 20-23, Joe Forrester; and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 24-26, Hank Johnson. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

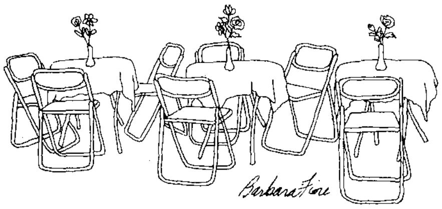
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 19-20, Tristano disciples pianist **CONNIE CROTHERS** and saxophonist **LENNY POPKIN;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his Savoy Sultans; and starting Monday, Oct. 24, saxophonist Percy France's band. Sundays are claimed by pianist **DICK KATZ.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. The duos: pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON** through Saturday, Oct. 22; pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist Dean Johnson beginning Monday, Oct. 24; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** every Sunday. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Stevie Wonder—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 19-20, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8 and midnight; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.

WNEW's Make Believe Ballroom—William B. Williams presenting the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Frankie Laine, Helen O'Connell, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)



Claude Bolling—With Charlie Byrd and Eugenia Zuckerman. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Men at Work—With Haircut One Hundred. (Radio City Music Hall. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.)

Jack Reilly and Lloyd Moss—A program of music and poetry. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Pat Metheny Group—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.

José Luis Rodríguez—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 8.

Kevin Burke, Micheal O'Domhnaill, and Joe Burke—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 10 and midnight: Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

Benefit Concert—Bob Hope, Peggy Lee, Eartha Kitt, Tony Randall, and others performing on behalf of Fight for Sight. (Beacon Theatre, Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma—Views of wooded areas and ponds, most of them painted from a closeup perspective. Through Nov. 5. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Landscape paintings that repeat motifs of the Southwest—horses running in herds, mesas—and are bordered with Navajo designs. Through Nov. 19. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Robert Cook—Bronzes. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Sixteen oils, about half of them portraits, primarily from the thirties and early forties. Through Dec. 3. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Works by du Bois (and by his contemporary John Sloan) are also on view, in a show mounted by the Whitney Museum, at Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Heide Fasnacht—Large-scale painted-wood sculptures, plus maquettes and drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Alan Feltus—Paintings of groups of women in formal poses. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Flanagan—Meticulously painted surrealistic works. Through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Anthony Green—Detailed paintings of English gardens and the interiors of cozy cottages, often occupied by the artist himself. Through Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959) **and Hannah Höch** (1889-1978)—Oils and works on paper done in Berlin during the twenties and thirties. Through Dec. 31. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

James Guy (1910-83)—Paintings from the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Michael Heizer—Seven new sculptures (five of them very big), and eight large-scale drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions housed in boxes. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

György Kepes—Abstract paintings that combine

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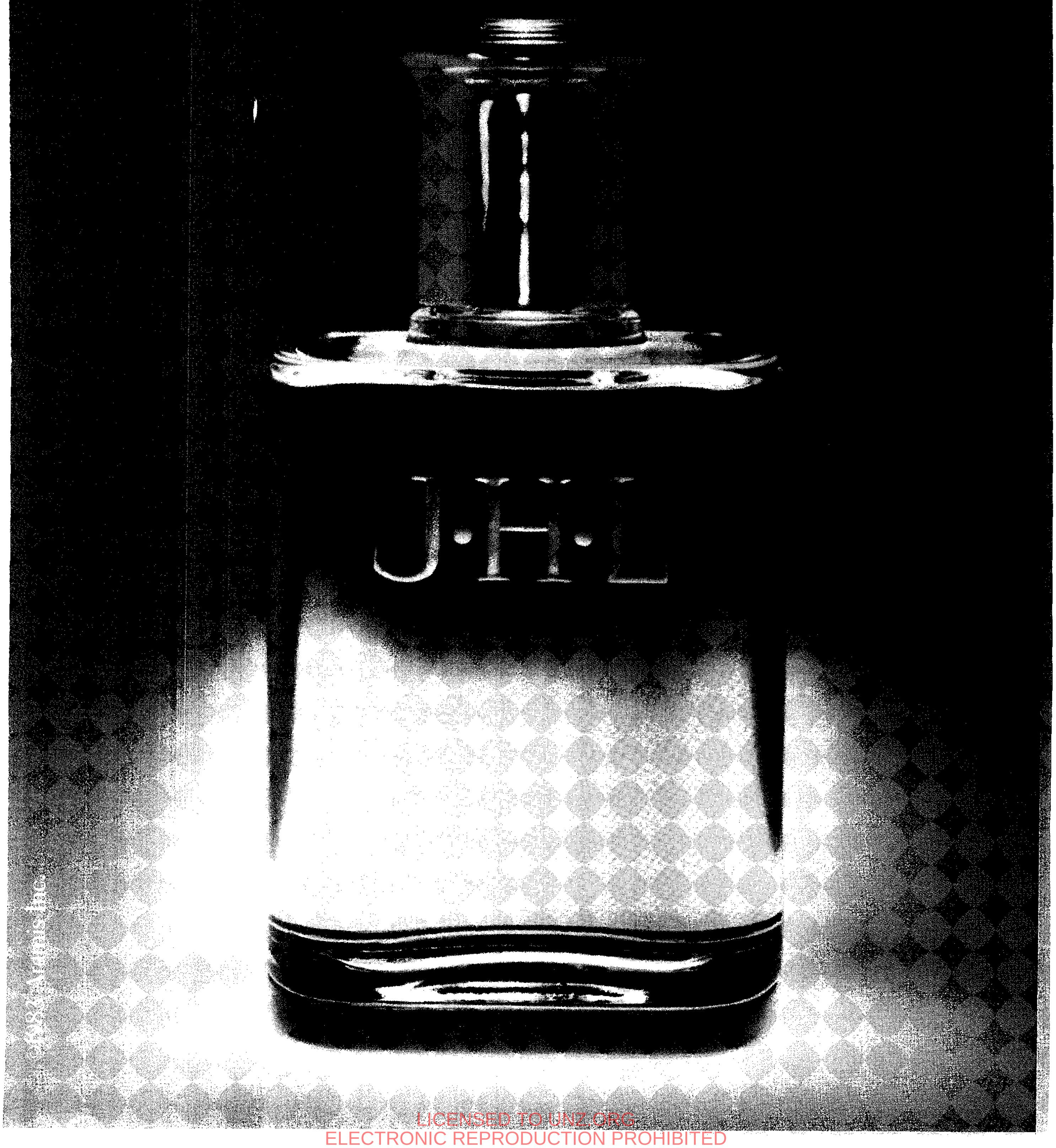

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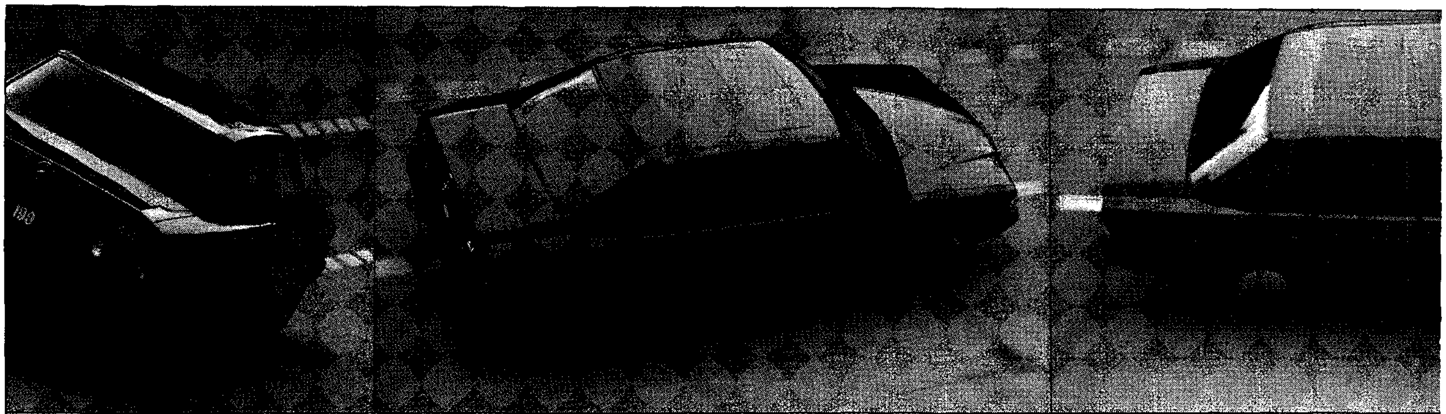

The new 190 E 2.3 Sedan: a $24,000 four-door wedge that weighs 2,655 lbs., has an aerodynamic drag coefficient of 0.35,*

Introducing the new 190 Class: the standards of Mercedes-Benz in an automobile like none before.

MERCEDES-BENZ HAS computed a bold new equation of space and mass and energy. From it has emerged a new automotive category: the 190 Class of gasoline- and diesel-powered sedans, priced in the $24,000 range.

The 190 Class extends the unique Mercedes-Benz synthesis of high technology, obsessive quality and sheer driving exhilaration into territory ripe for such leadership.

It breaks through previous limits. Sets new performance parameters. Achieves a level of balanced excellence achieved by no other automobiles of similar size and weight.

In sum, the 190 Class is more than a new model from Mercedes-Benz. It is a new example for the automotive world of the eighties.

BREAKTHROUGH SUSPENSION

The engineers spent five years, and investigated 70 variations of eight principal systems, en route to the *multilink* independent rear suspension that is the car's crowning technological advance.

It helps make this four-door Mercedes-Benz a blend of agility and stability that, *Road & Track* predicts, "...will challenge some of the finest sports sedans in the world on just about any road you choose."

Each rear wheel is independently located by five precisely aligned links, which swing through interacting arcs during wheel movement and function as a unit to maintain the rear wheels in an attitude parallel to the road surface. Translation: the 190 Class tracks as if on rails. Roadholding poise and adhesion are almost uncanny.

The 190 Class is the trimmest and lightest Mercedes-Benz sedan of modern times. Multilink suspension makes it the best-handling Mercedes-Benz sedan in history.

The new 190E 2.3 Sedan seeks to redefine four-cylinder gasoline performance–upward.

Its fuel-injected 2.3-liter engine lifts the 190E to a 115-mph-plus test track maximum, yet generates high torque at low engine speeds for responsive snap in every driving range–even in fourth gear at 55 mph. It is an engine superbly matched with an automobile that almost begs for spirited driving. Smoothness was not forgotten; it carries *eight* crankshaft counterweights, plus a vibration damper.

NEW KIND OF DIESEL

The new 190D 2.2 Sedan equally revises ideas about four-cylinder diesel performance. It advances Mercedes-Benz diesel engine technology to new levels of sophistication and efficiency. (In cold weather, it even preheats its own fuel.) And in perhaps the most imaginative diesel noise-abatement step of them all, it sits *encapsulated* within the engine compartment, surrounded by sound-deadening panels.

Introduced simultaneously with these new engines is a new five-speed manual gearbox, with synchromesh even on reverse and fifth functioning as an overdrive gear for easier highway cruising. You can order this manual or a four-speed automatic version of both the 190E and 190D.

The 190 Class achieves what few production automobiles and almost no four-door sedans have ever achieved: an aerodynamic drag coefficient of 0.35.

Wind roar is dulled to almost nothing. So obsessed with aero-

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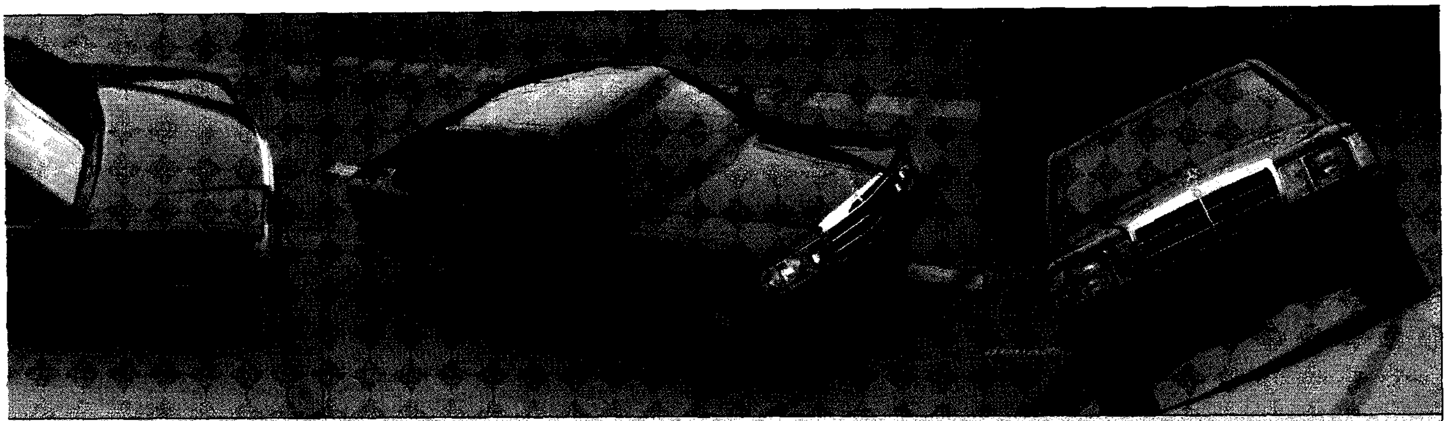
*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. †See your authorized dealer for complete warranty information. ©1983 Mercedes-Benz N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.



can reach 115-mph-plus on the test track, and is built to the uncompromising standards of Mercedes-Benz.

dynamic efficiency were its designers that they even faired a wind deflector onto the undersides of the main rear suspension arms, to help manage the airflow streaming beneath the car.

"WHICH MERCEDES IS THIS?"

Into this 14½-foot aerodynamic wedge has been designed civilized passenger space, accessible via four wide-opening doors and backed by a deep, rectangular 11.7-cubic-foot trunk.

"The most astounding thing happens when you take the driver's seat...you would be hard pressed to tell what Mercedes you are in," marvels one writer.

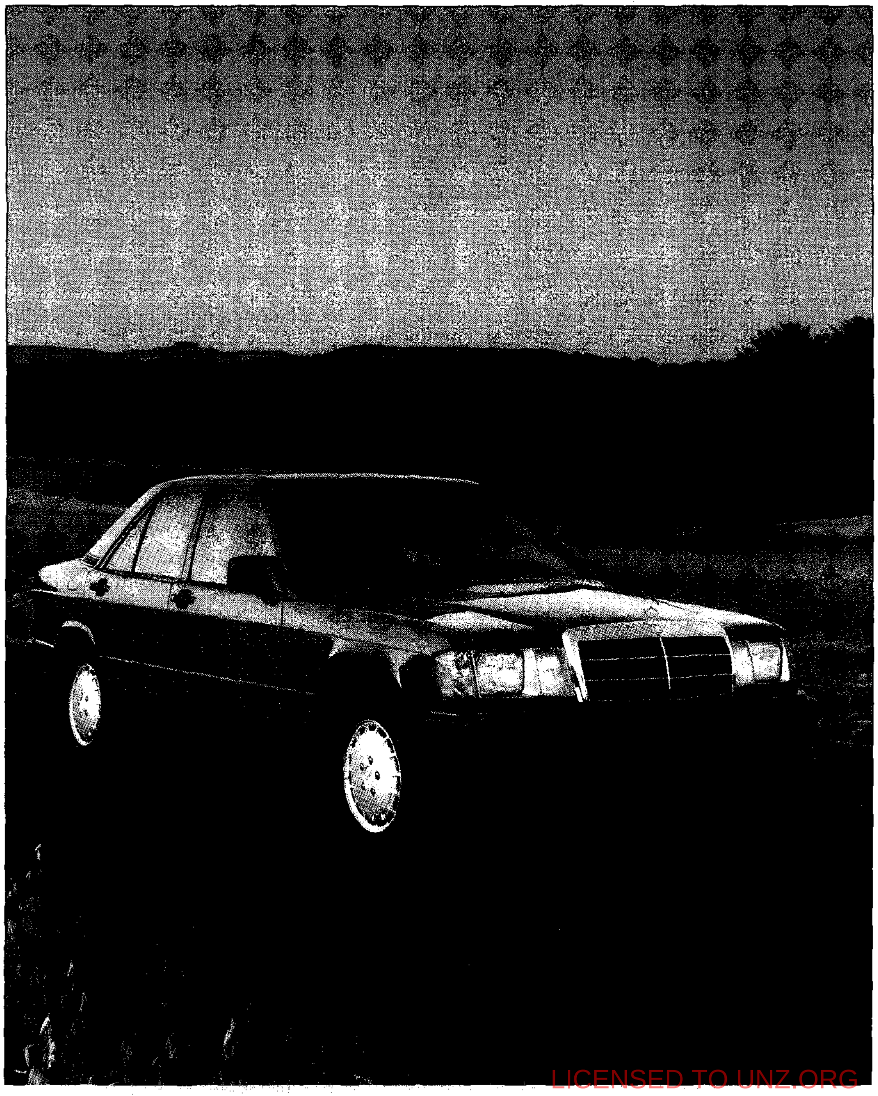
This no doubt derives in some measure from the sense of security and solidity imparted by every Mercedes-Benz. Another reason may be that its 41 inches of front legroom exactly matches that found in the largest Mercedes-Benz sedans built today.

The two supple front bucket-type seats are adjustable to almost infinite combinations of height, seatback rake, and fore-and-aft travel. The standards of Mercedes-Benz prevail in comfort as they do in engineering: the 190 Class is fully equipped and consummately well crafted, down to its hand-worked wood interior trim.

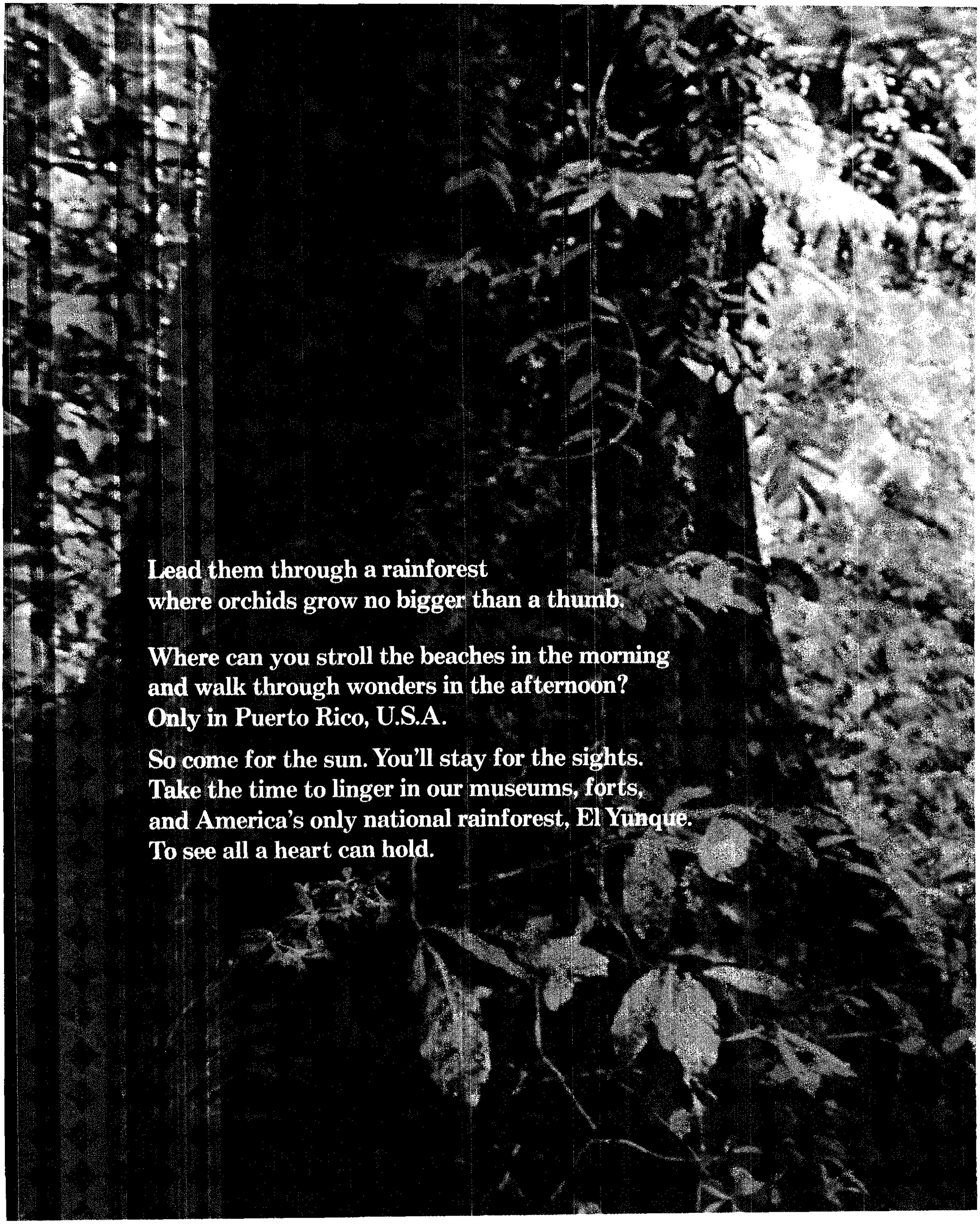
The 190 Class carries forward intact the Mercedes-Benz safety philosophy and Mercedes-Benz safety technology. Such critical features as collapsible front and rear body sections, meant to absorb kinetic energy in a major impact, are designed in. One nontechnological innovation is worth note: the 190 Class comes with a remarkable 48-month-or-50,000-mile limited warranty as standard.†

SACRED STANDARDS

The 190 Class, in the form of the new 190E 2.3 and 190D 2.2 Sedans, opens an exciting new chapter in automotive history. It meanwhile continues one of the oldest traditions in automotive history. For what it achieves has been achieved without deviating by one single millimeter from the sacred standards that make a Mercedes-Benz a Mercedes-Benz.



Engineered like no other car in the world



Lead them through a rainforest
where orchids grow no bigger than a thumb.

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Only in Puerto Rico, U.S.A.

So come for the sun. You'll stay for the sights.
Take the time to linger in our museums, forts,
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To see all a heart can hold.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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oil and sand and sometimes glow like stained-glass windows. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Louis le Brocquy—A series called "Studies Toward an Image of William Shakespeare," in charcoal, oils, and watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Six paintings from his "veil" series. Through Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Juan Martinez—New paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Todd McKie—Fanciful paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—A sampling of the paintings and drawings that made this Bay Area artist so influential. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Quijada—Collages and freestanding constructions made of canvas-covered strips of wood. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Churyo Sato—Bronze sculptures. Through Friday, Oct. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Fritz Scholder—This artist has moved on from American Indian subjects to paintings of distorted figures and semi-abstract Arizona landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Merton D. Simpson—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Miklos Suba (1880-1944)—Drawings and watercolors of New York, mostly from the thirties. Through Nov. 5. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Dorothea Tanning—Semi-abstract figures painted in lush flesh tones and seen frolicking in a dreamy empyrean. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Kay WalkingStick—Large paintings, very heavily textured. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Paul Wonner—Still-life paintings that concentrate on light and shadow. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by some of this century's more formidable artists, among them Picasso, Miró, Balthus, and Giacometti. Through Nov. 23. . . . **COE KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Scenes of turn-of-the-century Venice in paintings, works on paper, and prints by a half-dozen Americans, among them Childe Hassam and Maurice Prendergast. Through Nov. 16. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Gregory Amenoff—Rich, thickly painted abstractions. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jane Armstrong—Marble sculptures that include sleeping calves and cloud formations, plus a few abstractions. Through Nov. 3. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rela Banks—A new series of marble sculptures combining geometric forms. Through Nov. 5. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Charles Baskerville—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Brooks—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Nov. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Geometric cutouts of museum board streaked with graphite and assembled in sculptural pieces that have much the same harmony as natural crystallization. Through Wednesday, Oct. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ More than a hundred black-and-white drawings that the artist calls "voyeuristic portraits," plus sculptures. Through Nov. 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Michael David—New abstract paintings that are on standard, rectangular canvases, rather than on the irregular shapes he has used until now. Through Nov. 5. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Valentina DuBasky—Paintings and drawings from the "stag" series, in which landscape *and still-life meld—along with the stag, of* course. Through Nov. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Watercolors of trees and lily ponds, a single work sometimes occupying several panels. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis / Beverly Pepper—*Paintings* on paper. Through Nov. 5. / A fresh assembly of her slender, towering sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ken Goodman—Stark grisaille paintings in which the artist portrays himself eavesdropping, *whispering confidences, expressing* alarm, and so forth. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ron Gorchov—Gaily colored abstractions painted on shield-shaped canvases. Through Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gordon—Paintings of lush back yards in middle-class neighborhoods in Iowa. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—Late paintings not seen in New York until now. Through Nov. 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Simon Harling / Terry Lee Dill—Small pastoral landscapes. / Small-scale models of real-looking but wholly imaginary high-tech scientific equipment, housed in trestlework towers full of catwalks and filter systems and mazes of pipe. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frances Hynes—Cows and barns painted in a direct style reminiscent of Milton Avery's. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors of women swimmers and hand-colored-and-lacquered photographs of swimming pools in winter (closeup or deliberately skewed). Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Jordan—Representational landscapes in oil. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

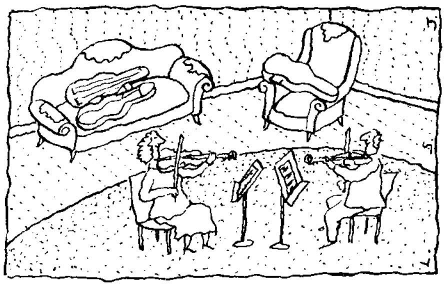
Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Drawings, chiefly. Through Nov. 5. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Rex Lau / Maria Scotti—Montauk trees and rocks are simplified to their essentials in these paintings. / Large paintings in which Picassoesque figures are juxtaposed with almost literal transcriptions of happy, unaffected drawings by the artist's young niece. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Mixed mediums on paper, filled with private symbolism and unaccountable inscriptions. Through Nov. 5. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Markus Lüpertz—Oil paintings by a German Neo-Expressionist which might have been excerpted from Hieronymus Bosch but were actually derived from stage sets. Through Nov. 5. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Cutout photographs of contemporary fashion-magazine models are used in a series of collages intended as a homage to La Belle Époque. Through Oct. 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



John Marin (1870-1953)—Mountain ranges in New Mexico, New England, and the Tyrol, painted with the same verve and analytical skill that shone in his cityscapes and marines. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ed McGowin—Preparatory studies, in graphite, for an outdoor sculpture. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Philip Mullen—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David Saunders—Portraits of actors superimposed on canvases crowded with secondary subjects—a shipwreck, for one glaring example. Sometimes the backgrounds are incised or even perforated. Through Nov. 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Concetta Scaravaglione (1900-75)—Figures by a sculptor who worked in beaten copper, wood, stone, and bronze. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bernarda Bryson Shahn—This artist, now in her eighties, is showing her engaging paintings for the first time. She is the widow of Ben Shahn but her works seem wholly free of his influence. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dee Shapiro—Richly colored, patterned watercolors whose designs were derived from Islamic decorative motifs. Through Nov. 18. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Paintings from the thirties and forties that reflect some of the influences at work on the emerging sculptor. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—Representative sculptures, including an overpowering black geometric presence, ten and a half feet tall, entitled "Tau;" and large paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Steven Sorman—Large abstract works done in various mediums on polyester drapery material. Through Nov. 5. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Elizabeth Thompson—Large paintings and drawings of sphinxes and fountains and architectural ornamentation. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Richard Tuttle—Abstract wall sculptures in a dazzling variety of mediums; it's the artist's first major show since his retrospective at the Whitney in 1975. Through Nov. 5. (Blum-Hellman, 20 W. 57th St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Forty etchings and drypoints of Venice in the eighteen-eighties. Through Nov. 30. (Wunderlich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **MARISA DEL RE**, 41 E. 57th St.: One painting and one work on paper each by nine big-league Americans, such as Kline, Rothko, Stella, Twombly. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Luis Cruz Azaceta, JoAnne Carson, and Roy De Forest are among the artists whose paintings, constructed in three dimensions, are on view. Through Nov. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Part II of the inaugural show in the new quarters, consisting of recent works by artists who grew up with the gallery—Joe Zucker, Robert Kushner, Donna Dennis, to name a few. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jennifer Bartlett / Jackie Winsor—A fresh series of large oils centered on a swimming pool in the South of France. / A single cruciform sculptural work made up of six panels painted a vibrant red. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Linda Bastian—Flower still-lifes painted in oil and watercolor on silk. Through Nov. 2. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Chris Burden—"Cost Effective Micro-Weaponry and Related Machines" comprises six very active installations, some of them ("The Flying Kayak," for instance) intended for audi-

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ence participation. Through Nov. 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

William N. Copley—Recent paintings, some of them done on both sides of large, folding screens. Through Nov. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Ronnie Cutrone—Biblical personages and Mighty Mouse are equally prominent figures in the private ideography of this young artist, who paints on flags, banners, and blackboards as well as on canvas and paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Don Eddy—Photo-Realist airbrush paintings of glassware, toys, and assorted doodads arranged on glass shelves. Through Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mary Beth Edelson—Large-scale paintings and drawings in which the artist focussed on portrait busts from antiquity—in particular, ones with missing noses. Through Nov. 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Jack Goldstein—A new set of his marvels-of-the-night-sky paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Metro Pictures, now located at 150 Greene St.)

Gaylen Hansen—Dogs, bears, fish, and a recurring character called the Kernal populate these folk-art paintings, done on unstretched canvas. Through Nov. 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Christopher Le Brun—In each of these large paintings, strikingly colorful abstractions surround the enigmatic figure of a white horse. The artist is a young Englishman. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Donald Lipski—Sleek sculptural works composed of improbable parts—a small movie camera on a tripod is veiled with candle wax, for instance, and a slim, graceful anti-aircraft missile lies peacefully on a bed of tiles. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Germans van Eck, a new gallery, at 420 West Broadway.)

Nathan Oliveira—Paintings, monotypes, and bronze sculptural works ranging from tall, thin figures to horizontal tablets strewn with abstract shapes suggestive of flotsam at the water's edge. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—Figurative paintings from the thirties and forties, and other works. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

James Rosenquist—Four new paintings, including a whopper seventeen feet one inch tall and forty-six feet long, depicting clockwork mechanisms and cover-girl faces, among other things. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Ce Roser—Collage paintings and tapestries. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Lee Sherry—Eastern symbolism pervades these tapestry-like works, adorned with elephants, tigers, camels, and cryptic writings. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Hollis Sigler—Brightly colored narrative oils shown against tabernacle façades painted on the gallery walls. Through Nov. 3. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Arlene Slavin—This muralist, whose practice is primarily in public exhibition spaces, is showing a three-part, eight-foot folding screen commissioned by the Hudson River Museum, and other works. Through Nov. 9. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Andy Spence—Stylish-looking Minimalist paintings of architectural forms reduced to their simplest pictographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Carol Unger / Eve Licea—Outsize realist drawings of adolescents, done in graphite on board. / Sculptures, both on the wall and freestanding, made of handmade paper and pieces of wood, string, glass, metal, etc. Through Nov. 6. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

John T. Young / Bruce Brooks—Long, slender, pole-like sculptures made primarily of industrial drilling materials. / Painted constructions. Through Nov. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

The New Museum, now in galleries at 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Sixty-eight artists, all of whom have had a work or two at the museum in the past, are represented by paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and video. William Wiley, Lynda Benglis, William Wegman, Nancy Arlen, and Brice Marden, among others. Through Nov. 27. (Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5; except on Wednesdays after 5, admission is $2.50.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by ten emerging artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **esman**, in a new location, at 121 Spring St.: Members of the gallery stable (Ed Kerns and Thomas Nozkowski, for instance) and artists the gallery admires (Christo and Artschwager, for instance) are represented. Through Saturday, Oct. 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams—A sculpture called "Roof Landing." Through Jan. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Edgar Franceschi / Max Coyer—New paintings. / Photographs of male nudes. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Geoffrey Hellman (1907-77)—A selection of the author's letters and manuscripts. Through Thursday, Oct. 27. (Bobst Library, third floor, New York University, 70 Washington Sq. S. Mondays through Thursdays, 2 to 5.)

Italo Scanga—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lee Friedlander / Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Portraits from the past three decades, many of them not seen in public before. Through Nov. 12. / Platinum prints of Mexico and New Mexico in the thirties. Starts Thursday, Oct. 20. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Hamish Fulton—Photographs of places as far-flung as Nepal and Australia. Through Nov. 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Frank Gohlke—Fifteen photographs have been mounted in the lobby of the Museum of Modern Art, showing the region affected by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens, and taken one, two, and three years after the disaster. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.)

Annie Leibovitz—Photographs, primarily the studies of rock stars for which she is well known. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—Photographs of New York in the forties and fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Animal-locomotion collotypes, plus prints from the series on Central America and on the Yosemite Valley. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Don Rodan—One photograph and one drawing apiece for each of the four seasons. Through Nov. 5. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show called "Metropolitan Opera Centennial: A Photographic Album." . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Canadian portraitist Yousuf Karsh. Both shows through Nov. 13. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. More than a hundred prints by photojournalist Roland Freeman, chronicling the day-to-day activities of contemporary blacks. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "A Century of Black Photographers, 1840-1960" has works by little-known artists from the nineteenth century and by their better-known twentieth-century counterparts, among them James Van DerZee and Roy DeCarava. Through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Édouard Manet retrospective. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century painter and exponent of Impressionism. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; among the seventy-five works are ten newly acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Through Nov 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of large-scale prints by Georg Baselitz (sixteen linoleum cuts) and Rolf Iseli (sixteen drypoints). . . . ¶ The short history of video—its artists and exhibitions—is summarized in a show of photographs and catalogues. . . **photography:** Frank Gohlke's prints of Mt. St Helens. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of sixteen of Charles Simonds' clay-brick sculptures of Lilliputian cities and neighborhoods for an imaginary civilization he calls his Little People, including a nine-and-a-half-foot piece (his largest to date) created specifically for the museum's rotunda Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven artists from around the country have been chosen to represent "New Perspectives in American Art." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

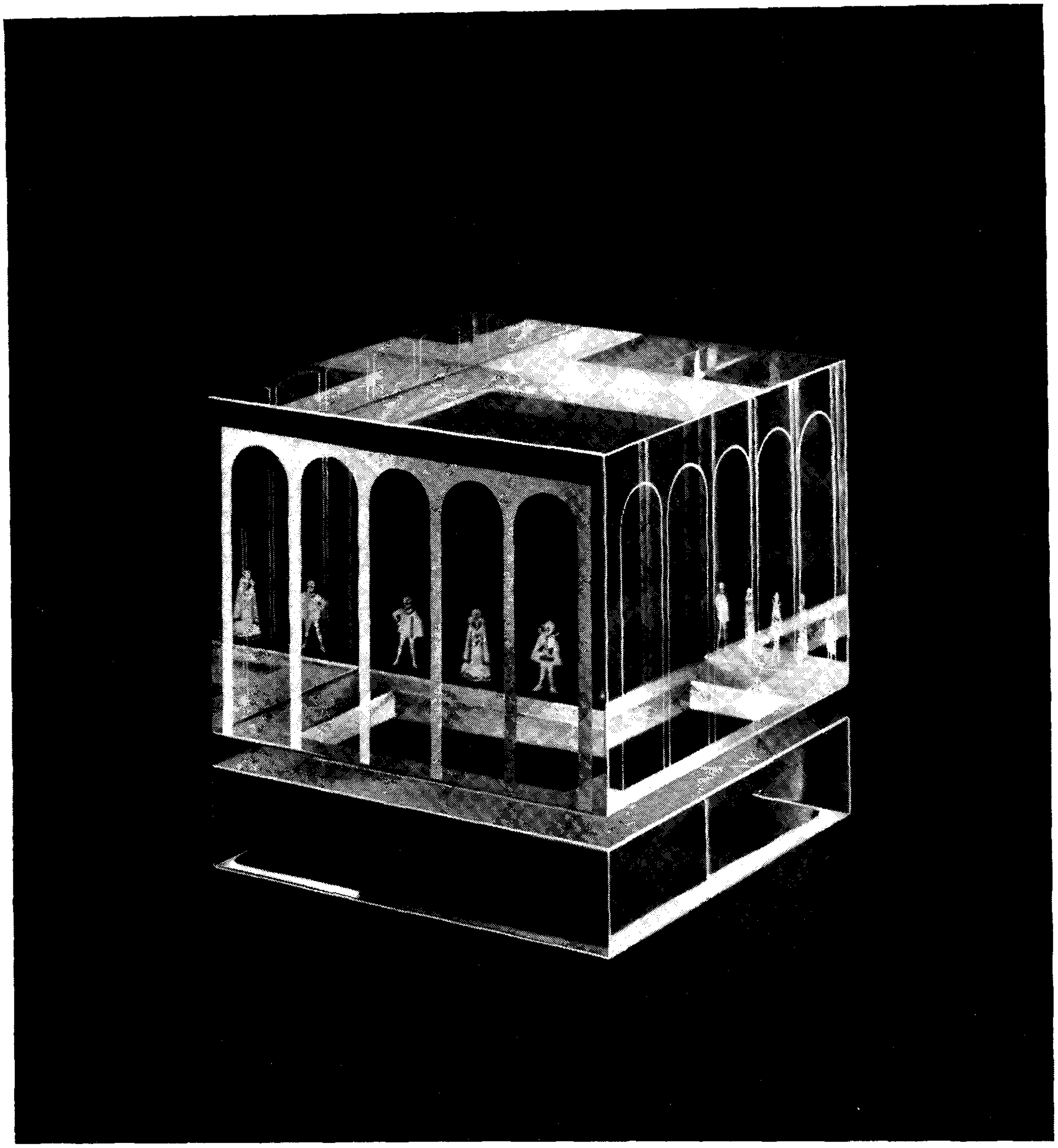
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "The Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of about forty twentieth-century drawings by nearly as many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collections are the main reason for a visit just now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Japanese *emaki*, narrative painted hand scrolls. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Photographs of the Japanese crane seen in its native habitat. Through Oct. 30. (The photography exhibit is open daily; the other exhibit is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of more than fifty pieces of mid-seventeenth-century utilitarian Chinese ceramics—bowls,



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This Steuben crystal sculpture was commissioned in honor of the Metropolitan Opera Centennial. By prismatic reflection, famous operatic characters seem to mingle within the arches. By Bernard X. Wolff. Height 4." Signed Steuben. Not available for sale.

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

square vases, brush holders, and so on. Starts Friday, Oct. 21. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A Japanese National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design," made in the mid-thirteen-hundreds, is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a show that offers original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—In a display of equipment of all kinds pertaining to firefighting practices from 1700 to 1865, there are six hand-drawn vehicles and one that was designed to be pulled by horses. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and Samuel Francis Smith (you should know this one by heart). (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A new-talent show of paintings and sculptures by a dozen artists kicks off the tenth season here. Through Saturday, Oct. 29.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Fred Holland (performance), Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30; Tony Mascatello (performance), Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Ellen Rumm. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ A two-part exhibit of books illustrated by Cubists and of Cubist prints, plus related materials. Through Dec. 3. (The books are here; the prints are on view at Aldis Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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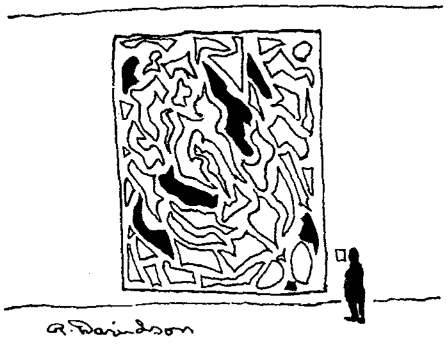
P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The paintings and sculptures of five of Germany's Neo-Expressionists—Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, and A. R. Penck—occupy the main galleries. Through Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Gwynn Cornell, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Barbara Conrad, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Dano Raffanti, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Two benefit concerts celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Metropolitan's first performance. Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: Among the participants will be Roberta Peters, Joan Sutherland, Kiri Te Kanawa, Placido Domingo, James Levine, Sherrill Milnes, and the Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra. . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 22: Among those taking part will be Montserrat Caballé, Marilyn Horne, Birgit Nilsson, José Carreras, Jerome Hines, Robert Merrill, Luciano Pavarotti, and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and Orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 24: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Gwynn Cornell, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 25: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Barbara Conrad, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 26: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Barbara Conrad, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)



New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "Of Mice and Men," with Carol Gutknecht, Robert Moulson, Lawrence Cooper, and William Livingston; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Elisabeth Braden, Frederick Donaldson, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21, "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Cris Groenedaal, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Pamela Myers, Jon Fredric West, and Richard T. Gill; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Beverly Evans, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 23: "The Cunning Little Vixen," with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, Richard Cross, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 23: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Harry Theyard, Adib Fazah, and Stanley Wexler; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 25: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Elisabeth Braden, Frederick Donaldson, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 26: "The Cunning Little Vixen," with Claudette Peterson, Nadia Pelle, Marc Embree, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "Of Mice and Men," with Carol Gutknecht, Robert Moulson, Lawrence Cooper, and William Livingston; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Harry Theyard, Adib Fazah, and Stanley Wexler; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Pamela Myers, Jon Fredric West, and Richard T. Gill; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Jon Garrison, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: A Stravinsky-Dvořák program, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. For the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20; Saturday, Oct. 22; and Tuesday, Oct. 25, all at 8: A program that includes the première of Menotti's Concerto for Double Bass, with James VanDemark, double bass, and Harvey Pittel, saxophone. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 27-28, at 8: A program that includes the American première of Albert Ginastera's Cello Concerto No. 2, with Aurora Natola-Ginastera, cello, and Kathleen Battle, soprano.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—a Berlioz-Brahms program—with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 19-20, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Charles Mackerras conducting, with James Galway, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8, a Rossini-Mozart-Delius program. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3, a Britten-Mozart-Beethoven program.)

Beethoven Society—Max Rudolph conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music, with Susan Starr, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing a program that includes the New York première of Robert Hall Lewis's "Atto for String Orchestra." With Salvatore Accardo, violin, and the Baltimore Symphony Women's Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting, with Gary Hoffman, cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Eugen Jochum conducting a Mozart-Haydn program, with Veronica Jochum, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall,

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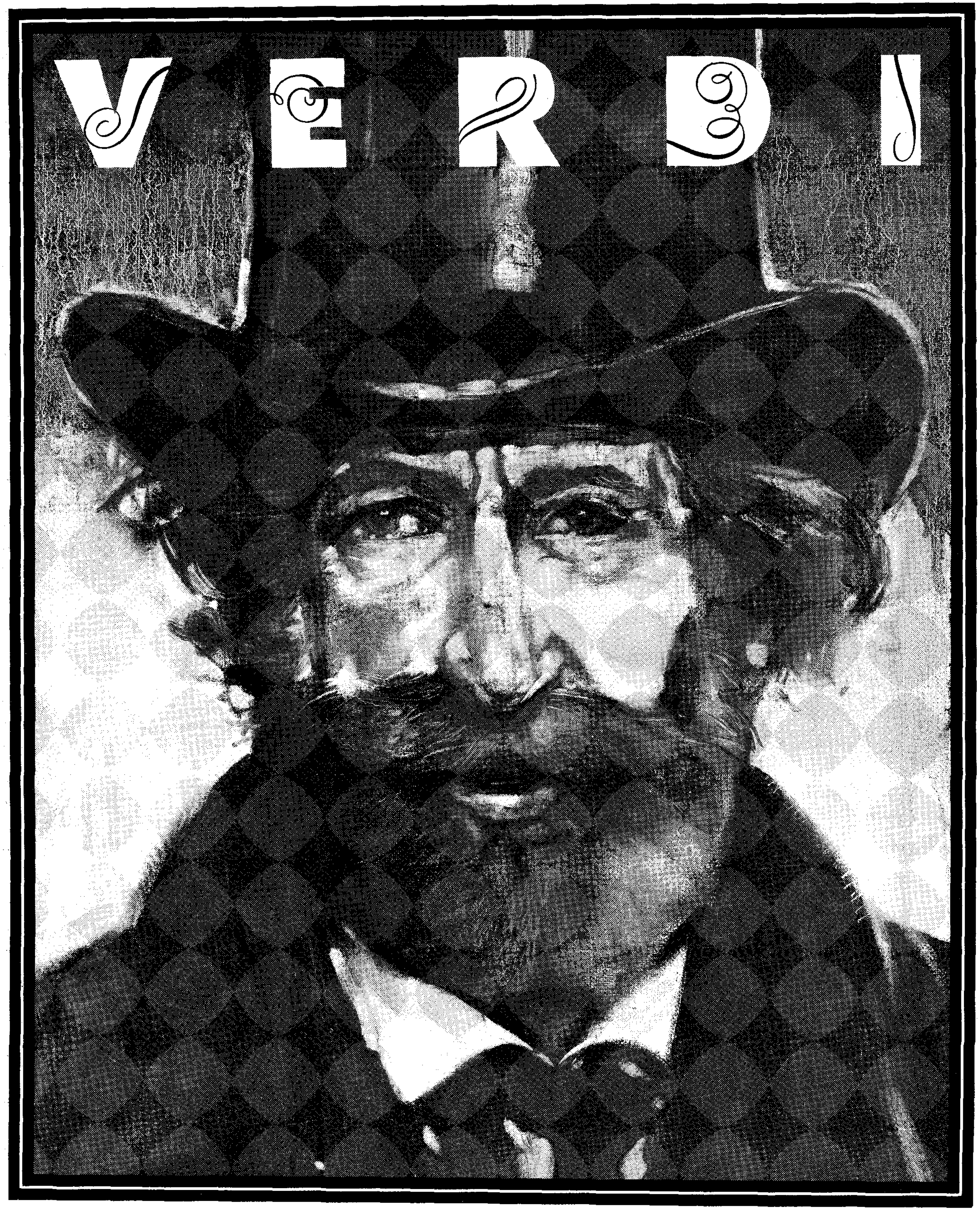


THE LIFE OF VERDI

"He wept and loved for all..." Six episodes capture the tragedies, joys and music of a genius. Burt Lancaster hosts and narrates this portrait of a man and his music. Starring Ronald Pickup as Verdi and Carla Fracci as his love and inspiration.

Beginning Monday, October 24 at 9 PM
Great Performances on your local PBS station

EXXON

92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting the New School Concerts Chamber Orchestra, with Stephanie Brown, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 6.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gunther Schuller directing, with Carmen Pelton, soprano; Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano; Michael Hume, tenor; John Mack Ousley, bass; and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing an all-Frescobaldi program, with Colin Tilney, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing Handel's musical drama "Hercules," with Julianne Baird, soprano; Marianna Busching, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and the Philip Levin Baroque Orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Susan Dunn, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and David Cumberland, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

RECITALS

Cleveland Quartet—With Anton Kuerti, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Sequoia String Quartet—With Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of vocal and lute music from the Middle Ages and from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, with Stanley Charkey, lutenist, and Judith Jones, soprano. (St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Josef Suk, violin; Richard Goode, piano; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, Oct. 23, at 5, and Monday, Oct. 24, and Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30.)

Andras Schiff—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Judith Mendelhall, flute. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Shlomo Mintz—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

Constantine Cassolas—Tenor. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7.)

New Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Schubert-Weber program, performed by, among others, Jaime Laredo and Daniel Phillips, violin, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25-26, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—The first in a series of four concerts, this one performed by the Arioso Trio, with Heidi Garson, horn. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aurora—With Stephen Hammer, recorder and baroque oboe. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 874-4922.)

Antonio Meneses and Franz Massinger—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia conducting a program that includes the première of his "Ossabow Island Dream," with Paul Sperry, tenor, and Mary Feinsinger, mezzo-soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

André Watts—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—With Richard Goode, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Liora Hendel—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2:30.)

Peter Frankl, György Pauk, and Ralph Kirshbaum—Piano, violin, and cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A staged performance of "Roman de Fauvel," a fourteenth-century French secular play, with the Ensemble singing and playing medieval instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Jean-Yves Thibaudet and Stephanie Brown, piano; Dong-Suk Kang, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

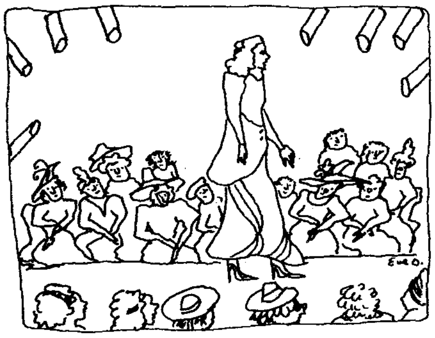
Memorial Tribute to William Kapell—A program commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of the pianist's death, performed by seven pianists, including Richard Goode, Gary Graffman, and Michael Sellers. For the benefit of the William Kapell Piano Foundation for Contemporary Music and Musicians. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Detroit vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Milwaukee (exhibition games), Thursday, Oct. 20, at 6. . . . ¶ Chicago vs. Atlanta and Knicks vs. Nets (exhibition games), Saturday, Oct. 22, at 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 7:35. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Oct. 28, at 7:35.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 22: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 29 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Columbia, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Tennessee, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.



Professional Football—Jets vs. Atlanta Falcons. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 1.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (St. Louis. Monday, Oct. 24.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Oct. 28. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:35.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Pilgrim, Wednesday, Oct. 19; the Vosburgh, Saturday, Oct. 22; the Grey Flight, Wednesday, Oct. 26; the Discovery Handicap, Friday, Oct. 28; and the Turf Classic, Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Thursday, Oct. 27, and the Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9.

Running—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 23, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end near the Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 66th St., at approximately 12:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

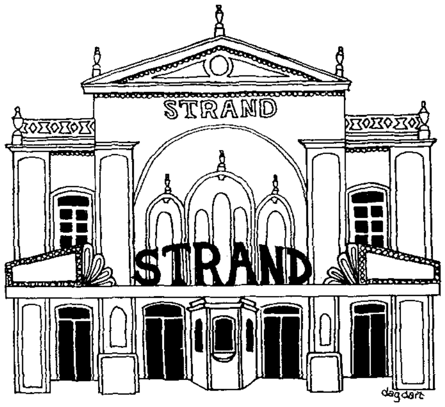
Poetry and Prose Readings—Octavio Paz reading from his own poetry, in Spanish, with English translations. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8.) . . . ¶ Hortense Calisher reading from a new novel. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 7:30. For tickets, call 737-1450.) . . . ¶ Daniel Mark Epstein and Donald Hall reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—"East Sixties," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 23, starting at Hunter College, Park Ave., between 68th and 69th Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Oct. 23, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 2: American furniture and decorative arts. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 20. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Monday, Oct. 24, at 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 2, and Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 27, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 21. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 27, at 6: European paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 22.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of films from Columbia Pictures. Some days are devoted to a special genre or a particular person; for example, Oct. 19, four Constance Cummings films, Oct. 21, five musical films, Oct. 22, four thrillers, Oct. 23, five Western films, Oct. 25, four Boris Karloff films, and Oct. 29, five Carole Lombard films.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 20: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; directed by L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
From Oct. 21: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Oct. 19: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
Oct. 20-27: "Cross Creek" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Oct. 28: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 20: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†).
From Oct. 21: "Flashdance" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 20: "Risky Business" (†).
From Oct. 21: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine. From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards. From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 20: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 20: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.
From Oct. 21: "Americana" (David Carradine), with Carradine and Barbara Hershey.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Streamers" (Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 20: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
From Oct. 21: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Oct. 19: "Cross Creek" (†).
From Oct. 20: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Never Say Never Again." From Oct. 21: "Zelig" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.
Theatre 2: "Heart Like a Wheel" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" (Robert M. Young), with Edward James Olmos.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Oct. 28: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 20: "Zelig" (†).
From Oct. 21: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Get Crazy" (Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell. From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Risky Business" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 27: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
From Oct. 28: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Hells Angels Forever." From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine. From Oct. 21: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Oct. 19: "Night of the Zombies." From Oct. 20: "Cross Creek" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Never Say Never Again." From Oct. 21: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Pharos of Chaos" (directed by Wolf-Eckart Buhler and Manfred Blank), a documentary about Sterling Hayden; and "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards. Oct. 21-25: "Pharos of Chaos;" and "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, Ernest Borgnine, and John Carradine. From Oct. 26: "Sans Soleil" (1982; Chris Marker).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "A Free Woman" (1974; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Margarethe von Trotta; and "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech. Oct. 21-22: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Fassbinder. Oct. 23-24: "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Land of Silence and Darkness" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German). Oct. 25-26: "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe; and "David" (1982; Peter Lilienthal; in German). Oct. 27-29: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†); and "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Get Crazy" (Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell. From Oct. 21: "The Leopard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 27: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†). From Oct. 28 (tentative): "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner) with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 20: "Daniel" (†).
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Oct. 19: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.
From Oct. 20: "Cross Creek" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lonely Hearts" (†).
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm. Oct. 28: "The Cars That Ate Paris" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film). Oct. 29: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†) and "Newsfront" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Trading Places" (†). From Oct. 21: "Americana" (David

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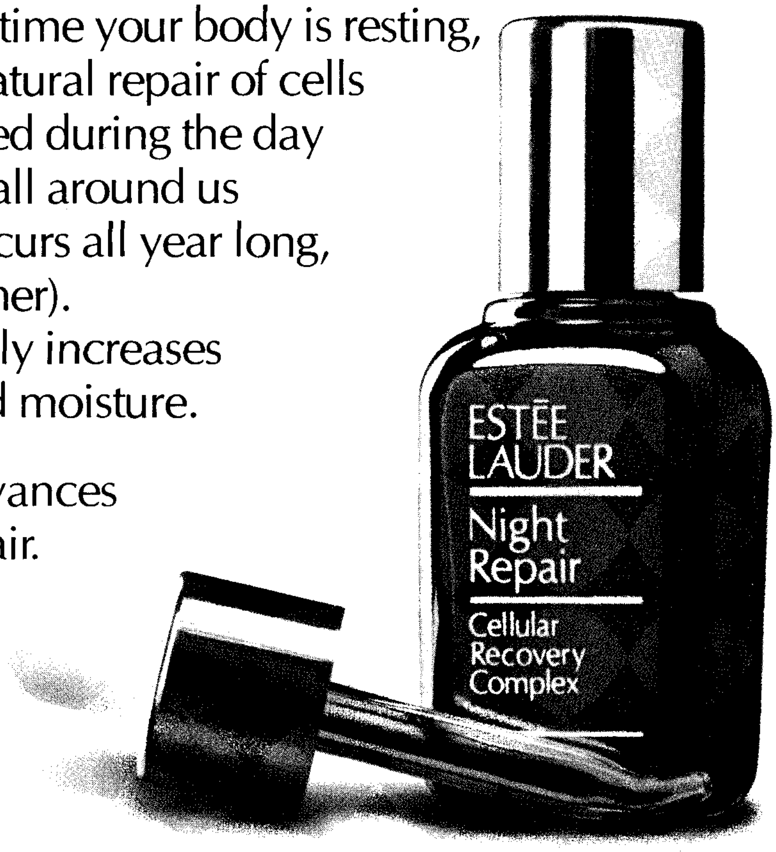

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Carradine), with Carradine and Barbara Hershey.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards. From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 20: "The Big Chill" (†). From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 20: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Oct. 21: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†). From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Risky Business" (†) and "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards. From Oct. 21: "Cross Creek" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 20: "Staying Alive" (†) and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†). From Oct. 21: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton; and "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
Theatre 4: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Risky Business" (†). From Oct. 21: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 4: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.
Theatre 5: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 20: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Oct. 21: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Trading Places" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 4: "Staying Alive" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Oct. 19: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger. Oct. 20: Theatre closed. From Oct. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine. From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 20: "Hells Angels Forever."
From Oct. 21: "Risky Business" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Pieces" (J. Simon), with Christopher George. From Oct. 28: "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards. From Oct. 28: "Possession."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Escape 2000" (Brian Trechard-Smith), with Steven Railsback and Olivia Hussey. From Oct. 21: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Get Crazy" (Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell. From Oct. 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi. From Oct. 21: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "Night of the Zombies."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 20: A program of Warner Bros. Bugs Bunny cartoons.
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Oct. 20: "Pandora's Box" (1929) and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929), both German silent films, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks.
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 20: "The Leopard" (†).
Oct. 21-27: A week-long program of Czech films.
From Oct. 28: "The Two Worlds of Angelita" (1983; Jane Morrison; in Spanish).

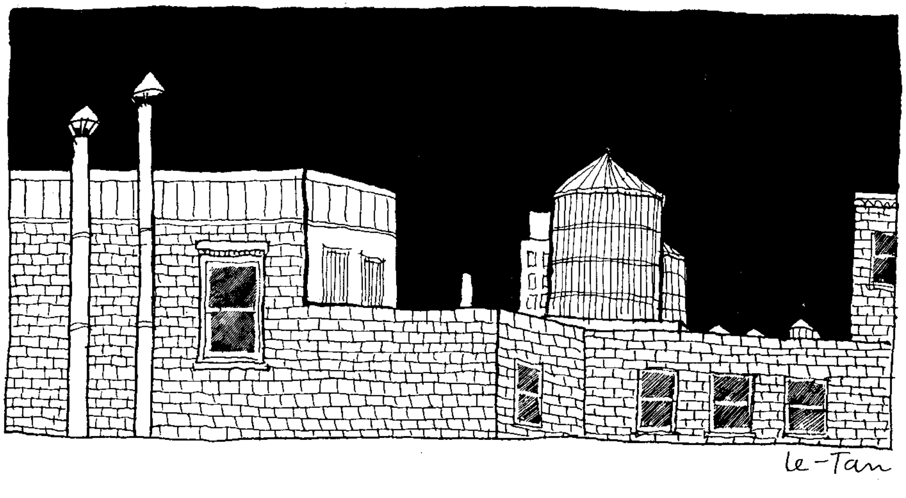
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 20: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Black Emmanuelle" (1976).
Oct. 21-22: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Oct. 23-25: "Women in Love" (†); and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
Oct. 26-27: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; *in Italian*), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Oct. 28-29: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 25: "Heartland Reggae" (1983; Jim Lewis), a concert film.
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 19: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles).
Oct. 20-22: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Oct. 23-24: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.
Oct. 25-26: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.
Oct. 27-29: "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 20: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968; Norman Jewison), with Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway, and Paul Burke; and "An Enemy of the People" (1977; George Schaefer), with Steve McQueen, Bibi Andersson, and Charles Durning.
Oct. 21-22: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
Oct. 23: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Oct. 24-25: "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes" (1978); and "The Cars That Ate Paris" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film).
Oct. 26-27: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976; Peter Clifton and Joe Massot), with Led Zeppelin; and "Let There Be Rock" (1982; Eric Dionysius and Eric Mistler), with AC/DC.
Oct. 28-29: "Love and Death" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Oct. 19: "Orchestra Conductor" (1980; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with John Gielgud; and "Without Anesthesia" (1978; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
Oct. 20: "Footlight Parade" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler; and "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955; Charles Vidor), with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell.
Oct. 21: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals).
Oct. 22: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini



and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

Oct. 23: "Lust for Life" (†); and "Moulin Rouge" (1953; John Huston), with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Oct. 24: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (1955; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "The End of Summer" (1961; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).

Oct. 25: "Marty" (1955; Delbert Mann), with Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair; and "The Catered Affair" (†).

Oct. 26: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

Oct. 27: "Mister Roberts" (†); and "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns.

Oct. 28: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1983; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti; and "Three Brothers" (1982; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Charles Vanel.

Oct. 29: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 19: "Passport to Pimlico" (1949; Henry Cornelius), with Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford; and "Molly and Me" (1945; Lewis Seiler), with Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, and Roddy McDowall.

Oct. 20-22: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

Oct. 23-24: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien.

Oct. 25-26: "Dead of Night" (†) and "The Rocking Horse Winner" (†).

Oct. 27-29: "The Swan" (1956, Charles Vidor), with Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe, Sybil Thorndike, and Olivier.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 19: "Ballad of Narayama" (1958; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese); and "Snow Country" (1957; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese).

Oct. 20: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino, Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, and Don Scardino; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs.

Oct. 21-22: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

Oct. 23: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (†) and "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" (†).

Oct. 24: "Dark Command" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Walter Pidgeon, Claire Trevor, and John Wayne; "Flaming Star" (1960; Don Siegel), with Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden, and Steve Forrest; and "Ramrod" (1947; André de Toth), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea.

Oct. 25: "War and Peace" (1956; King Vidor), with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer.

Oct. 26: "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo; and "The Devil's Temple" (1969; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.

Oct. 27: "Sisters" (†); and "Chained for Life" (1951), with Daisy and Violet Hilton.

Oct. 28-29: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 19: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920; John S. Robertson; a silent film), with John Barrymore; and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923; Wallace Worsley; a silent film), with Lon Chaney.

Oct. 20: "Berserk" (1968; Jim O'Connolly), with Joan Crawford and Ty Hardin; and "Die! Die! My Darling" (1965; Silvio Narizzano), with Tallulah Bankhead and Stefanie Powers.

Oct. 21-22: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

Oct. 23: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Oct. 24: "Rififi" (†) and "Shoot the Piano Player" (†).

Oct. 25: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Knock on Any Door" (†).

Oct. 26: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "Breathless" (†).

Oct. 27: "Don't Look Now" (†) and "The Shout" (†).

Oct. 28-29: "The Blue Dahlia" (†); and "The Great Gatsby" (1949; Elliott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Oct. 20 at 2:30: "Tsar and General" (1965; directed by Vulo Radev; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Peter Slabakov and Naoum Shopov. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "Fine Manners" (1926; Richard Rosson; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: "Marie Antoinette" (1938; W. S. Van Dyke II), with Norma Shearer. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "Male and Female" (1919; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at noon: "Citizen Kane" ("Handle with Care;" 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, and Ann Wedgeworth. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30: "Zaza" (1939; George Cukor), with Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 5: "Marie Antoinette." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at noon: "Citizen Kane." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: "Fine Manners." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5: "The Loves of Carmen" (1927; Raoul Walsh), with Dolores del Rio. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 1 and 2:30: The first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: A program of the recent works of James Broughton. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 1 and 2:30: The second of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6: "The Leaves of the Sea Are Shaken and Shaken" (1983; Jane Abbott and Robert Yoemans), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 1 and 2:30: The third of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6: The fourth and second of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 1 and 2:30: The fourth of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 6: The third and first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at noon: "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2:30: "The Loves of Carmen." . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 5: "Male and Female." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Oct. 23: A program of films by Warren Sonbert—"Carriage Trade" (1971) showing daily at 12:30 and "Divided Loyalties" (1978) and "Noblesse Oblige" (1981) showing daily at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 25: "My Word" (1973-74), a Super-8 silent film by Vito Acconci, showing daily at noon and 3 (and Tuesday at 5:30). Mr. Acconci will be present on Thursday, Oct. 27, at noon. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy with some very well-directed repartee and skillful performances. It's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult, but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together, and who has now, after years of flailing about disconsolately, slit his wrists. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence; it's easy to see why Alex turned to this restful girl—she's a refuge from ideas. The picture offers the pleasures of the synthetic. It's overcontrolled, it's shallow, it's a series of contrivances. And whenever Kasdan tries for depth the result is phony, but a lot of the time he manages to turn phoniness into wisecracking fun. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Paramount, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 20.)

The Blue Dahlia (1946)—This untidily complicated thriller threatens to turn into something but it never does. The director, George Marshall, doesn't provide a tense atmosphere or a hardboiled pace, and though the screenplay is by Raymond Chandler, the picture just drags along. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier whose adulterous wife (Doris Dowling) is murdered; a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is attracted to the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen, Hugh Beaumont, Will Wright, Howard Freeman, and Tom Powers. Three of the players—Dowling, Da Silva (who wears a mustache here), and Faylen—had appeared in "The Lost Weekend" the year before, and each had done good, distinctive work, but, like the rest of the cast here, they sink without a trace. The performers' responses are too slow; the acting throughout seems lifeless, narcotized. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 28-29.)

Breathless (1959; "A Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for ninety thousand dollars) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. Here, he conjoined disharmonious elements—irony and slapstick and defeat—and brought the psychological effects of moviegoing into the movie itself. (His hero was probably the first to imitate Bogart.) The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so that he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive*. The well-known director Jean-Pierre Melville appears as a celebrity being interviewed; Daniel Boulanger appears as the police inspector. Jean-Louis Richard and Philippe de Broca turn up, and there are also bit appearances by Godard, as an informer, by Truffaut (who supplied the news item on which Godard based the script), and by Chabrol (who lent his name as supervising producer). In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 26.)

The Catered Affair (1956)—Forgettable. Paddy Chayefsky's TV drama, adapted by Gore Vidal, of whom there is no detectable trace. A Bronx cabdriver (Ernest Borgnine) and his shrewish, socially ambitious wife (Bette Davis) wrangle about whether their daughter (Debbie Reynolds) should have a big wedding or a simple ceremony, in which case the father could invest his money in a new taxi. The wife's leprechaun brother (Barry Fitzgerald)—full of Gaelic shenanigans—gets into this drab argument. Richard Brooks directed. With Rod Taylor, Madge Kennedy, and Dorothy Stickney. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 25.)

Cross Creek—Very loosely based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' semi-autobiographical tales of her years in an orange grove in the Florida swamps, this movie, directed by Martin Ritt, suggests a child's storybook version of women's liberation. As Mrs. Rawlings, Mary Steenburgen is withdrawn; she has a tight, little-girl voice, and she comes across as a lyrical stiff. The movie is lulling, in a semi-stupefying way. But Rip Torn plays a Cracker on a grand scale; he's too powerful for sweetening. And Ritt shows his flair for melodrama in his handling of the hyperemotional entanglement between Torn and Dana Hill, who plays his daughter; the two work together with what looks like spontaneous frenzy. With Alfre Woodard as Geechee, Peter Coyote, and Malcolm McDowell as Maxwell Perkins. The script is by Dalene Young; the cinematography is by John A. Alonzo. (10/3/83) (Plaza; Oct. 19. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Cinema 3; starting Oct. 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 20-27. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 21.)

Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. (9/5/83) (Festival; through Oct. 20.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire (1961)—A plausible English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. With Janet Munro, Leo McKern, and Edward Judd; directed by Val Guest. (Thalia; Oct. 23.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)—Robert Wise directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael

Fall-Winter

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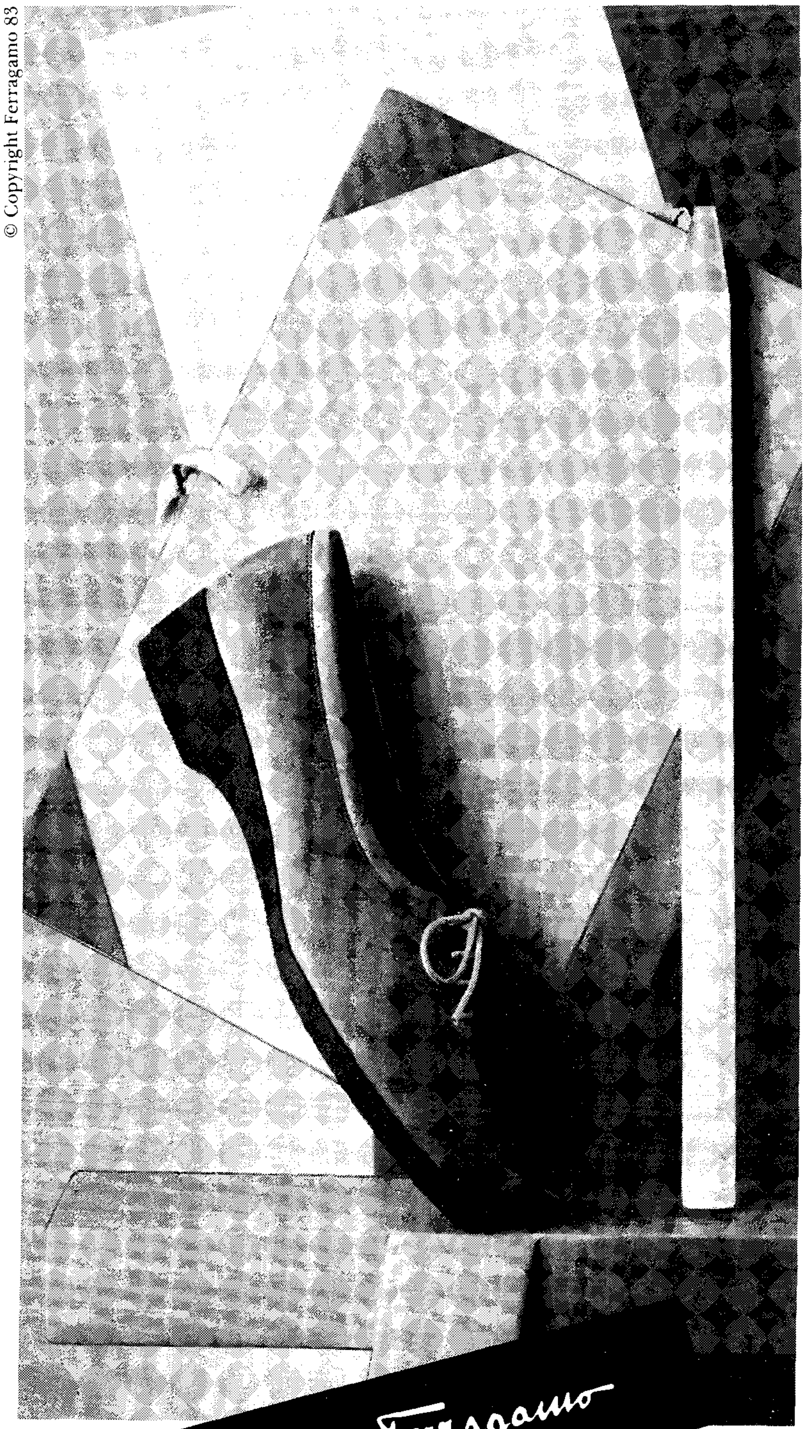

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Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Thalia; Oct. 23.)

Dead of Night (1945)—Michael Redgrave plays a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy, and his overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts this five-part movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. The stories in this English production are meant to accumulate in intensity, until the trap closes in the surreal climax—an encompassing ghost story. When the film was first shown in this country, two of the stories were omitted, and though these were the weakest sequences, the omission made the climax partly unintelligible. The complete version begins with Mervyn Johns' arrival at the house and proceeds through these five episodes: Antony Baird and Miles Malleson in "Room for One More;" Sally Ann Howes in the murdered child sequence (good material poorly done); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of the mirror that reflects the crime of an earlier century; Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne in the golfers' story told by Roland Culver (which is pretty awful); Michael Redgrave as the ventriloquist, with Hartley Power as his rival and Frederick Valk as the psychoanalyst; then the nightmarish summation. John Baines and Angus MacPhail did the screenplay, using stories by H. G. Wells, E. F. Benson, and themselves; the master writer of English film comedy, T. E. B. Clarke, did the additional dialogue. Directed by Robert Hamer (the mirror story), Basil Dearden, Charles Crichton, and Alberto Cavalcanti (the ventriloquist sequence). Score by Georges Auric. (Regency; Oct. 25-26.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, presented in fast, splintered, almost subliminal imagery. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but the unnerving cold ominousness of the environment (mostly Venice, deserted at the end of the season) says that things are not what they seem. Life is treated as a puzzle and the clues are in references that go by in split seconds. This is the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. It seems to say what Joseph Losey never dared to but what the audience for Losey's films was always responding to: that decay among the rich and beautiful is sexy. Venice, the labyrinthine city of pleasure, with its crumbling, leering gargoyles, is obscurely, frighteningly sensual here, and an early sex sequence with Christie and Sutherland nude in bed, intercut with their post-coital mood as they dress to go out together, has an extraordinary erotic glitter. Dressing is splintered and sensualized, like fear and death. Using du Maurier as a base, Roeg comes closer to getting Borges on the screen than those who have tried it directly, but there's a distasteful clamminess about the picture. Roeg's style is in love with disintegration. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (New Yorker; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 27.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 28-29.)

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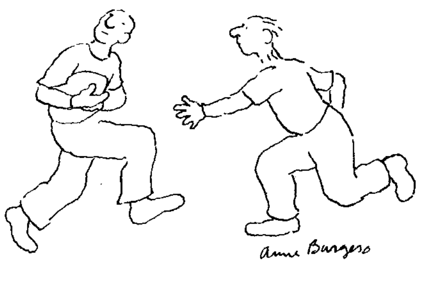
Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Oct. 27.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Oct. 21.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 20.)

Knock on Any Door (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As the lawyer talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback; his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own rod again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 25.)

The Leopard (1963)—It's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. We couldn't be any closer to Lancaster's Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. We're inside his mind as he relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death. It's one of the greatest of all passages in movies. With Alain Delon as the Prince's sly nephew; Claudia Cardinale as a shrewd, sensual heiress; Paolo Stoppa as her beady-eyed, land-grabbing father; Rina Morelli as the Prince's repressed, whimpering wife; and Romolo Valli, Serge Reggiani, Leslie French, and Pierre Clementi. The score is by Nino Rota; the cinematography is by the justly celebrated Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian; three hours and five minutes. (9/19/83) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Oct. 21.)



Lonely Hearts—This movie is an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction. Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. With Jonathan Hardy and Jon Finlayson. (10/3/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 28-29.)

Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and his frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts, it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps), but it's far from a disgrace, and the performers are never an embarrassment. The cast includes James Donald as Theo, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, Everett Sloane, Niall MacGinnis, Isobel Elsom, Laurence Naismith, Madge Kennedy, and Noel Purcell. A team of art directors worked out locations (in France and Holland) and interiors that relate to the paintings, many of which are shown. Vincente Minnelli directed for M-G-M, in CinemaScope and color; John Houseman produced; Norman Corwin adapted Irving Stone's best-selling biography; Freddy Young and Russell Harlan were the cinematographers; Miklos Rozsa did the music. Quinn took the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 23.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg has a talent for eerily soft, ambiguous sex—for the sexiness of passivity. In this movie, the forlorn, limp hero (David Bowie), a stranger on Earth, doesn't have a human sex drive. He isn't even equipped for it: naked, he's as devoid of sex differentiation as a child in sleepers. When he splashes down in a lake in the Southwest and drinks water like a vampire gulping down lifeblood, one is drawn in, fascinated by the obliqueness and by the promise of an erotic sci-fi story. It is and it isn't. The stranger has come to Earth to obtain the water that will save his people, who are dying from drought, but he is corrupted, and then is so damaged that he can't return. Although Roeg and his screenwriter, Paul Mayersberg, pack in layers of tragic political allegory, none of the layers is very strong, or even very clear. The plot, about big-business machinations, is so uninvolving

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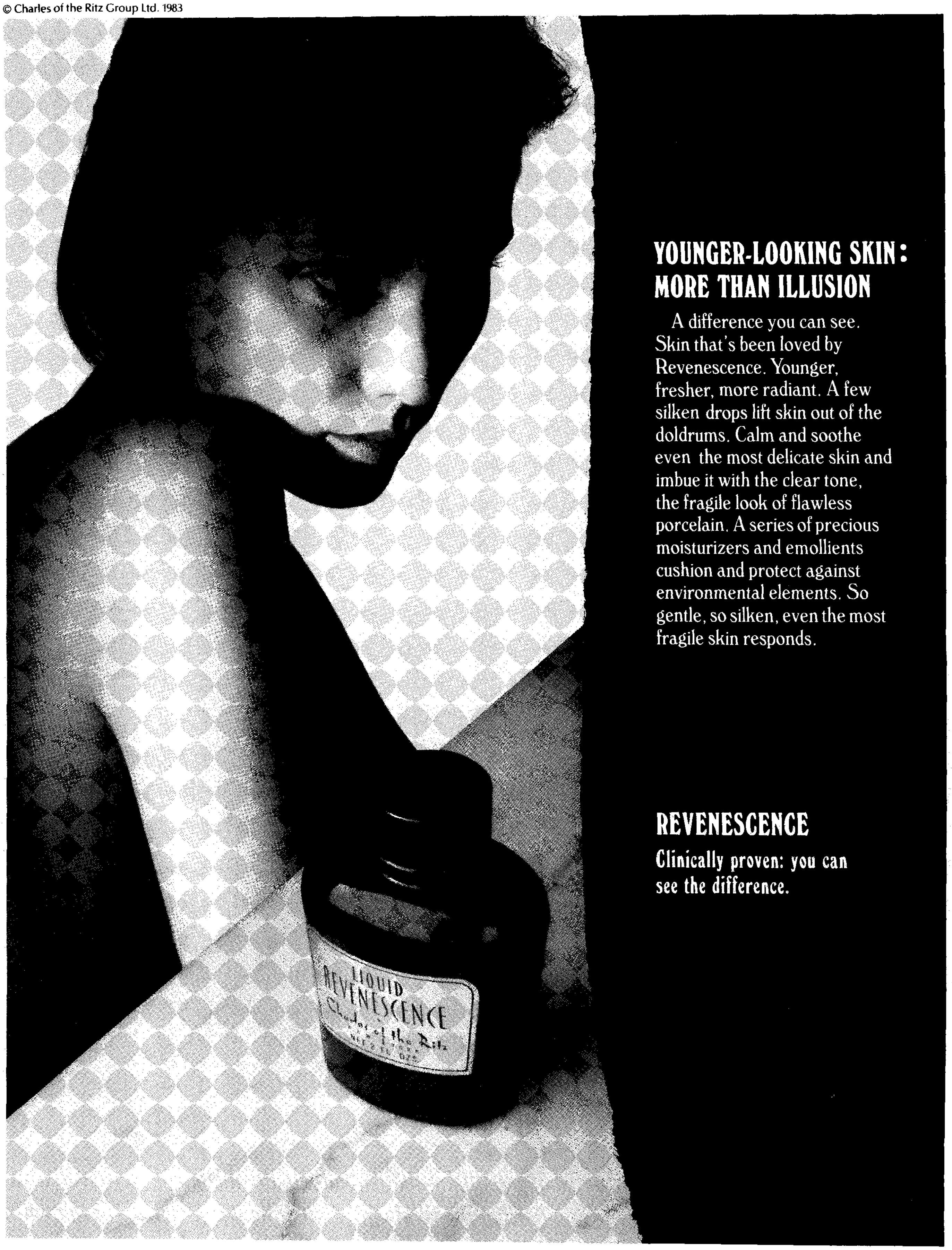

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that one watches Bowie traipsing around—looking like Katharine Hepburn in her transvestite role in "Sylvia Scarlett"—and either tunes out or allows the film, with its perverse pathos, to become a sci-fi framework for a sex-role-confusion fantasy. The wilted stranger can be said to represent everyone who feels misunderstood, everyone who feels sexually immature or "different," everyone who has lost his way, and so the film is a gigantic launching pad for anything that viewers want to drift to. Roeg can charge a desolate landscape so that it seems ominously alive, and he photographs skyscrapers with such lyric glitter that the U.S. (where the movie was shot) seems to be showing off for him. And his cutting can create a magical feeling of waste and evil. But the unease and the sense of disconnectedness between characters also disconnect *us*. Roeg's effects become off-puttingly abstract, and his lyricism goes sentimental—as most other Christ movies do. With Buck Henry, Candy Clark, Bernie Casey, and Rip Torn as a scientist—perhaps his least convincing role. Based on the novel by Walter Tevis. (R.K.O. Century Art; starting Oct. 21.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—The comic and heroic spirit went out of the famous stage success by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan when the play was transferred to the screen; it's a miserable piece of moviemaking—poorly paced and tearjerking. Henry Fonda re-creates his stage role as the ideal modest, quietly strong American—a Second World War lieutenant who is frustrated by the petty boredom of life on a rear-echelon Navy cargo ship and wants to get into action. Those on board include James Cagney as the tyrannical captain, William Powell as the weary-eyed ship's doctor, and Jack Lemmon, who provides a few enlivening moments, as the laundry officer—the jokester on board. Also with Betsy Palmer, Ward Bond, and Nick Adams. Two directors were involved: John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy. Adapted by Frank Nugent and Logan. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 27.)

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser is a factually based variant of the lost-or-abandoned-child, Mowgli-Tarzan myth; Kaspar, who appeared in a German town in the eighteen-twenties, was raised not among wolves, bears, or apes but, rather, in isolation. In this nightmare version, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and leaves him there. The townspeople train him in human habits and try to educate him, but as he begins to learn he balks at what he is taught, and becomes obstinate, trying to retain his new, mesmerized pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him, then to murder him. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. Herzog achieves a visionary, overcast style; his images look off-balance—crooked, as if the cameraman were wincing. Herzog is a film poet, all right, but he's a didactic film poet, given to heavy, folk-art ironies; he says that society puts you through pain in order to deform you, and he makes it impossible for you to identify with anyone but Kaspar, who hasn't lost his innocent responses. Herzog's people are alone, immobilized, unanimated; life is dormant in them. Though one could not fault this in a painter's vision, in a filmmaker's it is numbing. In Herzog's conception, Kaspar is the only one who has still got his soul. This conception has a flower-child fashionableness, but Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence, that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 27-29.)

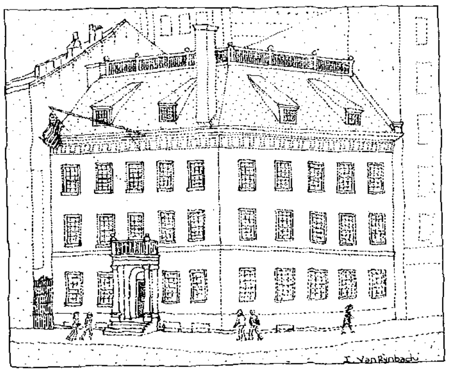
Newsfront (1979)—A salute to the men who made movie newsreels in Australia back in the forties and fifties. Directed by Phillip Noyce, who has had the wit to use lots of actual newsreel footage. (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 29.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 20.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Rififi (1955)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. It is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on, this movie, made in France (and in French) by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," "Public Enemy," and "The Asphalt Jungle" (and of "Macbeth" before them), bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. Along the way, Dassin keeps things actively vicious, with glimpses of underworld prostitutes and hopheads, and a murder, a kidnapping, and the thrashing of a faithless mistress, who is stripped. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, and Magali Noel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24.)



The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him—it tickles him. The movie has the happy, enthusiastic spirit of a fanfare, and it's astonishingly entertaining considering how divided it is in spirit. It contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publically acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. Then, it turns out, the astronauts are not quite the square-jawed mannikins they pretend to be; they're phony only on the outside. But whatever one's reservations, the film is great fun to watch. The action zigzags from old-movie romance to cockeyed buffoonery to the courage (and exaltation) of men alone in tiny capsules orbiting the earth at eighteen thousand miles an hour. And Kaufman doesn't take the bloom off space by knocking us silly with the grandeur of it all. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. (There are some pretty awful scenes featuring Royal Dano as a black-clad minister.) Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; starting Oct. 21.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Oct. 21.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—An intelligent, little-known version of the D. H. Lawrence story. A child (the marvellous John Howard Davies, who also played Oliver Twist in the David Lean film) uses his second sight to rescue his parents; the painful part is that he lacks first sight—the judgment that would enable him to see that they are already destroyed. The enduringly beautiful but not no-

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toriously gifted Valerie Hobson gives her best (maybe her only) performance as his mother. (She is phenomenal in the pawnshop episode.) With John Mills and Ronald Squire. Directed by Anthony Pelissier. (Regency; Oct. 25-26.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1960)—This François Truffaut film is based on David Goodis's "Down There," a trim, well-written American crime novel. The movie busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), is the thinnest-skinned of modern heroes: each time he has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost anything—and Charlie's encounters with the world are filled with good and bad jokes, bits from old Sacha Guitry films, clowns and thugs, tough kids, songs and fantasy and snow scenes, and homage to the American Grade-B gangster films of the forties and fifties. The film is nihilistic in attitude yet by its wit and good spirits it's totally involved in life and fun. Nothing is clear-cut; the ironies crisscross and bounce. With Nicole Berger, Marie Dubois, Albert Rémy, Michèle Mercier, and Daniel Boulanger. Written by Truffaut and Marcel Moussy; cinematography by Raoul Coutard. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24.)

The Shout (1979)—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume, in Dolby stereo. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27.)

Sisters (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV game-show parody at the beginning) and De Palma does some virtuoso stunts, though not in the dream-slapstick style of his later thrillers, "Carrie" (1976) and "The Fury" (1978). This is a much more primitive scare picture. He lurches his way through; he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though (there are some demented knife-slashings), and audiences seemed to be happily freaked by Bernard Hermann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision, and Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter. Also with Charles Durning, Lisle Wilson, Mary Davenport, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Thalia; Oct. 27.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 20.)

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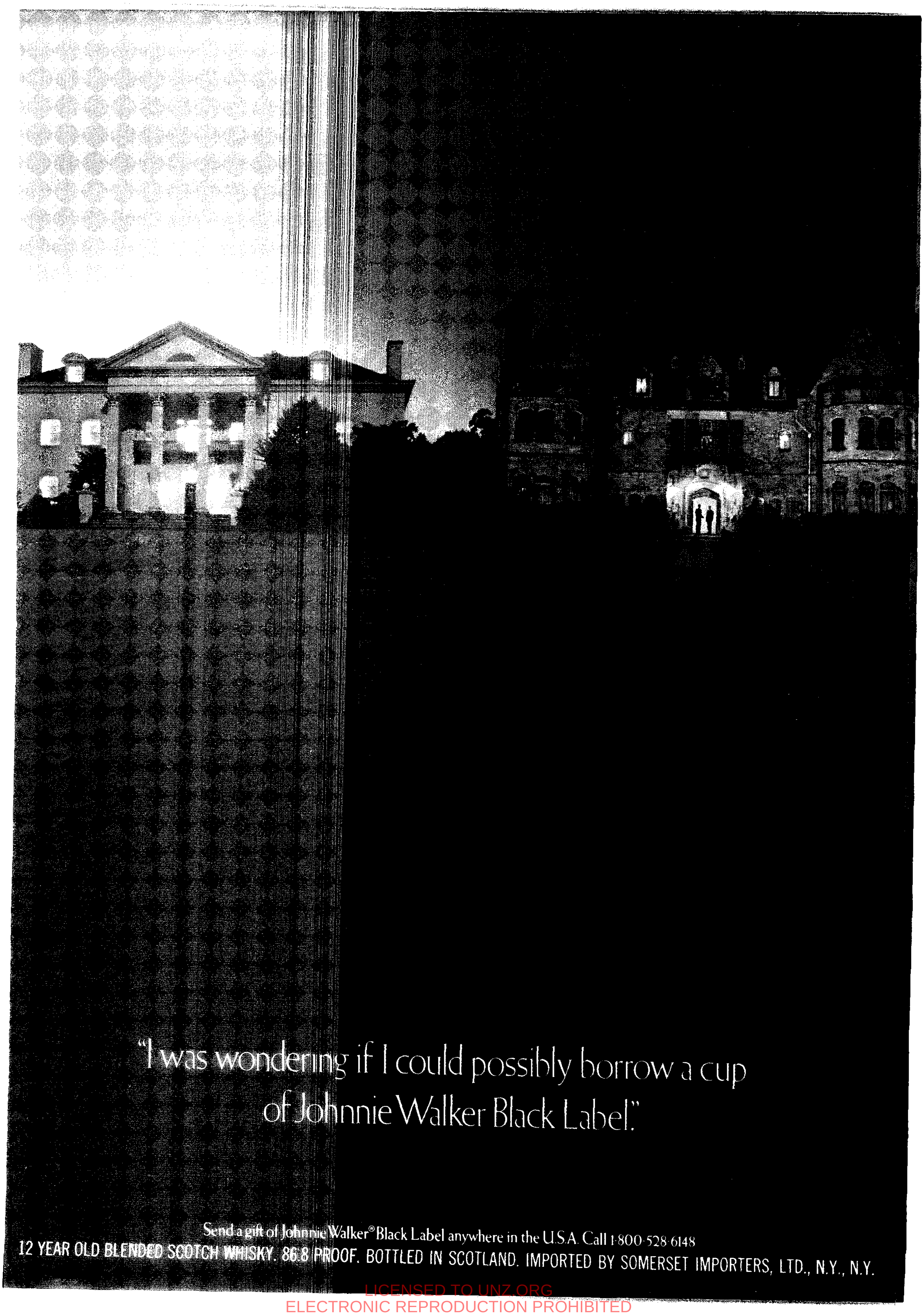
Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 20.)

Twilight Zone—The Movie—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series "The Twilight Zone." It's disappointing that they didn't attempt to engineer more modern and artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows; what they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by John Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The third, directed by Jo Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect. The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that the high points of "Jaws" had. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. (7/25/83) (Olympia Quad.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive. Because Lawrence was one of the most purple of all great writers (perhaps *the* most, though rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he is providing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But though Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing, we can pass right through it in his "Women in Love," because he was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he was opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and his overheated virtuoso tableaux are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, it's mad to jeopardize one's vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With the bold, tense Glenda Jackson as Gudrun; Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; Oliver Reed, glum and bilious, as Gerald; and also Vladek Sheybal, Eleanor Bron, Alan Webb, Catherine Willmer, Richard Heffer, Christopher Gable, and Michael Gough. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer, who also produced; the cinematography is by Billy Williams; the score is by Georges Delerue; the set designer is Luciana Arrighi; the costume designer is Shirley Russell. (Cinema Village; Oct. 23-25.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. To a degree, Weir is the victim of his own skill at creating the illusion of authentic Third World misery, rioting, and chaos; the emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. But movie squalor has its own glamour, and scene by scene this film is fascinating; despite a certain amount of mystical-East blather, it's alive on the screen. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 29.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Oct. 21.)



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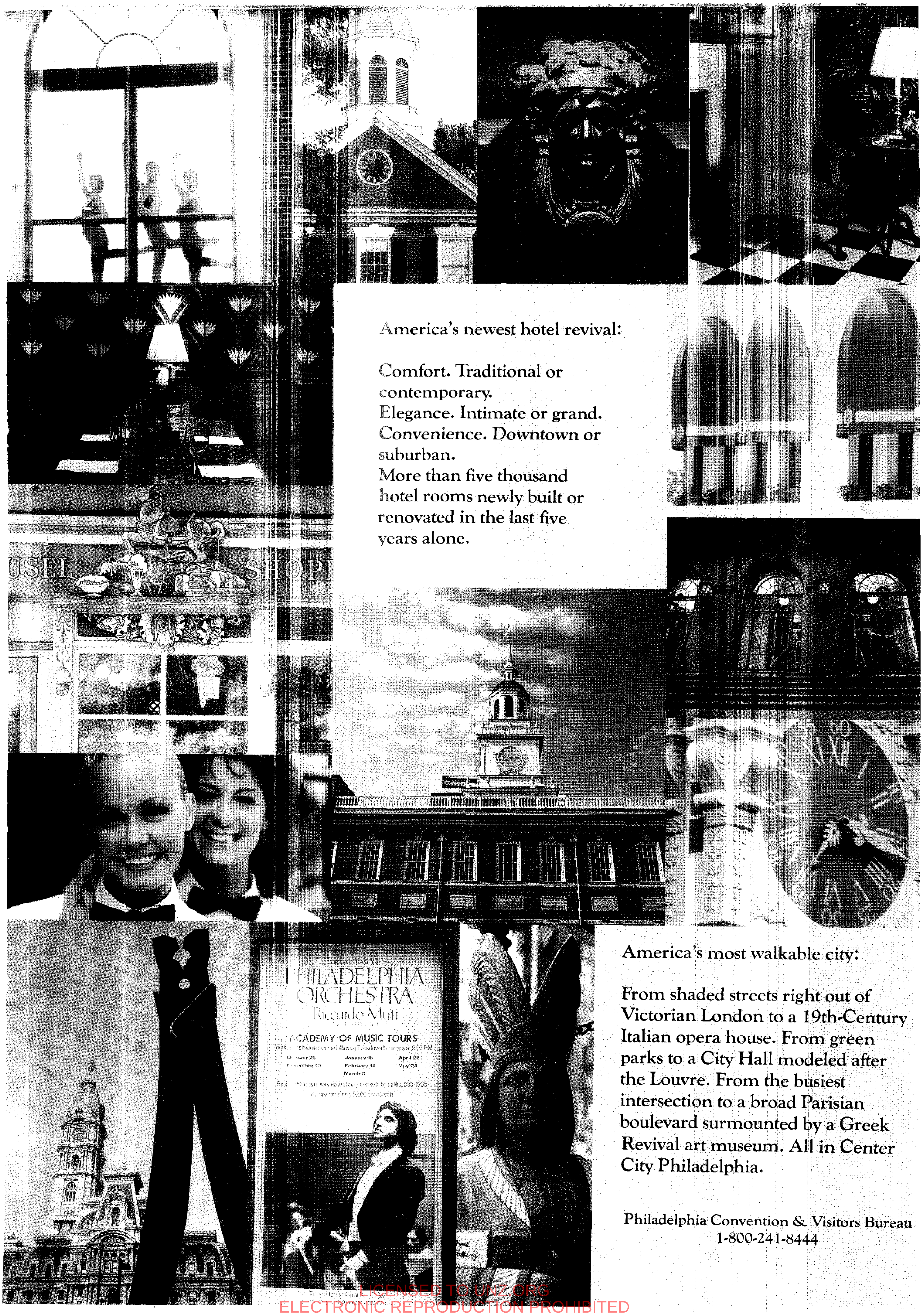
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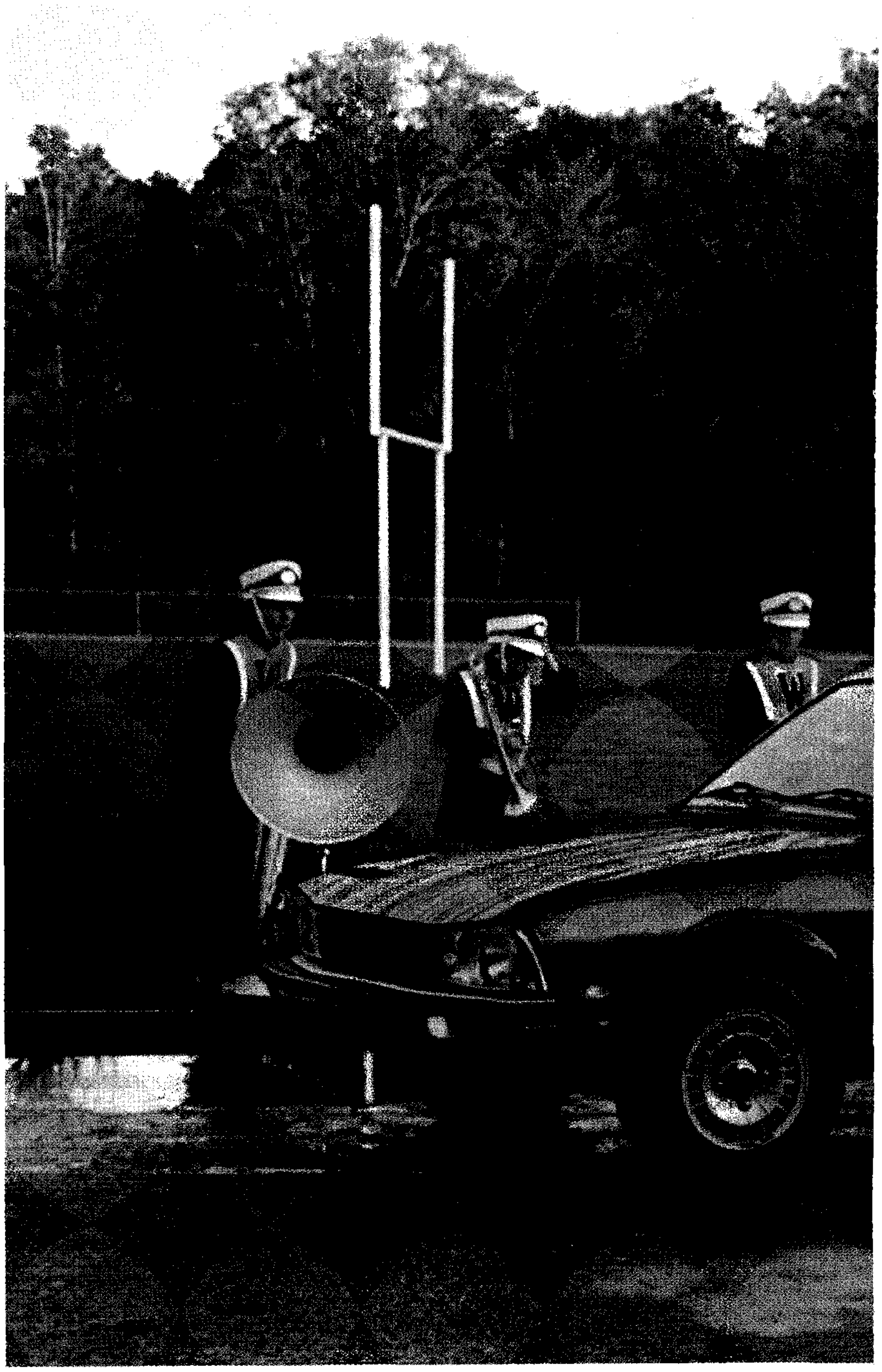
Peugeot reinvents the large station wagon



It is larger than the best-selling American, European, or Japanese wagons. Yet, uncannily, it handles exactly like a sedan.

Small wagons are sort of cute. But, as Mom ("The Chauffeur") ruefully discovered, it takes a heap of wagon to hold all her members of the boom-and-blast brigade. And the sousaphone. And the trombones. And the earthquake drum.

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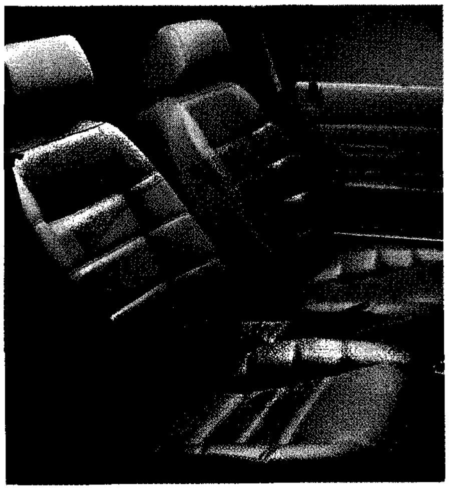

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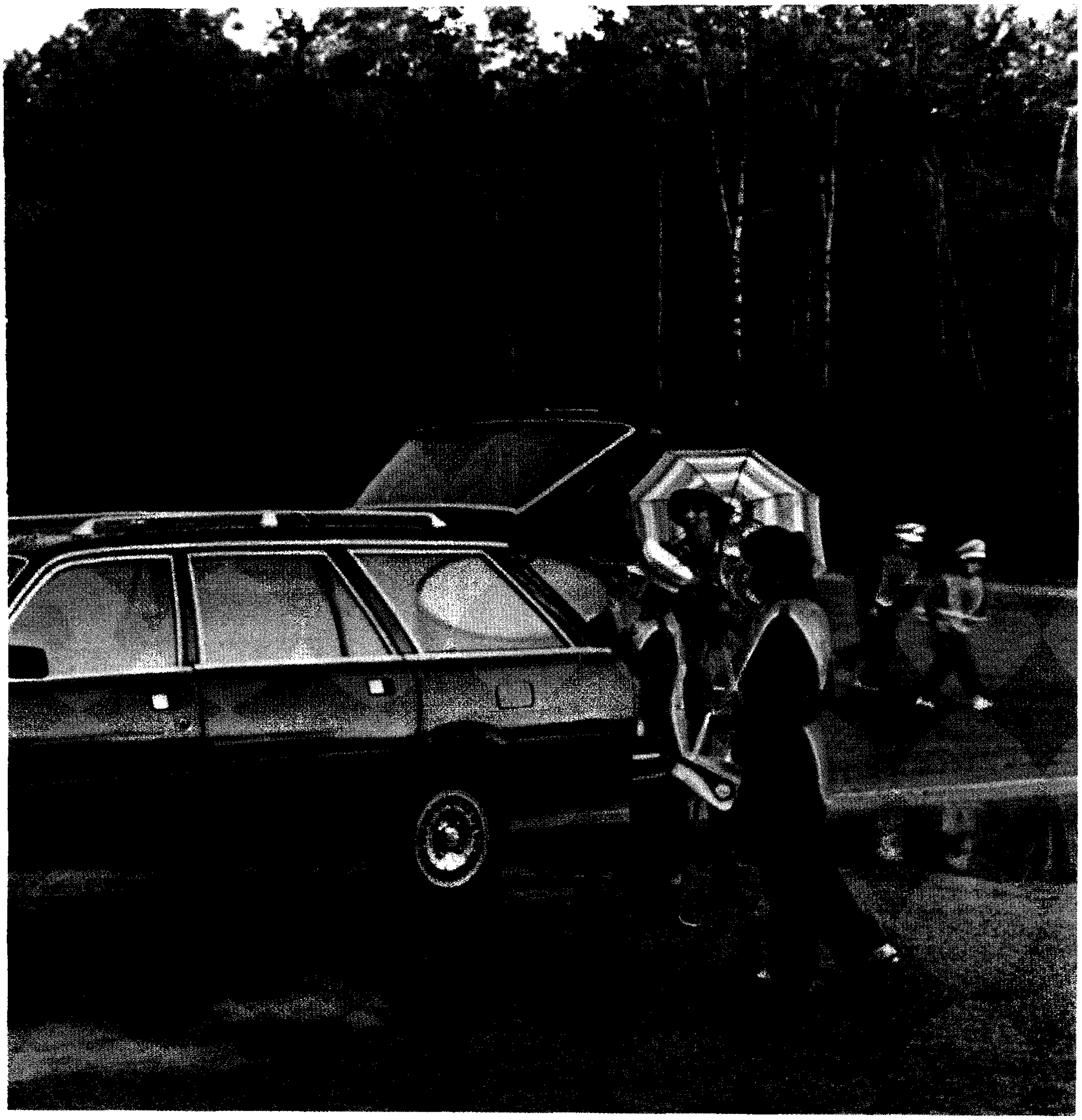

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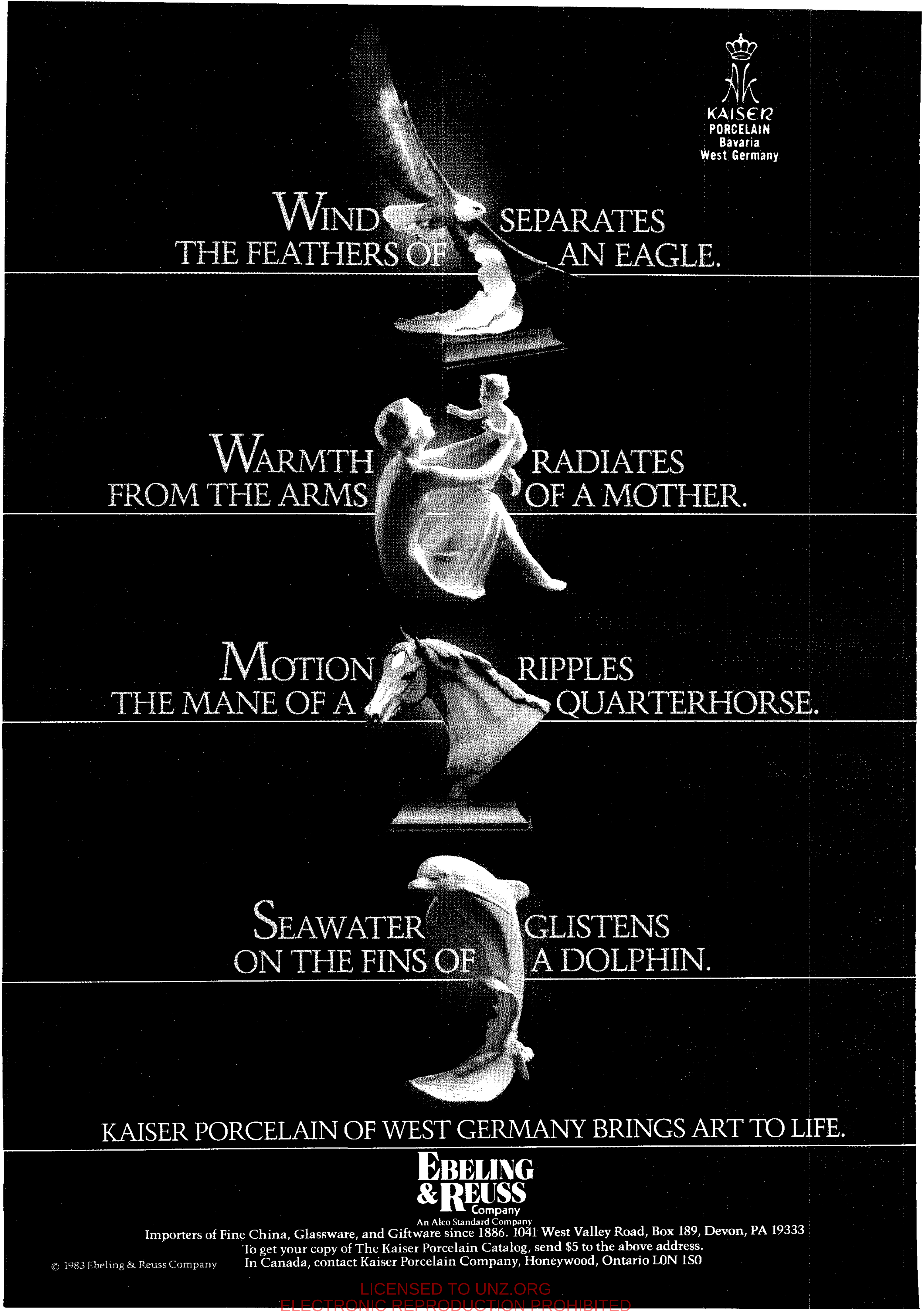

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIRTY years ago this month, Earl Warren entered on his duties as Chief Justice of the United States. Under his leadership, the Supreme Court made life in our country notably less oppressive. Many of the Warren Court's decisions evoked criticism and controversy when they were handed down, yet in the years since Warren retired, in 1969, it has been hard to remember why. His and the Court's far-reaching achievements have become almost invisible, because they were so necessary that they rapidly became part of our everyday life and language and now seem to have existed forever. The phrase "Miranda warning" is understood by Americans who cannot recall the Court's decision, in Miranda v. Arizona, of 1966, requiring the police to inform a person who becomes a suspect that he is entitled to remain silent and to have the advice of a lawyer, and ruling that a confession obtained in the absence of such a warning is inadmissible in court. A generation of Americans who picked out their letters from billboards that read "Impeach Earl Warren" can scarcely appreciate the memories of the older generation who learned to read from Burma Shave signs. It is not only that no one can conceive of resegregating this country; it has become impossible to grasp the obsessive-compulsive, crackpot nature of racial segregation under the "separate but equal" doctrine that prevailed in the years before Brown v. Board of Education, of 1954. Nor is it easy to remember that before the Court's decision, in Gideon v. Wainright, of 1963, mandating counsel for the needy in criminal trials, the United States complacently accepted inequality of the rich and the poor in our courts.

The Warren Court began its work after decades of national and international emergencies that distracted us from slower-growing problems, so that these often went unnoticed until they became shocking. One was the development of mistaken assumptions on the part of agents of government, from policemen to presidents, that they had more rights against the citizen than the Constitution provided, and the citizen fewer against them. A decision such as Watkins v. United States, of 1957, which held that congressional investigative committees had to demonstrate the relevance of their questions to a specific legislative need before compelling a witness to answer them, acted to restore the balance between government and citizen, bringing it closer to the intentions of the framers of the Constitution. The framers' acumen in anticipating the encroachments that lead to tyranny was exceptionally sophisticated, and in many respects the work of the Warren Court looks like restoration rather than innovation—traditional responses to traditional abuses, from warrantless searches, as in Mapp v. Ohio, of 1961, to rotten boroughs, as in suits for redistricting, among them Baker et al. v. Carr et al., of 1962.

R MacMullan

Over the years, our Constitution's separation of powers and division of powers have acted like a grid—a grid not of electric power but of legitimate authority—in that an outage in one part of the system has usually been made good in another; in periods of national stalemate states have picked up the burden of reform, for instance, and when, in the nineteen-seventies, the executive branch of the federal government lost legitimacy the legislative branch and the judiciary retained theirs. The authority exercised by the Warren Court in making good the failures of authority elsewhere in our society reminds us that public greatness appears in various forms. Earl Warren was appointed by Dwight Eisenhower, a military hero of the Second World War, which Americans remember, in part, as the triumph of a generation of giants—Roosevelt, Marshall, Churchill, de Gaulle. Their passings were accompanied by lamentations that their like was no more to be found. Yet there are other kinds of heroes and giants besides presidents and prime ministers and kings and generals; greatness has also been revered in a line from Hammurabi and Solon and Moses—codifiers, founders, constitution writers and interpreters whose work on the law has built civilization. Today, thirty years after Earl Warren's labors began, we can appreciate that those labors, and the labors of his associates on the Court, belong to this tradition of greatness. Their legacy permeates our courts and—an inheritance yet more important—our consciences.

• •

Wildlife

THE invitation from the World Wildlife Fund–U.S. was of a royal size and splendor, and that was fitting, because it was accompanied by a letter beginning, "A rather princely crowd will gather next Monday evening in support of the world's vanishing wildlife." We read that more than a hundred supporters and friends of World Wildlife, including Princess Claude of France, Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, and Mrs. Najeeb Halaby, stepmother of Jordan's Queen Noor, would be joining together "to celebrate the opening of an art show featuring the 'Animal Portraits' of Hélène Whitwell (born Princess [Hélène] of Ligne) and benefitting the World Wildlife Fund, whose international president is Britain's Prince Philip." The affair, we were told, was to take place at the gallery of Portraits, Inc., on Park Avenue.

When we arrived, at six in the evening, the gallery was thronged with well-dressed people who might well have been of noble blood. They were chatting, eating small sandwiches, drinking, and looking at Mrs. Whitwell's pictures—really looking, as is not always the case at gallery openings. A large portrait of a snow leopard hung in the center of the long wall of the inner room. "Mrs. Whitwell has donated it to World Wildlife," said the Honorable Russell E. Train, president of the U.S. chapter. "She's been very generous. Animals are her passion. We're selling chances on it. Talented, isn't she?" Around the walls, the pictures smoldered with color—macaws, gibbons, lynxes, cheetahs.

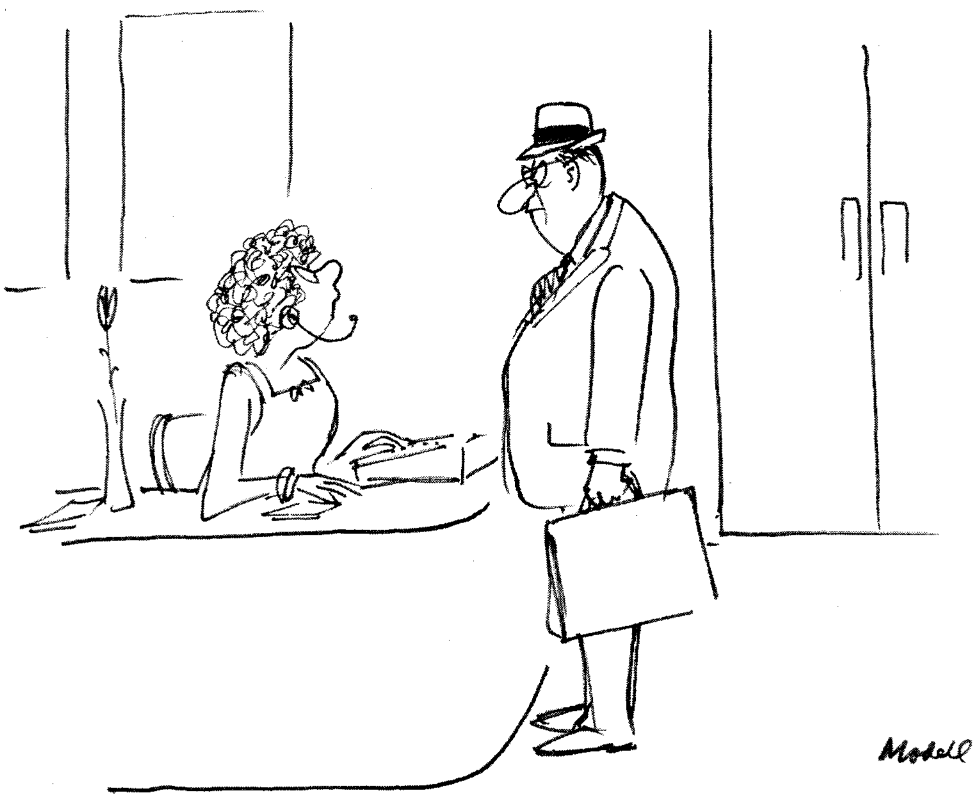
Mrs. Whitwell, tall and pretty and fair, told us about her methods. "These are all lacquered," she said. "First, I paint the design on board or alabaster—never canvas. Then I put a coat of lacquer over it and polish and polish. Then I put on another coat and polish that, over and over. And so on. I put on twelve coats and sometimes more, so you can imagine that it takes a long time." She developed her technique while helping her husband, an amateur cabinetmaker, design and decorate their own tables and screens.

"I've just been talking to somebody who cheered me up about Uganda," said a man nearby. "It seems things aren't as desperate there as we thought: the elephant is coming back. Isn't that good news? Come and talk to the man who told me."

His informant was a very young man named Rick Weyerhaeuser, who said he had been involved in the anti-poaching efforts of the Wildlife Fund in Uganda and other parts of Africa. "It was bad for a while in Uganda," he said. "The world outside doesn't realize it, but for a while there it was real war with the poachers. But we're winning. Yes, the elephants are coming back, and so are a lot of antelope species and smaller animals. It's great to see them. The present administration in Uganda has been very helpful. Everybody rallied around and helped us—the European Economic Community, the United Nations Development Program, and various wildlife and educational clubs. I'm afraid, though, that the black rhino and the white rhino are extinct in Uganda. Still, the administration is doing its best to repair the damage done by Amin and his men."

"We love Kenya," said a vivacious lady in blue. "We go there whenever we can—we've been many times."

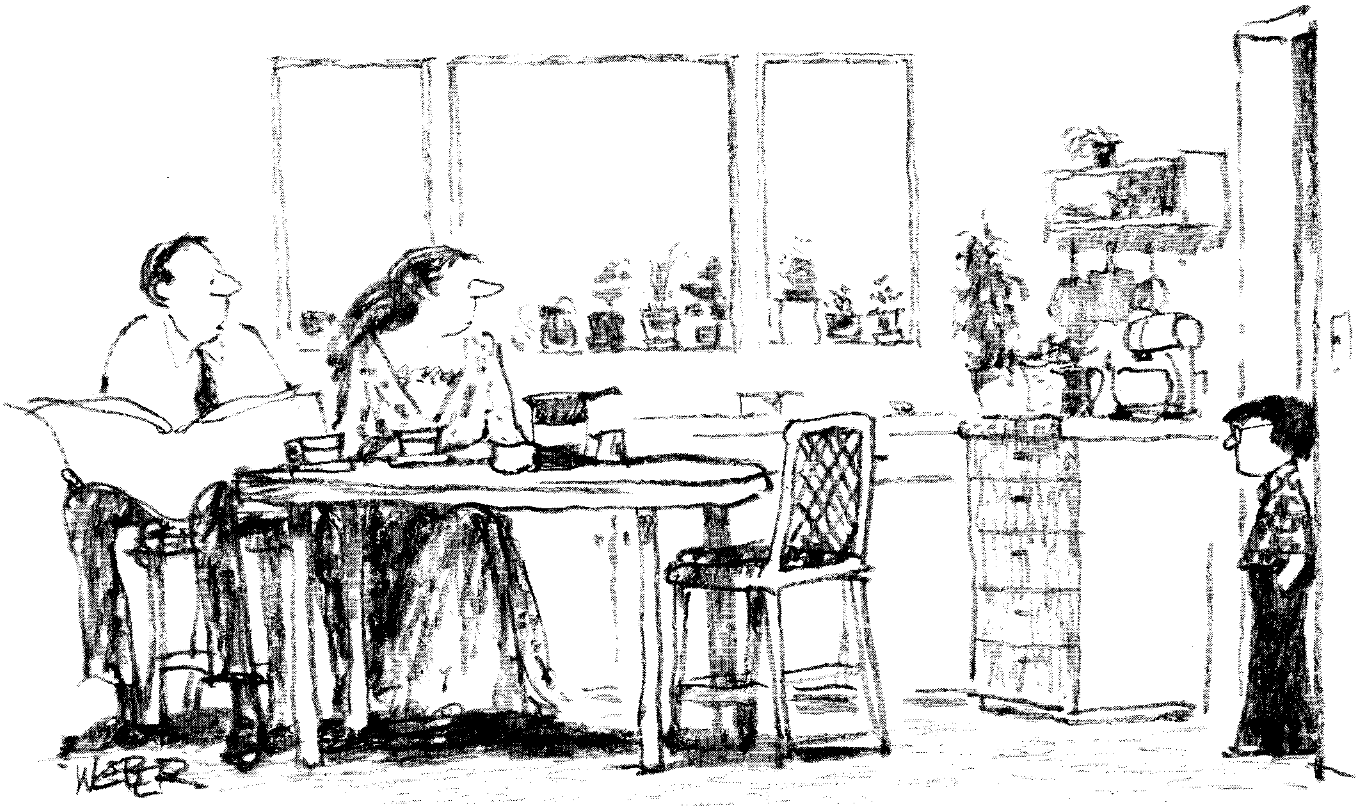
We drifted toward the door, past chattering groups. One man was saying to his group, "Did you ever hear that comment of Huxley's? As I recall, Huxley said, 'If man were as highly evolved as the lizard, he'd really be something to look at.' "



"May I tell him who's furious?"

Tapas

AS we realize more strongly every day, New York has become a bilingual city, and it seems possible that its new, Spanish-speaking self may have had something to do with New York's sisterhood with Madrid, which was formally declared in June of 1982 and was celebrated a week or so ago by a flurry of events in Spanish circles and a fleeting visit from the mayor of Madrid, Don Enrique Tierno Galván. Mayor Koch held a reception for his fellow-mayor in the ballroom of Gracie Mansion, on an evening hazed with gold light and crisscrossed with crisp Spanish greetings. We had been feeling somewhat puzzled about why New York and Madrid should have become sisters, for we had thought of them more as nodding acquaintances. (They do have roughly the same geographical latitude.) The evening was testimony that many Spaniards thrive in New York, however, and those present fizzed with expectancy, for Don Enrique, a Socialist, who was elected mayor in April, 1979,



"Here comes the enigma."

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and is now serving his second term, has proved to be extremely popular—to the surprise of many, since he had been very much an intellectual: a professor of political science at the universities of Madrid and Salamanca, a writer of distinction, and, as an early Socialist, a solemn figure in what opposition there was to Generalísimo Franco.

The air, smelling of fall, suddenly smelled of delicious food as, preceded by waiters, Mayor Koch made his way past beaming cameras with Don Enrique, a short and stately figure, who stopped every now and then to greet a friend or shake a hand, one of the hands belonging to Placido Domingo, a leading local Spaniard. Mayor Koch, knocking for silence, managed one or two recognizable Spanish words of greeting and, switching to English, welcomed us in the name of the New York–Madrid Sister City Committee—a name that gave him almost as much trouble as the Spanish. He then enlightened us on the matter of sisterhood. He had been on vacation in Madrid in January of 1982, he told us, and had had the time of his life. He had met Don Enrique, and the meeting had apparently surmounted linguistic barriers, because from it had sprung the idea of sisterhood, which was soon declared. Mayor Koch went on to say that he had had a memorable eating experience in Madrid, at the house of Doña Clara María Amezua de Llamas, the director of a celebrated Madrid cookery school. And Doña Clara María was present, the Mayor thereupon announced, not only in New York but in the kitchen of Gracie Mansion at that moment, where, with the help of Ramón Ramírez Miquel, a well-known Madrid chef, she had been preparing *tapas*, the manifold appetizers—miniature courses in themselves—that are a habit of Madrid eating life. The Mayor's discovery of *tapas* had clearly done much to bring New York and Madrid together. He brought out Doña Clara María and Señor Ramírez Miquel for a bow, and then he presented the Mayor of Madrid with a Tiffany-crystal sculpture of the Seal of New York, which Don Enrique accepted graciously. After his neighborly reply—a courteous text phrased with a Spanish eloquence of hands—he presented Mayor Koch with a leather-bound volume containing holograph poems by Spain's most prominent poets. Mayor Koch then urged the company on to the *tapas*, which were being handed round. On the advice of a young Madrileña, we sampled *conejo guisado* and *riñones al jerez*, with pleasure. "It is thrilling for us to see Don Enrique in New York," she said to us. "You cannot imagine the affection that Madrileños have for him—and they are hard to please. Everybody called him 'the Professor' from the first, and that helped, because it meant he didn't have to change his style at all. He is known for talking with and listening to everyone, and being always patient with those who stop him on the street. He writes his own proclamations—*bandos*, we call them—on matters like, say, litter, in a very graceful and much-quoted prose, and they are posted all over Madrid. He is also a paradox, and that's something that Spaniards always like—an old Socialist bent on reform who possesses an old-fashioned elegance and a sense of history." The two mayors were circulating like the *tapas*, Don Enrique lighting up at the sight of an old friend, or lowering his large, wise head to shake hands with a wide-eyed child.

On our way out, we were stopped by a beetle-browed man with something on his mind. "Know what?" he said to us. "I'm thinking of forming a committee to offer Mayor Koch Spanish lessons. They keep saying New York is a Spanish-speaking city. Well, Spanish would mean votes, wouldn't it?" We took a *bocadito de merluza* and left.

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WE went to meet the Mayor of Madrid the following morning at the Spanish Institute, a splendid McKim, Mead & White house on the Neo-Georgian block of Park Avenue between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets. While we were waiting for him, we talked with the director of the Institute, an electrifying young Spanish woman named Immaculada de Habsburgo, who had helped to organize the week's events, and who took obvious delight in watching them unwind. "I have had every kind of help and support from Madrid," she told us. "There is so much enthusiasm and optimism in Spain now, and it's catching, even over the telephone."

Don Enrique arrived, looking benign. He had been for a walk. "I have been charging myself with New York's celebrated energy," he told us. "But that is not to say that Madrid is a tranquil place. It is quite frenetic, for we have been doing over the whole city. Madrid has got much better. On the streets, you will find a noticeable *alegría*, whereas under Franco there was a *tristeza*—a grayness, a fear. Now there is no fear. It took us some time in Spain to feel our new democracy, after those forty gray years, but now I notice that Madrid is a much more equal place, if you can say that."

What did Don Enrique feel about Madrid's sisterhood with New York, we asked.

He smiled. "They have in common the problems of large, aging places," he said. "But I think also that they have in common an independent existence—worlds in themselves, each almost separate from the rest of its country. Being a Madrileño means something very distinct and deeply felt, as does being a New Yorker. And now New York has grown a Spanish extension: I hear Spanish spoken on every side—many kinds of Spanish."

We asked Don Enrique about his transition from academic life to the office of *alcalde* of Madrid.

"I tell my friends I just changed from being an academic snob to being a political snob," he said, smiling. "But I had to give up a very meditative, reflective existence for one in which I am with people all the time. They throng my office, talking politics, telling me their troubles, and I listen, I speak with everybody. It's been the translation of thinking into actions and decisions, and it never fails to absorb me."

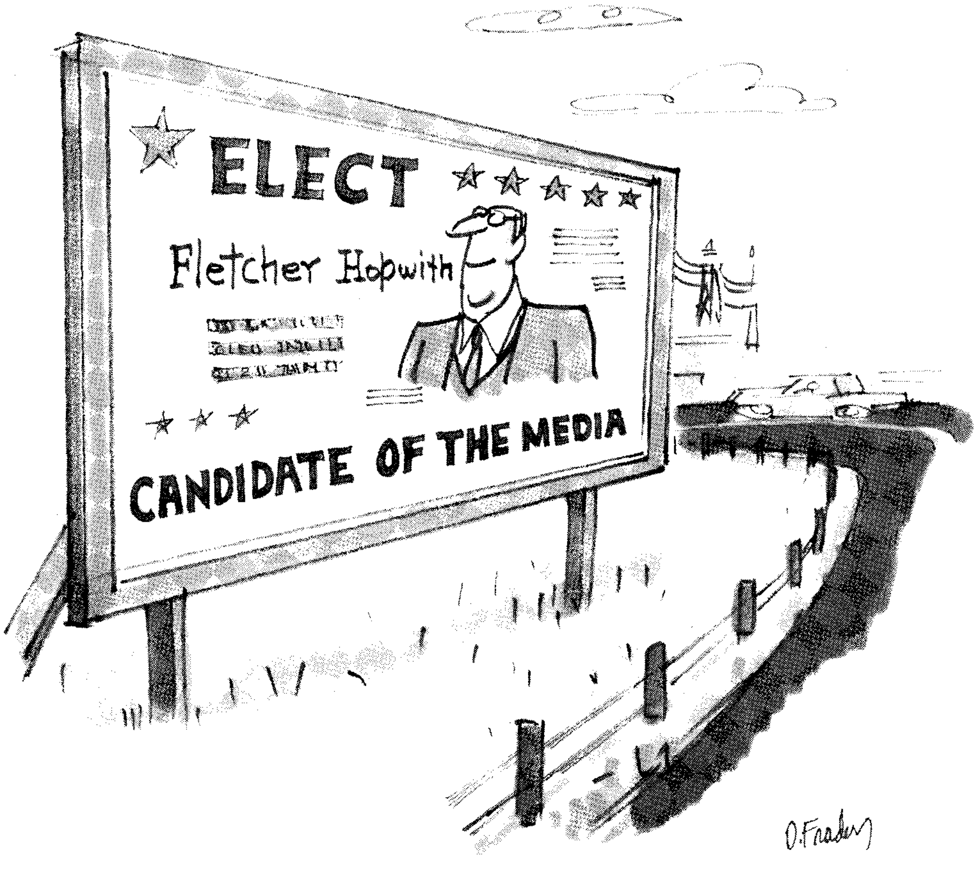
So saying, Don Enrique rose and said a courteous farewell, explaining that he was about to deliver a lecture on "The Historic Implications of the Discovery of America" and then to take to the sky, returning to Madrid—to our sister city.

Stickers

TIME was, we were on top of things. If people were out there dancing the Bus Stop, we were out

there dancing the Bus Stop. Our neckties slimmed at the appropriate moment in history. We read "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" the same week as everyone else, and forgot about it right on cue. But lately our antennae have been on the blink. As late as August, when a kind friend took us aside, we were still serving *pasta salad* to our guests. And who knew about stickers? Not us, that's for sure. Not until we met Ann Hershberg.

Ann, who this fall turned twelve and began attending Port Jefferson Junior High, in Port Jefferson, Long Island, has gathered a collection of more than two thousand stickers. Stickers are pretty much what their name implies—small adhesive-backed decals bearing a picture or a message. Originally, stickers were designed to be unstuck from their paper backings and stuck to other things, but the situation has evolved to the point where Ann and her friends mostly collect them in pristine condition and mount them in photo albums. "A lot of people around me look up to my sticker collection," Ann told us. "Sometimes I get kind of tired of all the attention. Like when people come over to my house and they say, 'Hi, Ann, where's your stickers?' "



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The craze is not confined to Long Island; according to John Grimes, president of a sticker-industry leader, CARDesign, stickers will account for nearly half a billion dollars in sales at the retail level this year. At about a dime a sticker, that's almost five billion stickers. *Sticking Together*, a newsletter, reaches two hundred thousand readers, and *Stickers!*, a glossy magazine, will hit the stands next month; there are sticker conventions and sticker trade shows. And we had no idea.

"I started collecting in fourth grade, when I moved to a new school," Ann said. "Everyone already had some, and I was behind. But now I'm ahead." Ann let us leaf through her collection, which included stickers bearing drawings of lipsticks, hamburgers, the Alpha-Bears (who wear letters and numbers on their T-shirts), President Reagan ("I don't think there's one of Carter," Ann said), rainbows, hearts, and herds of unicorns. Other stickers bore sentiments like "Bag Your Face," "You're Ugly and Your Mother Dresses You Funny," "Sooo Tubular," "Hurray for Boyfriends," and "Sealed with a Kiss." One of the strong suits in the Hershberg collection is a representative assemblage of Scratch and Sniff stickers. "You scratch them and they smell like what they say," Ann explained. "But if you scratch them too much they run out of smell, and also they lose their value." Some of the stickers smelled like honey, cola, bananas, French fries, ham, Kool-Aid, pickles, apples, ice cream, popcorn, cinnamon, chocolate, strawberries, sour cream, roses, onions, soap, pepper, tacos, clover, grape snow cones, and freshly mowed lawns. "There's skunk, too, but I don't let anyone scratch it, because when they do they're sorry," Ann said. "Some people eat stickers. Mostly boys, because they don't like the whole idea of stickers. And sometimes when you get very hungry during your class you just chew on the corner of a sticker. But they don't taste very good. They just taste like paper." Some of the stickers—ones that are misprinted or had short production runs—are especially valuable, Ann told us. "I could sell this orange one for five dollars," she said, pointing to a sticker that stated, quite plainly, a nasty word. "They don't make them like that anymore."

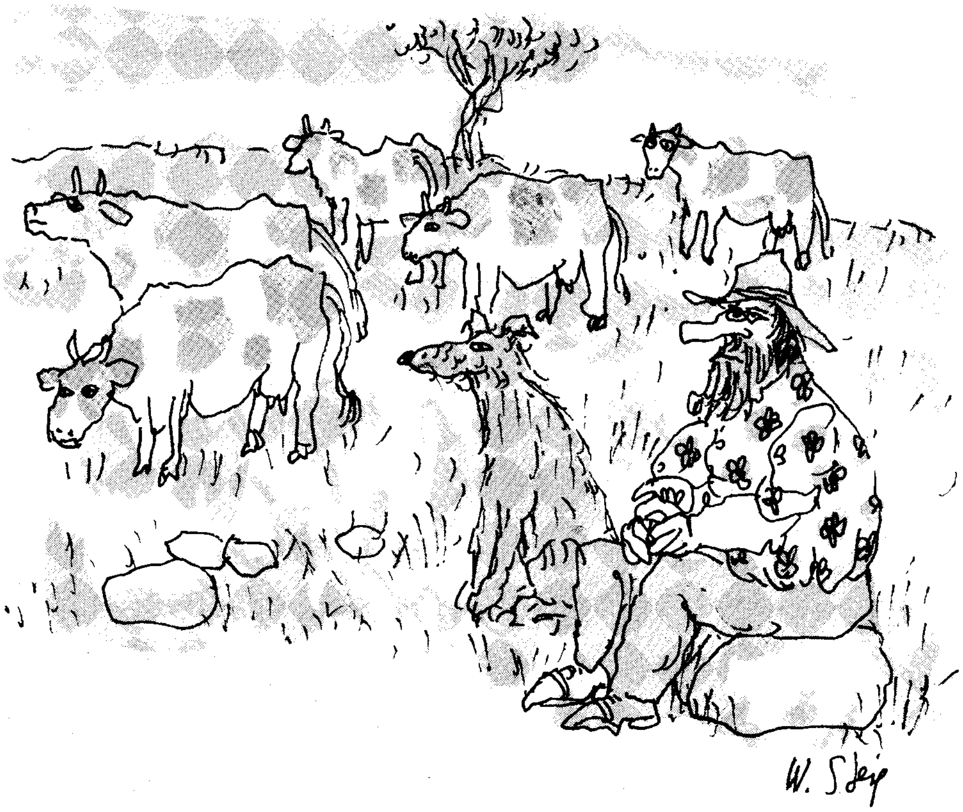
Ann—who has written about stickers for *Newsday*—says that among seventh graders stickers are slowly losing ground to rock and roll. "My other collection is Duran Duran—they're a rock group, and their names are Nick, Simon, Roger, Andy, and John. I have albums, photographs, articles, posters, books, pins. My friend has a whole room devoted to them. It used to be, in grade school, that boys collected baseball cards and girls collected stickers. Now it's merging into music, but the boys like heavy metal—groups like Van Halen and Def Leppard—which I hate. I wrote to CARDesign and said they should put rock groups on stickers, so kids would keep buying them. Otherwise, I don't know what will happen."

Ann says that even if her peers find other pastimes she will hold on to her collection. "I'm going to keep it around for ten years, until they're really worth something, and then I'll sell them. It's like comic books—they're worth a lot now. But even when I sell them there are some I'll keep. I love them too much. Like this one here, with the juggling clowns. And this one, that says 'Dead Cat Enclosed.' "

TO THE HEAVENS, AND BEYOND

WORLD literature is like a great river, with its source situated somewhere in the dim past not far from man's own beginnings and its terminus ever receding before us in the mists that veil the destiny of our race. Some men, such as Dickens or Tolstoy, ride the middle of the river, and, in turn, contribute their own works to the surging of its flow. Other writers, whose names and works you have never heard of, might be compared to small drops of water on the waves along the river's edge. But of those many thousand souls who share the mysterious urge to set words on paper it might be said that, be they famous or be they unknown, all are part of this same river. To a greater or lesser degree, they all partake of its waters in the high communion of their art. Why is it, then, that in the broad spectrum of humanity writers should be the meanest, the pettiest, the most jealous, mudslinging, backstabbing, self-centered, conceited people who ever lived? It is only within the last few months that I have come to an understanding of just how bad writers can be. The event that really opened my eyes was when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) selected me, out of a multitude of other writers, to participate in their five-year Community in Space program on an orbiting station twenty thousand miles above the earth. I won't bother to review all the nasty, sniping attacks on me which many of the unsuccessful candidates for the position have given vent to in national publications. I only wonder if the space colonists (all of them leaders in their fields) who were chosen to represent the other professions had to endure such a torrent of abuse from their colleagues. My feeling is that they did not.

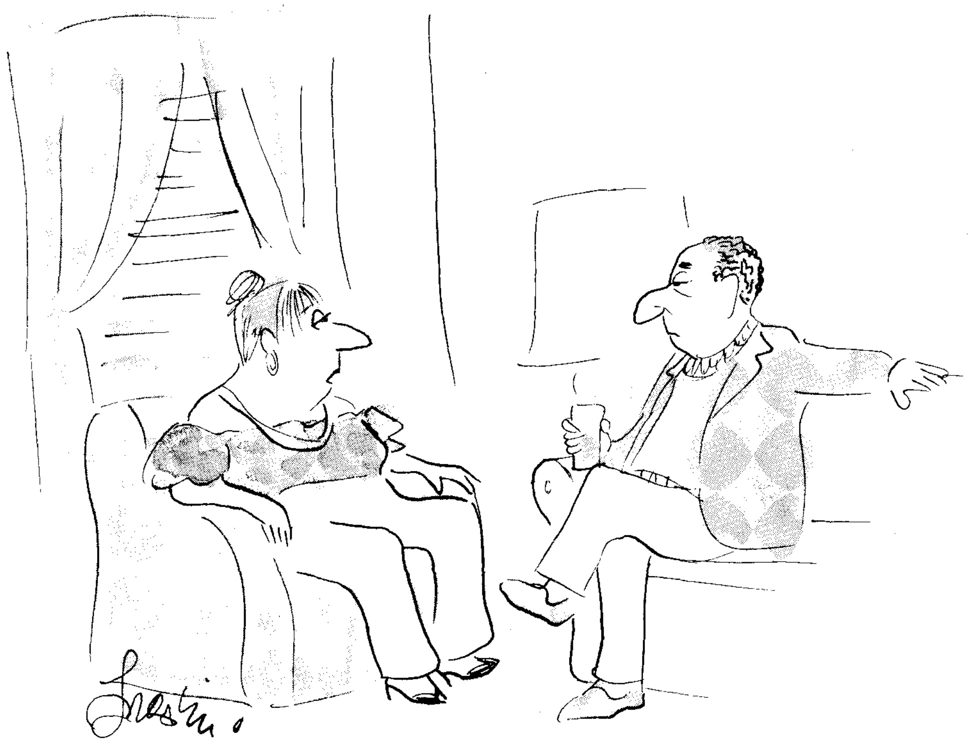
It has been written that my selection was the result of backstairs political maneuvers on my part. When you see that written anywhere, you will know for sure that the author has never met me, and that, in fact, he knows less about me than he does about the President of Togo. As anyone with even a slight acquaintance with me will tell you, I am a man who was born, and has remained, a truthteller; that is the very core of my nature. To speak anything other than the truth is an act of which I am almost physically incapable. So, as it happens, the hypocrisy, flattery, and glad-handing that grease the social wheels for millions of my fellows are skills far beyond my ken. The unblinking light of my regard falls the same upon everyone (including myself) without fear or favor. This troublesome honesty of mine has stood in the way of my advancement more times than I can count, but I accept its disadvantages without complaint; you see, it's just the way I am.



Ruminating

Now, to set the record straight, and to put a stop to the half-truths and rumors, I will tell how NASA came to choose me. I am afraid it is a simple story, entirely devoid of exciting secret schemes. One day, I picked up a newspaper and saw the announcement that NASA was looking for top members of some forty different professions to live for five years in a creative community housed in an orbiting space station. By chance, I was unemployed at the time, and eager for new challenges. I rushed down to the Pentagon, found the offices of the Air Force, and put my name on the sign-up sheet. My name was not at the top of the list; nor was it at the bottom. Then I was told that anyone who wished to apply had sixty days to submit the necessary recommendations, as well as a sample of his or her most recent work. I gave much thought to the sample I would submit. I wanted it to have a little something for everyone; I wanted it to be fresh; I wanted it to grapple with large themes. So, first of all, I went out and bought a middle-sized motor home with my own savings. I was convinced that I must leave behind the comfortable routines of my life up to that point. After much painful soul-searching, I decided to split once and for all from my estranged wife. I had lost her boyfriend's phone number, so I left a note on her car informing her of my intention. Then, just to be on the safe side, I also broke up with the guy at the newsstand, the boy who serviced my vehicle, and a tolltaker on the New Jersey Turnpike. I set off down the highway with her recriminations still ringing in my ears.

MY first stop was New England. I picked a comfortable campsite and got right to work. Immediately, I was pleased to notice that the stately, brooding shadows of Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Emerson fell across my typewriter as I chronicled life in the land of the three-Martini lunch,



"Are we keeping in touch with our money?"

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where Ivy League–educated denizens of sprawling bedroom communities improvise unconventional marriages in the sexual confusion of the later twentieth century. That was fun; but I began to worry that I was speaking in a voice that could do with a bit more American authenticity. So I headed out on Interstate 90. As I passed Buffalo, I could feel my voice becoming more authentic. Cleveland—even more authentic. Then Chicago. Aah—authenticity was now all around me. I spent eleven days on the outskirts of that city, creating, growing, and learning. (For example, did you know that Chicago is actually *not* the windiest city in this country? In fact, it's rather far down the list.) Then I was back on the highway. When I reached the Far West, I noticed that my prose suddenly became as vast and sprawling as the landscape that surrounded it. Eventually, through a careful budgeting of time and money, I was able to pursue my stylistic development in forty-six of the fifty states. Then I drove back to Washington, to type up my final copy and turn it in. Reading it over, I discovered that I'd found a large theme, all right. That theme was America itself.

The news that I had made the final cut absolutely floored me. I was even more stunned when I showed up at the Air Force offices and got a look at the nine other finalists. Among them were some of the most famous writers in the country, people whose names you would recognize in an instant. We were all given a mandatory essay question to complete in three hours. I was sure I'd be over my head in competition the likes of this, but I resolved to do my best. Our springboard topic was "What Will the New Year Bring?" Whew! I chewed the eraser on my pencil for a moment, and then my hand began fairly flying across the pages of my blue book.

I shall always remember the day I found out that I'd been selected, because it was one of the happiest days of my life—and one of the saddest. The telegram found me at my campsite outside Bethesda. I screamed for joy; I jumped from my motor home; I took Mrs. Main, the campsite manager, in my arms and waltzed her around her office. But she had to get on with her work, so I called one of my closest friends, a novelist and essayist, to ask him to have a few beers with me in celebration. When I told him my news, a chill came into his voice. I knew for the first time that loneliness which must always walk hand in hand with the successful.

Soon, however, my gloom was dispersed in the whirlwind of events preceding our takeoff, which was only a month away. First, there was a picnic to meet the other future space colonists, at the beautiful home of an Air Force colonel in McLean, Virginia. I met many people of amazing intellect whose contributions to mankind had won them fame the world over, and I also met many whose fame was limited to only a small circle. Without exception, every single one was just as nice and friendly as anybody you'd ever want to talk to. We compared values and life styles in very stimulating exchanges as we helped ourselves to the sumptuous barbecue. At one point, I was standing around playing Jarts with a Nobel Prize-winning physicist, a Nobel Prize-winning chemist, and a famous international photojournalist. I turned to the chemist and said, "Pinch me, will you? I can't believe this is real!"

The next weeks passed in a frantic rush of orientation sessions, group discussions, weightlessness training (the space station has artificial gravity, but this was just in case), packing, final details, and goodbyes to loved ones. At last came the morning when we were standing with our suitcases on the concrete apron next to the space-shuttle launch pad at Cape Canaveral. There were too many of us to go all at once, so the shuttle had to make two trips. The bunch I went with had a ball. It was really something to watch the older fellows, whose gray hairs bespoke their eminence, as they anticipated liftoff with eyes dancing like those of a young boy on his first roller-coaster ride. The flight was the thrill of a lifetime for everybody. We arrived at the space station with spirits as high as our actual altitude in miles, if not higher.

I KNOW that some of my literary colleagues back on the ground enviously imagine that we're luxuriating in plush surroundings up here, with nothing to do but work and enjoy. Well, I hate to shatter their illusions, but our quarters on the space station are no more ritzy than your average family motel room. Our needs are well provided for, but we don't live like millionaires, either. The room assigned to me is actually one of the smaller ones. (NASA gave everybody rooms on the basis of a system that I'm

MARBLE

Paradox coils in *time* like
The bull snake in fall's yet-leafed growth. *Then*
Uncoils like *now. Now*
Like *then.* Oh, it
Was long ago—the years, how many?
Fifty—but now at last it truly
Happens. Only *now.* Her eyes,

From one to another of those who
Stand by, move. You hear,
Almost, the grind in the socket.
Face fixes on each face, and for
Each face constructs
A smile. You hear,
Almost, the grind of the smile
Being manufactured, bit by bit. You hear
The grind of *love.*

You hear the grind of the smile as you try to smile.

Her eyes, after each effort, fix
On the ceiling of white plaster above them. The pink
Of sunset tints the ceiling. I stare
At the ceiling. It is *infinity.*

It roofs all *time.*

From his vest pocket the doctor draws
The old-fashioned gold-cased watch.
You hear the click as it opens.
Heart stands still as a stone.
He holds her pulse.

He nods. Slowly. Slowly.
He stares into my father's eyes.

My father, that tall, thin man,
Head sculptured bald and white as marble,
Great Roman nose—he moves first.
He leans above the waiting, upturned face,
Lips laid—you know they are cold—to lips.
Hand touches hand.
I am seeing that *now.*

By downward age, each child there repeats the act.
The youngest, of course, last.

The door opens. Is shut.
The doctor remains within. The nurse
Is no more than an advertising dummy
In a store window.

The little boy in the hall lingers last, lost.
"Oh, I'm all alone," his voice calls.
"I'm by myself."
I heard him.

To the waiting room the boy comes.
No word. My father
Sits rigid on a bench. His loneliness
Is what he seems to insist on. As though
He were stone, white stone beneath dark cloth.
It is as though an antique statue,
Exhumed after centuries, were
In modern costume dressed. Why
Didn't I laugh *then*? I
Feel like laughing *now,*
The picture is so funny.

His eyes show nothing.
Like stone, too.

The doctor comes in. Slowly nods.

Soundless, as though from an axe-butt
Set suddenly to temple, the tall man falls
Sidewise. Rigid.

His daughter stoops to hold his rigid hand.

At last he kisses her hand. Rises:
Face severe, nose outthrust, eyes
Glittering, cold.
In dignity shakes hands with the doctor.
Joins him in the hall.

I stand on the gravel of the parking lot, alone.
It was, but is not *then.*
It is *now.* For it
Has taken a long time for truth to become *true.*

It is autumn *now* as *then,* gravel underfoot,
And the stars have begun
Their wintry tingle.
The moon is full and white but westering
Near black roofs
Of the little city. People live here.

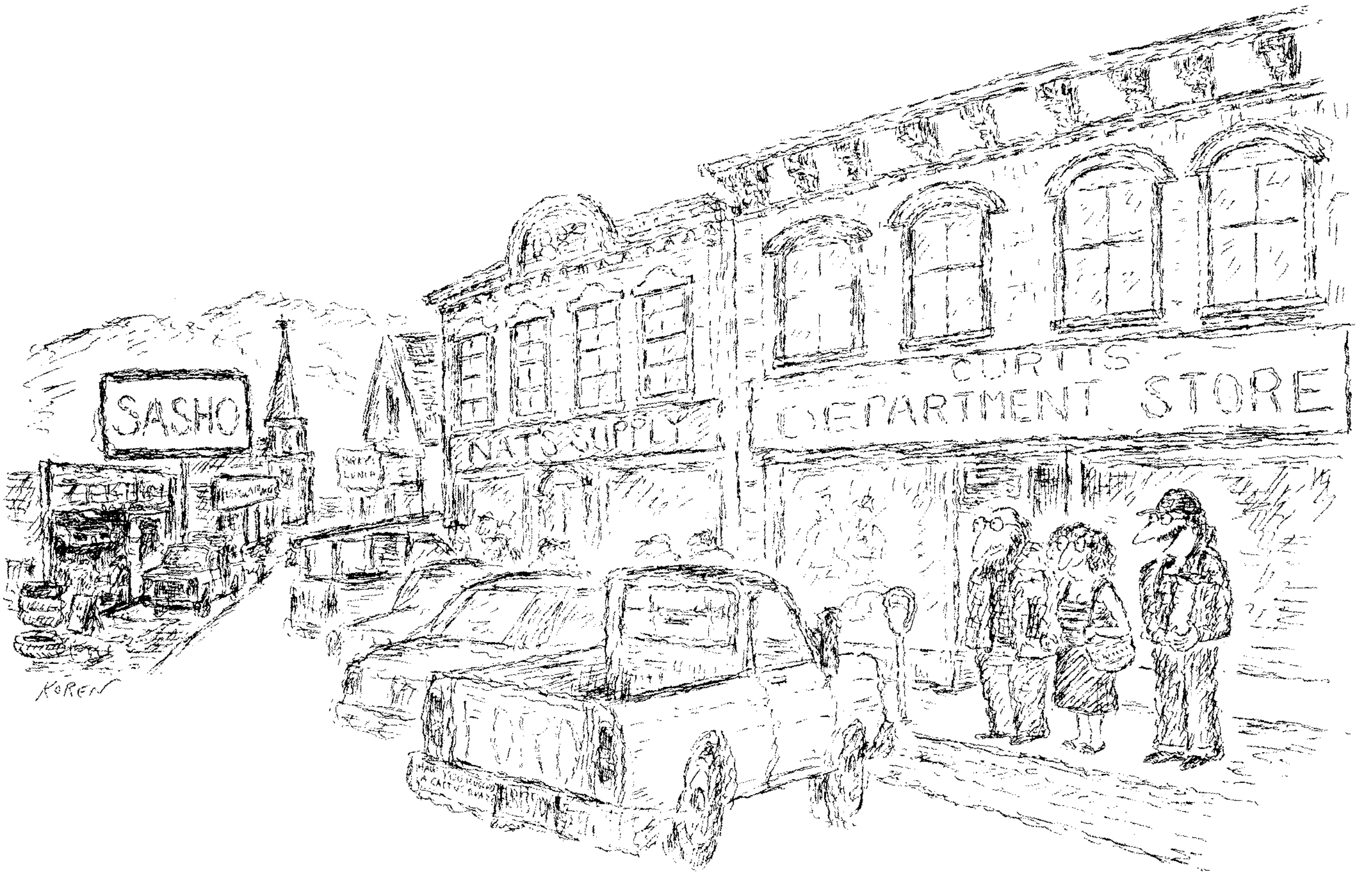
I stare at the moon. *Now.*
I wonder why it has never moved all these years.
I do not know why, or know
Why my grief has not been understood, or why
It has not understood its own being.

It takes a long time for it to learn
Its many names: like
Selfishness and *precious guilt.*

—Robert Penn Warren

* * *

sure was fair, even though some people have rooms twice the size of mine.) I have a small radio, but no television. I don't mind that, because television, with its tendency to turn all human emotions into cup custard, is an aspect of modern culture which I abhor. Besides, we have our own fifty-seat movie theatre—the only feature of our space station which I guess you might call luxurious. Sometimes we get to see first-run movies, and that suits me just fine, because I am a movie nut. Of course, life here is not without its annoying little technical problems, or "glitches," as we call them. The day we arrived, one of the station's outside thrust-reversers was screwed up, and everything kept tilting back and forth. I was in the midst of unpacking, putting pencils in my pencil holder, when suddenly things started to tilt, and the pencil holder toppled and all my pencils went scattering on the floor. Then, for some strange reason the water they brought up to use for drinking and showering turned out to



"I know it's hard to believe, but this is a great Beaujolais town."

• •

be hard water; that is, water with high mineral content. I don't know why they didn't get regular water—some bureaucratic snafu, most likely. The water tasted O.K., but when you shampooed with it, no matter how hot you turned it up, it would not rinse your hair completely. After a few weeks of this kind of shampooing, all of us were walking around with hair that hung in lifeless strands. We were a pretty droopy-looking group, and morale began to suffer. Then NASA took the problem in hand, and announced that they were adding another member to the Space Community. The new member was a serviceman from one of the leading water-softener companies. (I don't have to tell you which one—they have already blown their own horn loud enough, with their "Water Softener to America's Space Program" ad campaign.) The shuttle made a special trip to bring this guy up, and, after some initial awkwardness, he fit in fine.

WRITERS on earth may envy me, but I wonder if they know how I envy them. How I would love a little of their privacy, their anonymity, their freedom to foster their creations away from the bright lights of national and world attention! Whenever the space station passes over Houston, there's a knock on my door. "Jerry—it's Mission Control on the phone. They want to talk to you." I know that this is just part of the routine. I know that the Houston boys have a flight schedule with a list of all our names with little boxes alongside, and all they want to do is put a little check in the box by my name indicating that they've talked to me, that I sound fine, etc. They ask me how the book is going, and I give them vague answers, and that satisfies them. They always mention the "great view." They've got the idea that a person looking at the "great view" from up here would naturally be inspired to write as nobody in history has ever written before. "Oh, what a view!" I always answer.

Let me tell you a few facts about this supposed "great view." In the first place, there is one window in this space station. One window for the entire space station. And it's not even that big a window—it's about the size of a picture window in an ordinary house. In the second place, most of the time the space station is rotated around in a direction where all you can see out the window is blackness and a couple of stars. Maybe if you stood there and waited for a few hours, you might see a meteor. And then during those times when the space station is rotated around toward earth, the window is always packed with people, and all you can see is the back of everybody's head.

Now, say I burst from my room one afternoon, my brain teeming with half-formed plots and characterizations, and I decide to take a short stroll. What I'm hoping for is the catalyst, the spark that will set the whole structure aglow from within. I walk to the window; earth is visible, if only I could see it through the crowd. The conversation goes like this:

"See that bump there? That's Long Island."

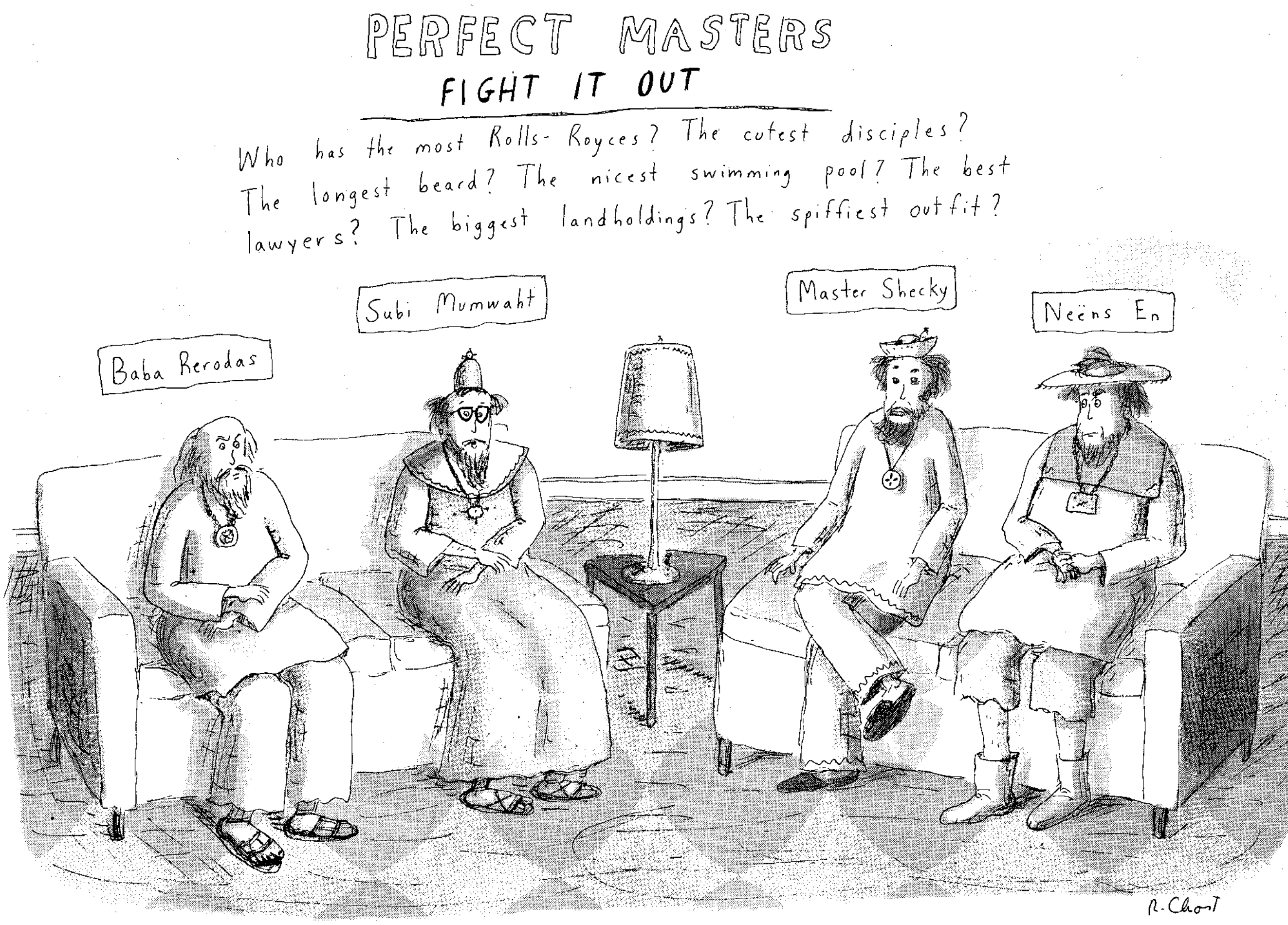
"Long Island isn't a bump. It's more like a line."

"O.K., then what is that bump?"

"Which one, the first bump or the second bump?"

"Not the first bump. I'm talking about the smaller bump. The first bump is New Brunswick."

My question is: Was it in measures


PERFECT MASTERS
FIGHT IT OUT
Who has the most Rolls-Royces? The cutest disciples? The longest beard? The nicest swimming pool? The best lawyers? The biggest landholdings? The spiffiest outfit?
Baba Rerodas
Subi Mumwaht
Master Shecky
Neëns En
R. Chast

• •

such as these that the Muses sang to Virgil and, later, Dante? I, for one, doubt it very much.

THE guys at Mission Control are put off easily enough, but once a month the President calls, and that's a whole different situation. It's quite a bit harder to kid him along. He knows all our names and he even recognizes our voices, and while he's talking I'm sure he's got a file on each one of us sitting on his desk in front of him. I never know for sure what he's going to say. He's a man who digs deeper; he didn't get to be President by accepting pat answers. The last couple of times we've talked, he's been getting curious about my work, and I really don't want to go into it. I could say to him, "Look, writing is a process that takes place far back in the dim recesses of the mind, where words emerge and then go away again in a manner that even the most skillful of authors cannot easily explain in person, let alone over long-distance radiophone." But I don't tell him that—I try to coöperate. Our last conversation, however, was a nightmare.

"Hi, Jerry, how's the writing going?" he says.

"Pretty good," I say.

"How many chapters so far?"

"Almost ten."

"Wow! That's great! That's really a lot! How many pages would that be?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty," I say.

"A hundred and fifty! Wow!"

"Well, I triple-space."

"Still . . ." he says. Then he says, "Tell me, Jerry, do you mind my asking? I was wondering about the angle you're taking on your material."

"Well . . . it's, uh . . . you might say it's kind of darkly comic," I stammer.

There is a long pause, while my muscles begin to knot up and my forehead grows as clammy as the bottom of a vegetable compartment in a refrigerator. "Well, I'm sure you're doing a terrific job, and I just want you to know how proud I and all other Americans are of you, and I know that you'll show the world that our country has writers who are second to none!" he says.

I rushed back to my room and threw myself face down on my bed. *Darkly comic!* That's not the half of it! That doesn't begin to describe it! The truth is that from page 1 right up to the very last page I've written so far my book is deeply, profoundly disturbing! Or, to be more exact, Chapter 1 is profoundly disturbing; Chapter 2 is both profoundly disturbing and upsetting; Chapter 3 is disturbing, upsetting, and alarming; in Chapter 4, I let up a little, and that one is merely disconcerting; Chapter 5 provides another short breather, and it is just troubling; but Chapter 6 goes right back to profoundly disturbing again, and I continue like that without any break at all from then on. When the President finds out what a sweeping indictment of our civilization I'm writing up here (and on the government's nickel, no less), he's likely to go through the roof. I wouldn't want to be around the Oval Office to watch, I can tell you that.

—IAN FRAZIER

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Billboard on Route 41 near Naples, Fla.*]

MARCO ISLAND
YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE & ALWAYS RETURN

SERVANT PROBLEMS

WHENEVER Gretchen and I took our favorite illegal shortcut from the gym to the Great Lodge—a route that took us across one corner of the orchard, past the pruned roses of the Headmistress's Garden, down a brambly alley strewn with cigarette butts in back of the Junior Residence Cottage, and across the bleak gray courtyard where trucks delivered supplies—one of the cooks would wave to us from the back porch outside the school kitchen. The cook was a small, grave fat man with yellowish-brown skin; he wore a pair of horn-rimmed glasses that gave him an abstracted, professorial air strange to see at lunchtime over a steaming pan of shepherd's pie. In good weather he liked to pass his afternoon break in the open air, on a battered wicker chair that must have dated from the turn of the century, when the Lodge was the summer house of a Wilmington mill owner. Gretchen always waved back to him, her round face pink with democratic enthusiasm, but I knew that the cook's greeting was chiefly for me. His raised arm seemed to offer a kind of hortatory salute that filled me with a mixture of confusion and embarrassment. During my first fall and spring as a day student at the school, I saw him often on the kitchen porch, and I averted my eyes each time.

For sixty years, until the day I arrived there, the Prescott School for Girls had operated on a simple and logical basis: the teachers and students were white, and the domestic staff—a discreet, usually invisible crew of cooks, chambermaids, janitors, and gardeners—was black. This balance was upset when I entered the Prescott seventh grade, a long-legged, eccentric-haired child of twelve—with a mouthful of braces—chafing in the regulation gray worsted tunic and white cotton blouse. I came from a middle-class black family with a fixed optimism about the brotherhood of man, and I was fresh from the sheltered atmosphere of a tiny Quaker school where race and class were treated with energetic nonchalance. It astonished me considerably to discover a world in which lines were so clearly drawn, and in which I was the object of a discreet, relentless curiosity—a curiosity mingled with wariness on the part of some teachers, as if I were a very small unexploded bomb.

Early in my first month at Prescott, I sat down on my mother's lap after dinner and she asked me what school was like. "Well, it's a little like being in a play," I said. "Everyone's watching me all the time."

I had hoped to make her laugh, but she startled me by bursting into tears. Later, I heard her say to my father, "We have to be careful. That school might ruin Sarah."

The main building, or Great Lodge, of the Prescott School was a rambling structure of russet-colored brick, gabled, towered, and turreted, set among modern annexes, playing fields, and groves of horse chestnuts in the rolling hills near the Pennsylvania-Delaware border. The school grounds lay along a wooded ridge that sloped down to Saddler's Creek, a sluggish brown tributary of the Brandywine, on which Prescott girls took out old-fashioned canoes. Confronted directly, Prescott had the absurd charm of any monstrous Edwardian folly, but if you were walking from the train station early on a fall or spring morning, there was a frail, almost unearthly allure to the brick towers rising above masses of foliage. They were the color of sandstone spires in the Arizona desert, and they suggested something so desirable and far off that a glimpse of them over the trees could tighten your heart and make your fingers ache in the pockets of your uniform blazer.

I CAME to Prescott in the mid-sixties, in an autumn that turned into a long Indian summer. *Life* had recently published pages of pictures showing flames blossoming from storefronts in Newark and Washington, but in the countryside around Saddler's Creek no one was burning anything but leaves. The school grounds stayed green into November, and the senior girls who had sports cars kept the tops down as they had all summer, roaring up and down Prescott's drive, until Miss Cheyney, matron of the boarding school and in charge of administering discipline to day students, punished the offenders by

"Ordinarily, I don't attend cocktail parties, but these are not ordinary times."

making them attend a special Saturday study hall; the scandal of that week was that three of the immured girls, their hair tucked up under floppy Villager sun hats, had giggled and mugged so outrageously among the austere cum-laude lists in the study hall that they were suspended. Because of the good weather, Miss Mackintosh, doyenne of the tough-kneed, brief-kilted Scotswomen who ran the athletic department, scheduled extra hockey matches, and the bright fields echoed with shouts of "Sticks!" and the thunder of hefty legs; mothers with tanned faces shrieked encouragement through the windows of station wagons.

Classes were easy for me, but friends were hard. A few years earlier, I'd seen a picture of a Southern black girl making her way into a school through a jeering crowd of white students, a policeman at her side. Prescott didn't jeer at me—it had, after all, invited me—but it shut me off socially with a set of almost imperceptible closures and polite rejections. If one waves a hand through a tidal pool, one finds the same kind of minute and instantaneous retreat. The first time I recognized it was in the seventh-grade locker room; I came in to change out of my sneakers and heard a cheerful din of questions and answers: "What are you going to wear?" "My blue!" "My green!" "The pink satin sash!" "The patent pumps from Altman's!"

"Where is everybody going?" I asked Nan Mason, who had the locker next to mine.

Nan had pinkish hair, pale freckles, and the white eyelashes of a rabbit. I had often pitied her for being so ugly, but now she looked as if she pitied me. "To Friday Evening," she said, and had the grace to drop her eyes. "The dancing class."

"Friday Evening?" I asked, but Nan was looking for something in her locker. For several weeks after that I was certain that the mothers who organized the Friday Evening dancing classes for Prescott girls and Newbold Academy boys had simply forgotten to invite me.

Gretchen Manning, my closest friend at school, didn't attend Friday Evening, either; it was not because she wasn't invited but because her father, Oswald Manning—famed ban-the-bomb curmudgeon of the Penn history department—thought it was nonsense and refused to pay the fee. Gretchen, whose real name was Margarita, after Bulgakov's heroine, was tall and plump, with waist-length flat black hair, which she seldom washed, a luminous pink complexion, and a pair of small, sharp hazel eyes. Her uniform tunic, faded and too tight over her expanding breasts, was generally covered with spots of food and of paint from art class and she was lamentably bad at sports. We became friends when we were both assigned to Squad Six, the hockey team for athletic pariahs. In the free-and-easy atmosphere of my former school, I had been considered somewhat of a star of girls' gym, but at Prescott, on the verge of what was to be a quirky and secretive adolescence, I turned into a willful misfit on the playing field, hungry for glory but unwilling to exert myself. I looked with interest at Gretchen, who made her way down the field with a certain monumental grace but a dead slowness.

"I'm an endomorph," she announced the first time she sat down next to me on the leaf-strewn grass (we were awaiting our turns at an exercise—dribble, dribble, dribble, pass). "And you're an ectomorph. That means that no matter what we do we'll never have muscles like those cows out there. What I'd like to do is to join a harem and do nothing but eat Reese's Cups and make love with the caliph once in a while."

NIGHT SONG

Look up into the light of the lantern.
Don't you see? The calm of darkness
is the horror of Heaven.

We've been apart too long, too painfully separated.
How can you bear to dream,
to give up watching? I think you must be dreaming;
your face is full of mild expectancy.

I need to wake you, to remind you that there isn't a future.
That's why we're free. And now some weakness in me
has been cured forever, so I'm not compelled
to close my eyes, to go back, to rectify—

The beach is still; the sea, cleansed of its superfluous life,
opaque, rocklike. In mounds, in vegetal clusters,
seabirds sleep on the jetty. Terns, assassins—

You're tired; I can see that.
We're both tired; we have acted a great drama.
Even our hands are cold that were like kindling.
Our clothes are scattered on the sand; strangely enough,
they never turned to ashes.

I have to tell you what I've learned, that I know now
what happens to the dreamers.
They don't feel it when they change. One day
they wake, they dress, they are old.

Tonight I'm not afraid
to feel the revolutions. How can you want sleep
when passion gives you that peace?
You're like me tonight, one of the lucky ones.
You'll get what you want. You'll get your oblivion.

—Louise Glück

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DECISIONS, DECISIONS, DECISIONS
Fritter

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"I'd rather join the Navy," I said.

Gretchen stretched out on the grass, propping herself on one round elbow, and peered at me through an oily fall of hair. "My father knows yours," she said. "Your father is James Forrest Ashley, the civil-rights minister. My father is very interested in civil rights, and so am I."

"Don't do me any favors," I said, in a tough, snappish voice I had learned from "Dragnet."

Gretchen looked at me admiringly. "Don't you think it's rather romantic to be a Negro?" she asked. "I do. A few years ago, when Mama and Daddy used to talk to us about the Freedom Riders in the South, my sister Sarabeth and I spent a whole night up crying because we weren't Negroes. If I were a Negro, I'd be like a knight and skewer the Ku Klux Klan. My father says Negroes are the tragic figures of America. Isn't it exciting to be a tragic figure? It's a kind of destiny!"

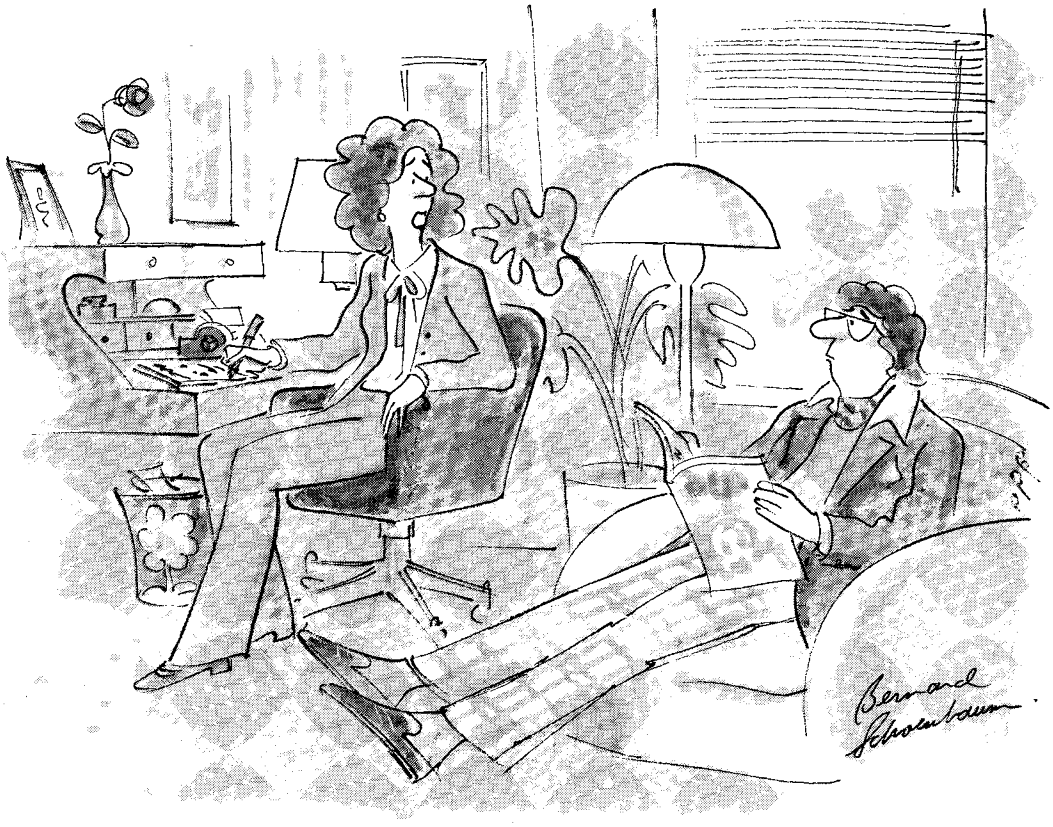
For the rest of seventh grade, Gretchen and I made a comic duo: the fat and the lean. We were close with the cranky, stifling closeness possible only to a pair of hyper-educated preadolescent misfits. We jockeyed for supremacy in the English class taught by the red-haired Miss Whitaker, fresh from Bryn Mawr, and we determined that Gretchen was the philosopher, I the poet. We wept together over Katherine Mansfield stories and, having studied my mother's copy of "Summerhill," introduced profanity into our conversation, so that we could be free children. ("I'm afraid it's too late," said Gretchen. "We're both doomed to frigidity.") We formed a two-member society of revolutionaries, who sang a backward version of the school song and with private signals indicated which members of the Prescott Athletic Association and Charity League would be executed in the first round of purges. Gretchen despised the school and often condemned it, using what she knew of her father's Marxist rhetoric. I aped her, but I had a secret: I wanted to fit in, really fit in, and if Lissa Randolph or Kemp Massie, rulers of the Olympian band of suntanned, gold-bangled popular girls, shimmering in their Fair Isle sweaters, had so much as crooked a finger at me, I would have left Gretchen and followed the way the apostles followed Christ. No one knew my secret—not my parents, who bragged with relief about my levelheaded adjustment; not my older brother Matthew, who might have understood. At night I gloated over a vision of myself transformed by some magical agency into a Shetland-clad blonde with a cute blip of a nickname; reading the Sunday paper, I searched out references to Prescott in the society wedding announcements.

IT was Gretchen who introduced me to the secret places at the school: the dusty caverns behind the Flemish tapestries in the Assembly Hall; the muddy bank, downstream from the boathouse, where you could find arrowheads; the heap of fieldstone near the crafts barn that was supposed to cover an Underground Railroad tunnel; the basement under Carroll Theatre that held the remains of Prescott stage sets from the twenties and thirties.

After lunch one afternoon, we dared each other to climb up to the top floor of the main tower of the Great Lodge—above the dining hall, the two floors of the Middle School classrooms, and the floor where a few lucky senior boarders had suites. There was no reason for us to do this except that the highest floor was off limits to students: Gretchen and I, good revolutionaries, had the ambition to break every rule in the school at least once. Moving fast to avoid Miss Netherlander, the Argus-eyed old woman who patrolled the halls, we climbed the stairs through the floors of classrooms and the pleasant level full of stuffed animals, ruffled curtains, and Beatles posters that the boarders referred to as Cellblock Ten. One flight above this, we found ourselves in a bare-board corridor where air and light seemed to have been excluded as needless luxuries; there was something mean and meagre in the look of the unlit electric bulbs over our heads. We moved cautiously along, peering at narrow doors with numbers on them, until we came to a door that opened onto a room the size of a closet. The room had stained green walls, a small, barred window that seemed grudgingly to allow a view of the back courtyard, a tiny radio on the windowsill, and a black woman seated on the bed.

I was stung by three separate shocks: the deadly bleakness of the room; the fact that people lived on this floor; the fact that contiguous to the bright, prosperous outer life of the school was another existence, a dark mirror image, which, like the other world in a Grimm's tale, was only a few steps off the path of daily routine. I recognized the woman as one of the maids who cleaned the rooms of the boarding students; in a second, she looked up and saw us, the strands of her straightened hair standing out a little wildly around her head, an indecipherable expression in her eyes. Another door opened and another black face looked out. Gretchen and I took to our heels, plunging down the stairs as if we'd just seen a crime.

Gretchen was indignant about the conditions on the top floor of the Lodge, but I tried to forget what we'd seen. Thinking about the black people who worked at the school made me uncomfortable; I didn't know what to feel about them. I put the incident out of my mind, but after that the school reminded me of a print my brother had hanging in his room: it showed a flock of white geese flying on a strong diagonal against a dark sky—except if you looked at it another way it was a flock of dark geese heading in the opposite direction. You couldn't look at the poster and see both without a spinning feeling in your head.



"Is it too early to awaken Christmas in you?"

THE following September, in eighth-grade English, we dissected "Macbeth," and Gretchen and I were stagestruck. We bombarded each other with soliloquies each morning when we met on the train to school, and studied from afar the gestures of Miss Wold, the drama teacher, who, with her fluttering Pre-Raphaelite hair and clothes made of murky, nubby fabrics, was the closest thing to a bohemian Prescott could boast. Gretchen and I determined to try out for the Middle School play, which that fall was the Kaufman-Hart comedy "You Can't Take It with You." Gretchen, who had lost weight over the summer, had set her heart on being Grandpa Vanderhof, and she convinced me that I, with my spidery legs, ballet training, and hysterical laugh, would be perfect for the pixieish dancing daughter, Essie. It is curious that I never questioned the idea. I read for the part on the dusty stage of Carroll Theatre and felt something like electricity racing through my body and voice; I drew huge, controlled breaths of excitement, and afterward there was quite a lot of applause from the other girls waiting to audition. Mimsy Davis, a tall, drawling girl whom I admired desperately because she was head of the Middle School Players, came up to me and said, "You know, you were really good!"

I went home that afternoon with a pounding heart and the wild surmise that the gates of paradise were suddenly going to open for me. When the cast list went up the next week, Gretchen, who had auditioned splendidly, did not have a part, but I did: I was to be Rheba. Who was Rheba? Somehow, neither Gretchen nor I could recall her. I leafed through the play and read aloud, "(*From the kitchen comes a colored maid named Rheba—a very black girl somewhere in her thirties. She carries a white tablecloth and presently starts to spread it over the table.*)"

Gretchen snatched the play from me, looked at it, and then threw it on the floor, startling a group of Lower School girls, who stared pertly at us as they trotted by on their way to the playground.

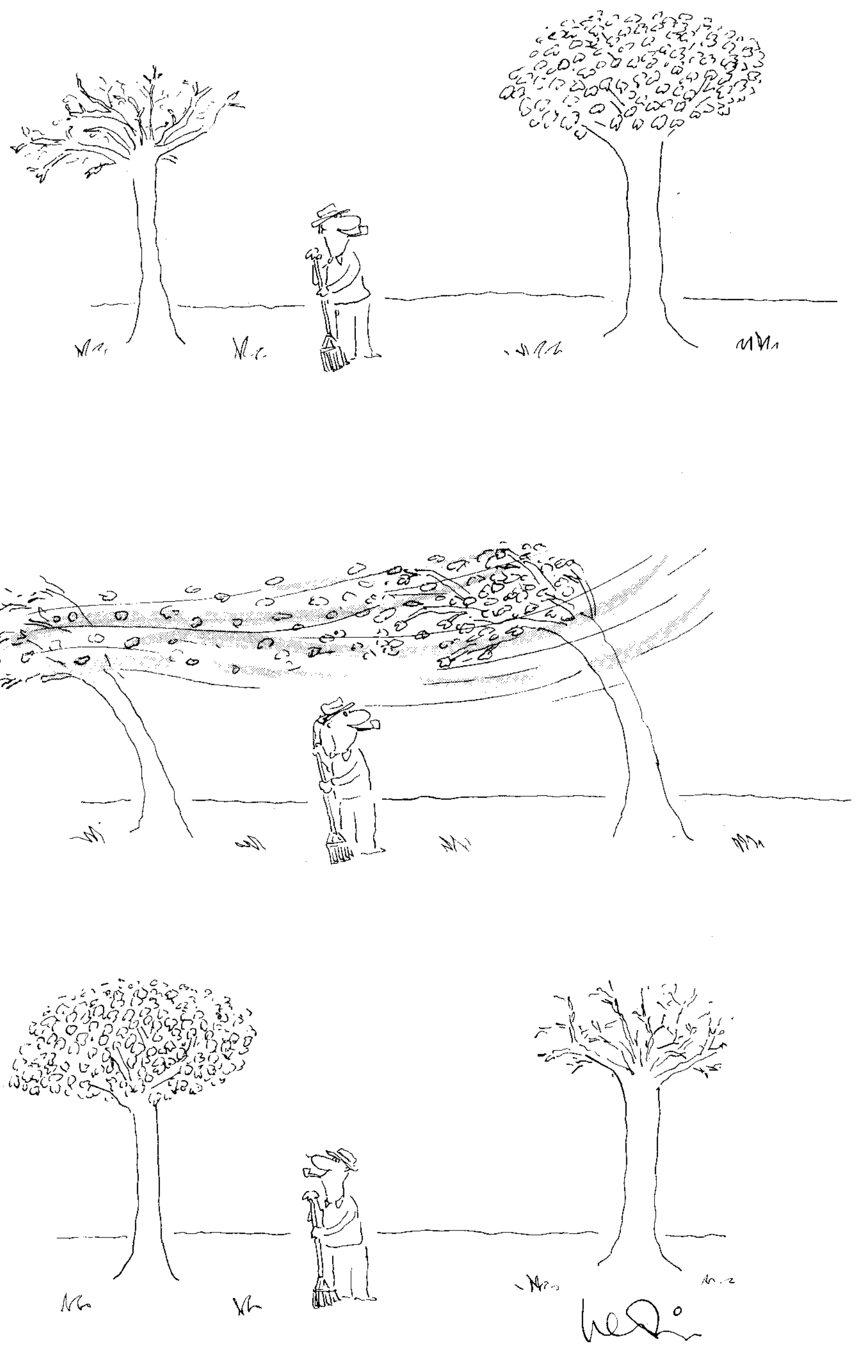
"Pigs!" said Gretchen in a trembling voice, as I retrieved the book. She had an operatic way of wringing her plump hands when she was excited or upset. "You're not going to play that part, are you?"

"Of course I'm not," I said. I had to dig my knuckles into my mouth to control a fit of giggling that had seized me; it was laughter that burned my insides like vinegar, and it felt different from any way I had ever laughed before.

That afternoon, throughout Mme. Drouot's eighth-period French class, I was seized by involuntary recurrences of those giggles, so that Madame was cross, and my classmates looked at me strangely—but they had always looked at me strangely.

After that, life at Prescott was easier for me. It was simply, as my brother Matthew remarked when I told him about the play, a matter of knowing where you stood. (I declined the part of Rheba without mentioning the matter to my parents, reasoning, quite rightly, that they would make a fuss.) I had settled into being thirteen, and the new way I had learned to laugh seemed to bring me closer to growing up than the small breasts that had appeared with such fascinating suddenness on my chest. In the weeks that followed the casting announcement, when Gretchen and I walked by the cook who waved to us I didn't return his greeting as Gretchen did, but I looked seriously at him, as if he had something to teach me. Over his head, through the yellowing foliage of the chestnut trees, rose the brick towers of the Lodge. As girls' voices floated faintly from the tennis courts and playing fields, I would look up past the top floor and imagine dark geese making a pattern on the sky.

—Andrea Lee



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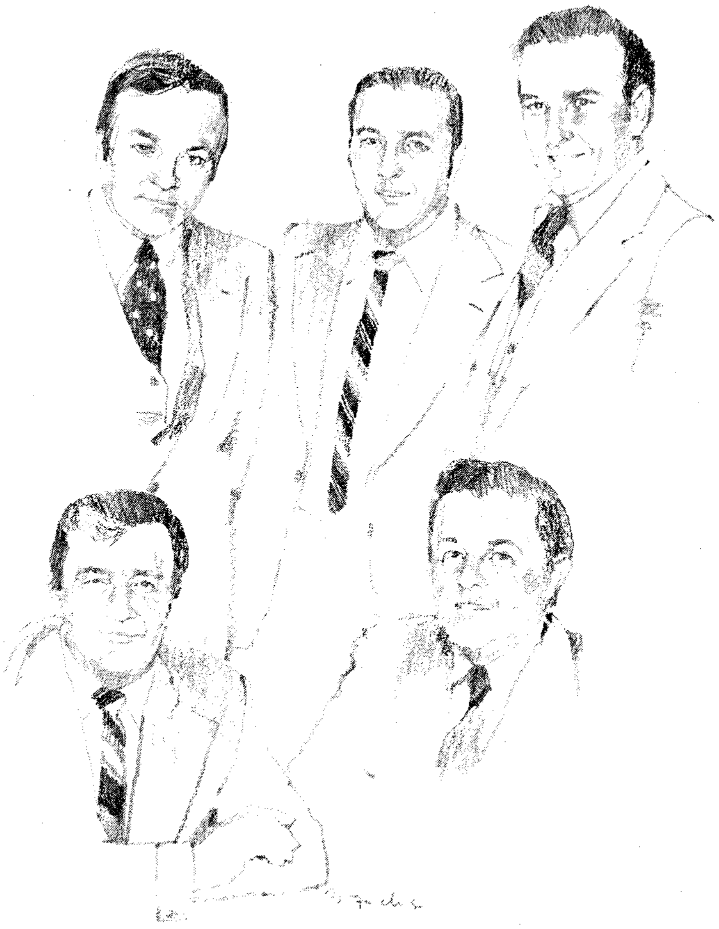
THESE CHANGING TIMES

[*From the Astoria* (*Ore.*) *Daily Astorian*]

In other business, the board agreed to ask the U.S. Geographic Names Board to erase the name Naughty Girl Meadow from a clearing in Harney County and restore its original name, Whorehouse Meadow.

PROFILES

SUPERS



George
Pete

Mickey

Paddy
Tony

BEING a Brennan brother requires a high degree of professionalism. There are five Brennan brothers—Peter, Joseph, Patrick, Michael, and George—and all five live and work in luxury apartment houses on the East Side of Manhattan. Familiars know Peter as Pete, Joseph as Tony, Patrick as Paddy, and Michael as Mickey. George's wife and his brothers and three sisters often call him Georgie. All five brothers are supers—building superintendents. The job comes with free rent and three or four dull headaches a day. A number of people in this line of work prefer to be called "resident managers" or some other title that sounds bureaucratically lofty. Calling the Brennans supers suits them fine. Their late father, John, was a super. "We've been supers since we were in short pants," Pete, the eldest brother, likes to say. Collectively, the Brennan brothers have seventy years of supering experience. In their hierarchy of values, only one thing ranks above the nobility of supering, and that is fraternity itself.

"If you met our father, which it's a shame you can't, you'd see why we're brothers this way," Pete said not long ago. "He had a belief that you only have each other. It's very rewarding to be brothers—especially if you're close."

The boys' mother, Bridget, lives with Paddy, at 1100 Park Avenue. Some years ago—my wife was pregnant at the time—Mrs. Brennan told me, "I hope your wife has a boy. Someone to take care of you." Mrs. Brennan was born in Crossmaglen, County Armagh, Ireland, as was John Brennan. Both arrived in America in 1929. The next year, they married and settled into an apartment at 125th Street and Park Avenue and started turning out baby supers. John Brennan died in 1957. On important occasions, the Brennan boys wear specially designed gold rings. Each ring depicts a pair of outstretched hands—one belonging to John and the other to Bridget—which arch toward a central shamrock. Five white enamel inlaid triangles, each one containing the name of a Brennan brother in gold, surround the shamrock.

John Brennan loved to take things apart. His idea of fun was to dismantle something that worked perfectly well and try to put it back together. He particularly enjoyed fiddling with the television set. He would go to the roof of the six-story tenement that the family lived in for several years, at Ninety-seventh and Lexington, and jiggle the antenna. Mickey and Paddy had the job of monitoring the situation in the living room. Mickey would sit behind the set and control the fine tuning while Paddy watched the screen. An intercom rigged from a telephone enabled them to communicate with their father, aloft. Inevitably, this ritual developed a certain tediousness. The day that Mickey and Paddy both fell asleep on the job was the same day that their father, who was not a wispy man, fell into the chimney and was stuck there for a while.

Just about any domestic-repair challenge aroused John Brennan's interest and provoked his natural good will. Rewiring a neighbor's doorbell gave him pleasure; accepting money for the favor did not. If the utility company turned off a friend's power, he would turn it back on by running a line from the landlord's circuit. In time, he retired from active duty and supervised his sons' progress. "He used to make us take down the lights in the house—there's nothing wrong with the lights, just take them down and put them back up again," Mickey has said. "Take all the plumbing out from under the sink and put it back together. Take the faucet out and put the faucet back in. Remember, there's nothing *wrong* with the faucet. Take the *brand-new washing machine* apart—completely down to the bottom—and then put it back together. Take the whole shower down. This was a regular thing with him. It was to make you mechanically inclined, learn a trade. It was supposed to make you a super."

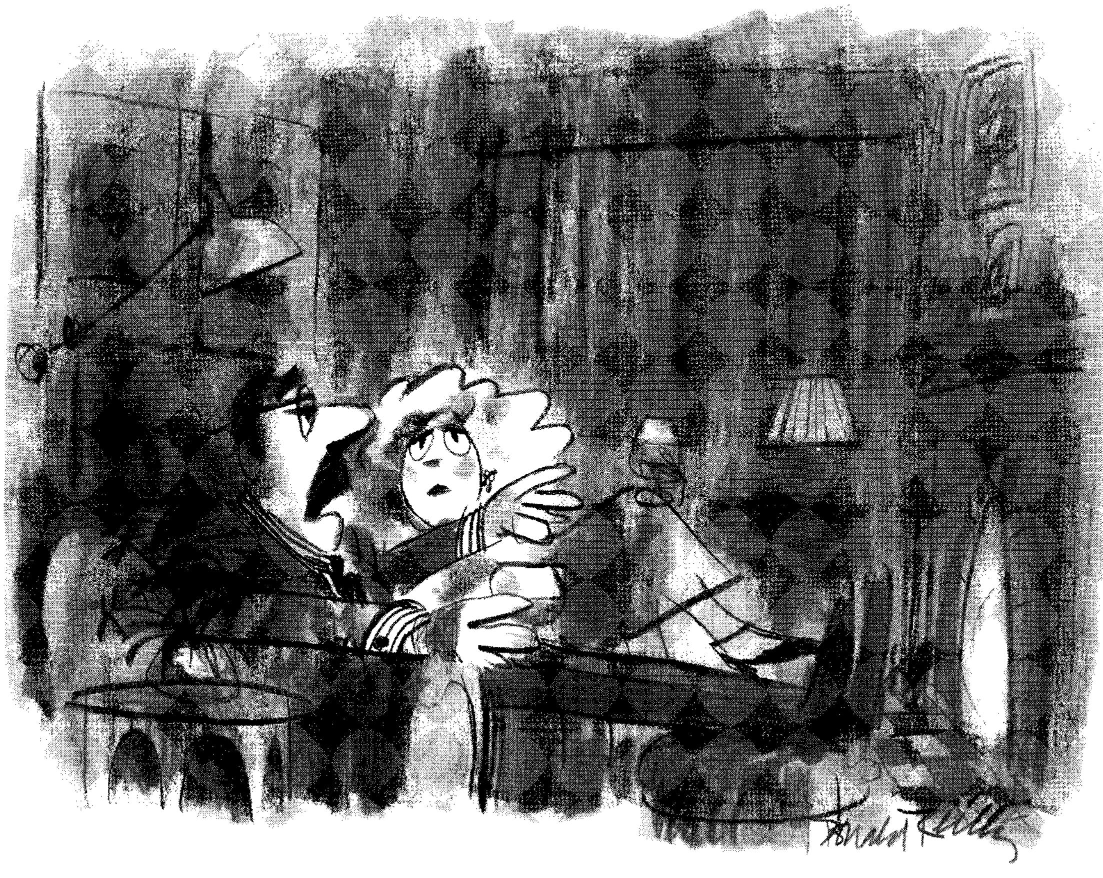
The Brennan sisters are Joan, Greta, and Barbara. Greta is married to a West Side super named Mike Norton. Norton's sister, Mary-Ann, is married to a Park Avenue super named Donald Simkowitz. Pete Brennan's eldest daughter, Betty, recently married a young man named Christopher Lynch, who used to work as a doorman in Pete's building, on East Fifty-seventh Street. A while back, Pete had to let Lynch go. Now Lynch is a super in another apartment building down the block. Two of Lynch's brothers, Jimmy and Tommy, are supers, and a third brother, Danny, is a handyman. The Brennans get along fine with Norton, Simkowitz, and the Lynches, who are fluent in the language of the building-service trade—plumbing, No. 6 oil burners, boilers, standpipes, security, union politics, the weird lady with all the birds in Apartment 9-F—and who are nice guys who will grab a check when it comes their turn. Nice guys like Norton, Simkowitz, and the Lynches have only one glaring character flaw: they are not Brennans.

Michael Pemenidis, a professional real-estate manager, who formerly worked for Douglas Elliman–Gibbons & Ives, and who knows the Brennans well, once gave this assessment of their supering talents: "A super is like a castle keeper; when the king is away hunting, somebody has to watch his house. If we were living in an occupied city, there would be an underground network of supers telling you where to get what you need. And you would definitely want to have a Brennan or two on your side." I don't know exactly how Pemenidis defines the term "occupied city." I do know, however, that a creature from an alien world broke into my apartment several months ago and that I mentioned the incident during lunch the next day with the Brennans. Within a week, thanks to specific guidance from George Brennan, I was able to install a security system that has preserved domestic tranquillity ever since.

Bernie Goldenberg, a co-owner of Chelsea Hardware and a large-scale vender of building-maintenance supplies, thinks so highly of the Brennans that he keeps a photograph of Paddy, George, and Mickey taped to a shelf behind the counter in his place of business. The photograph was taken a few years ago during the annual Patrons Night dinner, an event sponsored by the New York Building Managers Association. Every year, Goldenberg buys five large tables' worth of tickets for the event—a banquet featuring the sort of entertainment that generally qualifies it as a stag affair—and insists that all five Brennan brothers come as his guests. "Bernie says we're a good-luck charm," Paddy Brennan once explained. Bernie Goldenberg says, "The Brennans are topnotch supers. They run no-nonsense buildings. If you're working for a Brennan and you're no good, you're not going to last."

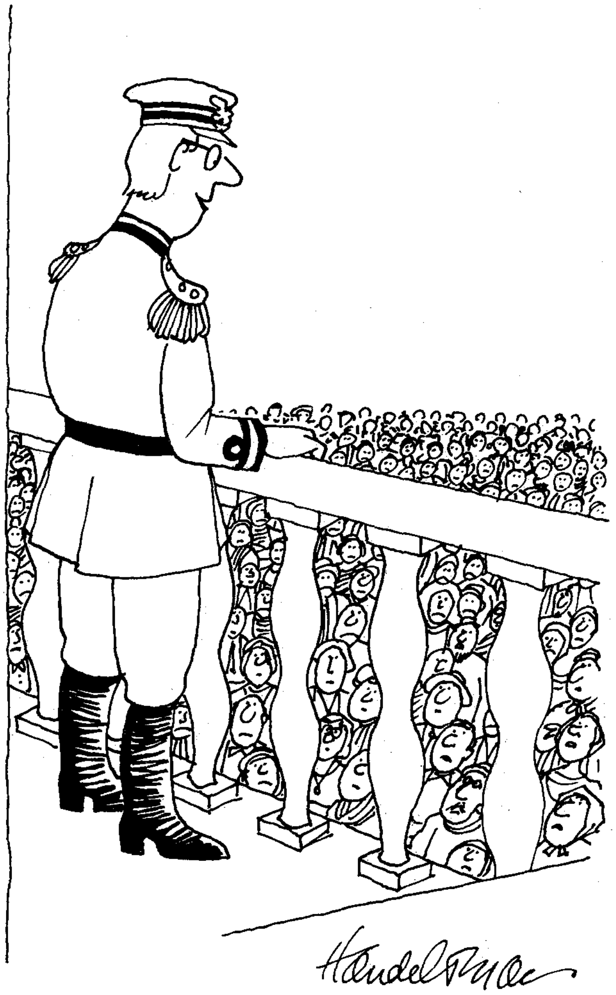
THE Brennan brothers look blood-related, but they are by no means identical. Straight and narrow noses run in the family, along with broad cheekbones, sharp and solid chins, gray and hazel eyes, sanguine complexions, and brown-to-reddish-brown hair. Pete is forty-nine years old, Tony is forty-six, Paddy is forty-four, Mickey is forty-three, and George is thirty-seven. The three middle brothers have the most in common physically, although Tony is crewcut and crisp in manner and looks like an outdoorsman, while Mickey is slightly rumpled and looks like an indoorsman. At five feet eleven, Paddy is the tallest. Pete, who is five-seven, is the shortest. The one who least resembles the others is George: his features seem thicker, his hair is light brown, his jaw is square, and he is built compactly, like a home-plate umpire. Periodically, Paddy and Pete grow mustaches, enjoy them for a few months, and then shave them off. Pete's mustache comes in flecked with gray. He has the darkest hair among the brothers; he wears it in a pompadour, and the wave has a solid streak of natural white. A vain man might ask a hair stylist to give him one of those if he wanted to look "Continental." None of the Brennans look Continental, and none have ever displayed a grain of pretentiousness.

Each brother is a generalist and a specialist. Tony, for instance, in addition to having the all-around mechanical know-how and administrative ability that an effective super must have, happens to have particular skills in refrigeration-system maintenance and repair. More than once, I have heard one or another of his brothers say with pride, "Tony is very well known in the cooling line." George, in addition to having the all-around mechanical know-how and administrative ability that an effective super must have, has great proficiency in electrical work and locksmithing. Mickey and Paddy excel at oil-burner and boiler trouble-shooting. Pete really knows plumbing. In all, the Brennans hold forty-six government-issued licenses, certificates, and permits: electrical, refrigeration, oil-burner, air-pollution-control, fire-sprinkler,



"I will, however, say this for Freud—he got a lot of people thinking."

standpipe, locksmithing, exterminating, scaffold-rigging, steam-fitting, and others. Despite the Brennans' distinguishing traits, it is common to hear one of them describe ways in which two of his brothers are identical. Pete has told me that Tony, the most cerebral Brennan (his middle name is Anthony), is a lot like their father and also a lot like Paddy, who is the most relaxed Brennan. Pete has also said that George and Tony have the same way of giving a worker an order: they tell him once, concisely. George has explained to me how Mickey and Tony, the two natural leaders in the family, frequently remind him of each other. George and Tony talk alike. Paddy and Tony both hunt; Tony genuinely relishes the hunt, while Paddy likes to sit in the woods with a paperback novel and, if he remembers to bring it along, his rifle. Pete and Mickey used to work together. So did Tony and Paddy. For several years before Tony went to work in his present building, Paddy was the super there. For a couple of years during the early sixties, the five brothers, moonlighting, owned and tended a bar at Ninety-third and Lexington called Brennan's Pub. The effect of all this is that the Brennans come off seeming like most large families, only more so: the individuals are genuinely individuals, but they are also quite similar, in significant and insignificant ways.



"Hello, everybody. Knowing how much this country has suffered under a succession of strong men, I, a weak man, have seized power."

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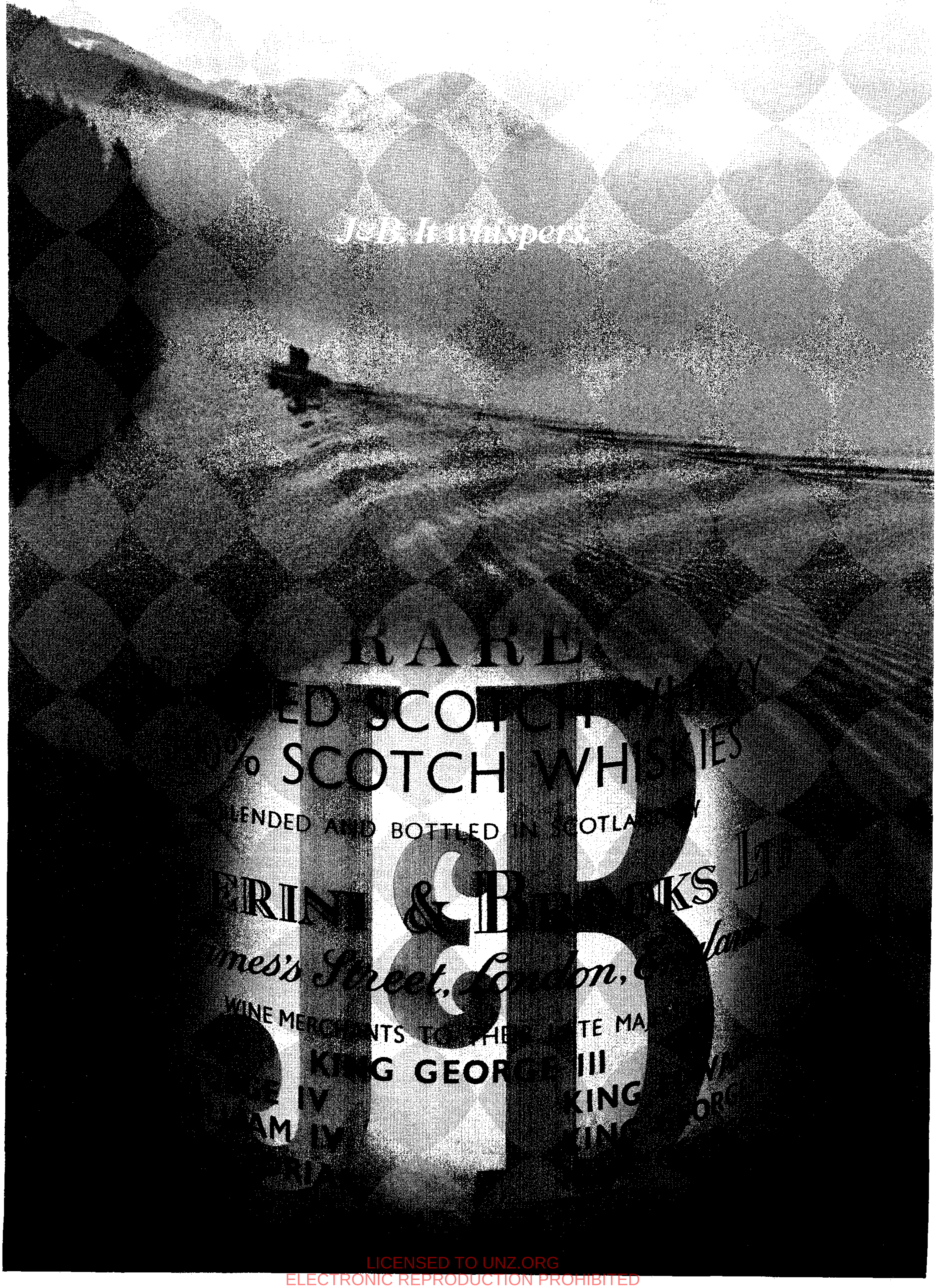
A BRENNAN rarely shrinks from an opportunity to, as the brothers say, "put forth the super's point of view." Two of the brothers, Mickey and George, shrink less readily than the others. Comparing notes keeps them busy when they are not otherwise busy. One of George's fundamental beliefs is that no place on earth holds greater potential for peril and human tribulation than a luxury apartment house on Park Avenue. Basically, Mickey goes along with this, although he thinks that Fifth Avenue is marginally rougher territory. Mickey is the superintendent of a hundred-and-sixty-unit co-op at 1025 Fifth Avenue. George has eighty tenant-owners on sixteen floors at 1070 Park Avenue. Paddy manages a nineteen-story co-op with eighty-three apartments a block north of George's building. These three brothers, the three youngest Brennans, eat lunch together most weekdays and discuss some of the harsh facts of life. If a life-threatening or property-threatening emergency arises—this happens to a Brennan once, maybe twice, a week—the one involved is excused. Sometimes George or Mickey or Paddy prefers to order in and have a sandwich at his desk, and that is O.K., too, provided that it doesn't become a habit. Pete and Tony join when convenience permits. According to the evidence, Tony is the busiest Brennan: his building, at 180 East Seventy-ninth Street, has a staff of twenty. Monitoring their progress prevents him from keeping a regular lunch date. Pete's crew, at 227 East Fifty-seventh, is relatively small—only eight men—but Pete doesn't like to travel, and that makes his attendance sporadic. During an interruption in his supering career several years ago, Pete drove a city bus. Ever since, he has mistrusted public transportation. Once a year, he musters the faith to board the subway. On St. Patrick's Day, he rides an uptown Lexington Avenue train from Fifty-ninth Street to Eighty-sixth Street to watch the parade. (Going home, he takes a taxi.) The Brennans' favorite lunch spot, the Bantry Bar & Restaurant, happens to be on Eighty-sixth, east of Lexington. This is where, shortly after noon on a weekday, it is not unusual to encounter a quorum of Brennans.

The Bantry management appreciates the Brennans' patronage and would hate to lose them as customers. Across the many years that I have known the brothers, one of my proudest moments occurred when a bartender at the Bantry, knowing that I was waiting to meet Mickey, and mistaking me for a shop steward in Local 32B-32J of the Service Employees International Union, asked me to help a friend of his find work as a doorman. At the time, I was occupying a booth in the rear. The Bantry has natural charm. It is not the sort of place that needs Muzak renditions of "I've Gotta Be Me" or "Moon River" to set a tone. There is a buffet line ("You know the meat's always fresh here. It's a quick turnover," Mickey assures a first-timer), a long bar, and balkanized seating arrangements. The Brennans always settle in the rear, where a lot of other supers, and hardware and household-cleaning-supply salesmen as well, tend to congregate. I was seated there with them not long ago when the subject turned, as it frequently does, to the trials and atrocities of supering. All the brothers except Tony were present. Three adjacent tables had been lined up. One of them had not been wiped clean since the previous guests departed. When Pete arrived with his sandwich, a counterwoman who was carrying a rag accompanied him.

"Now we've got a fellow-worker in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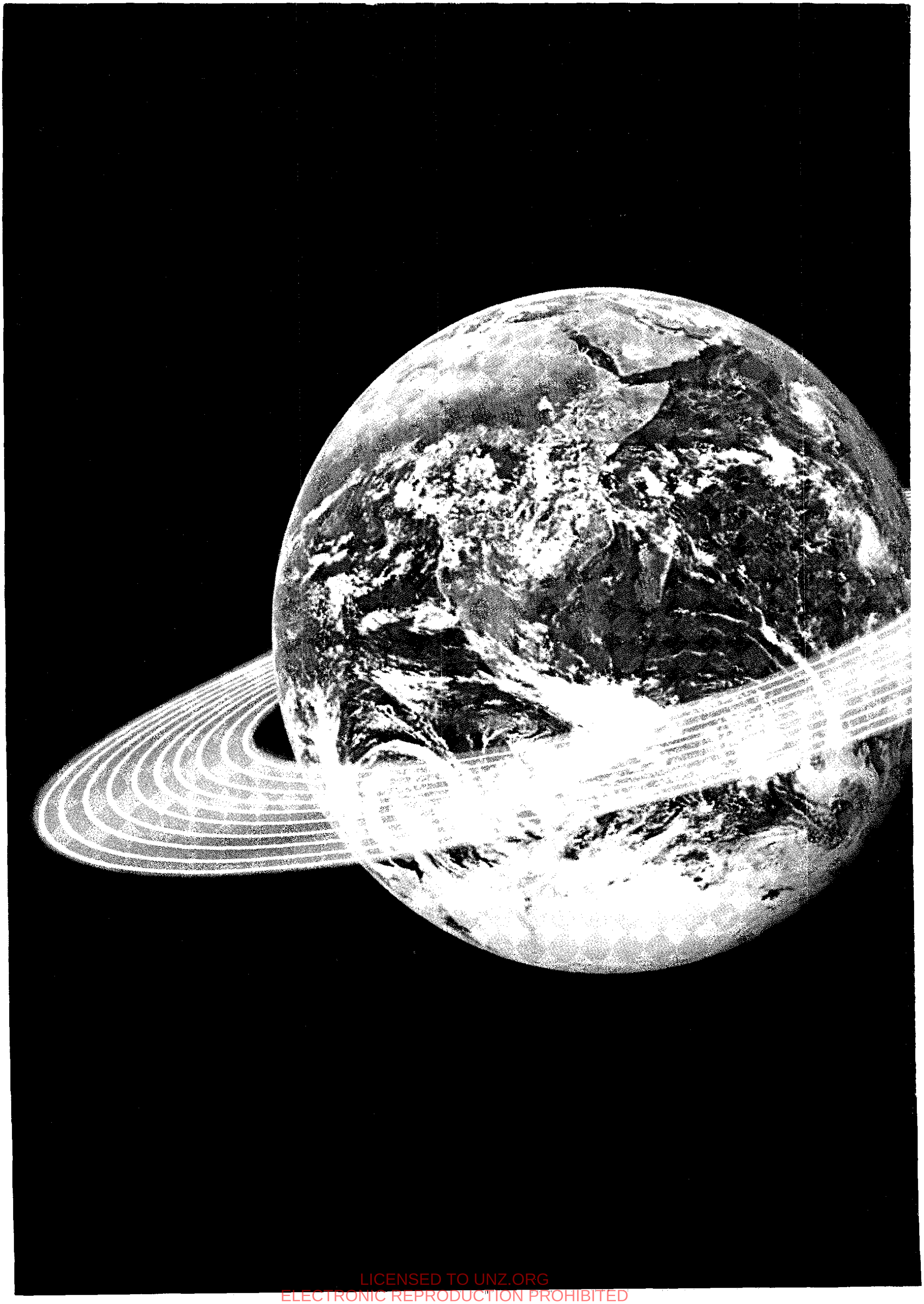

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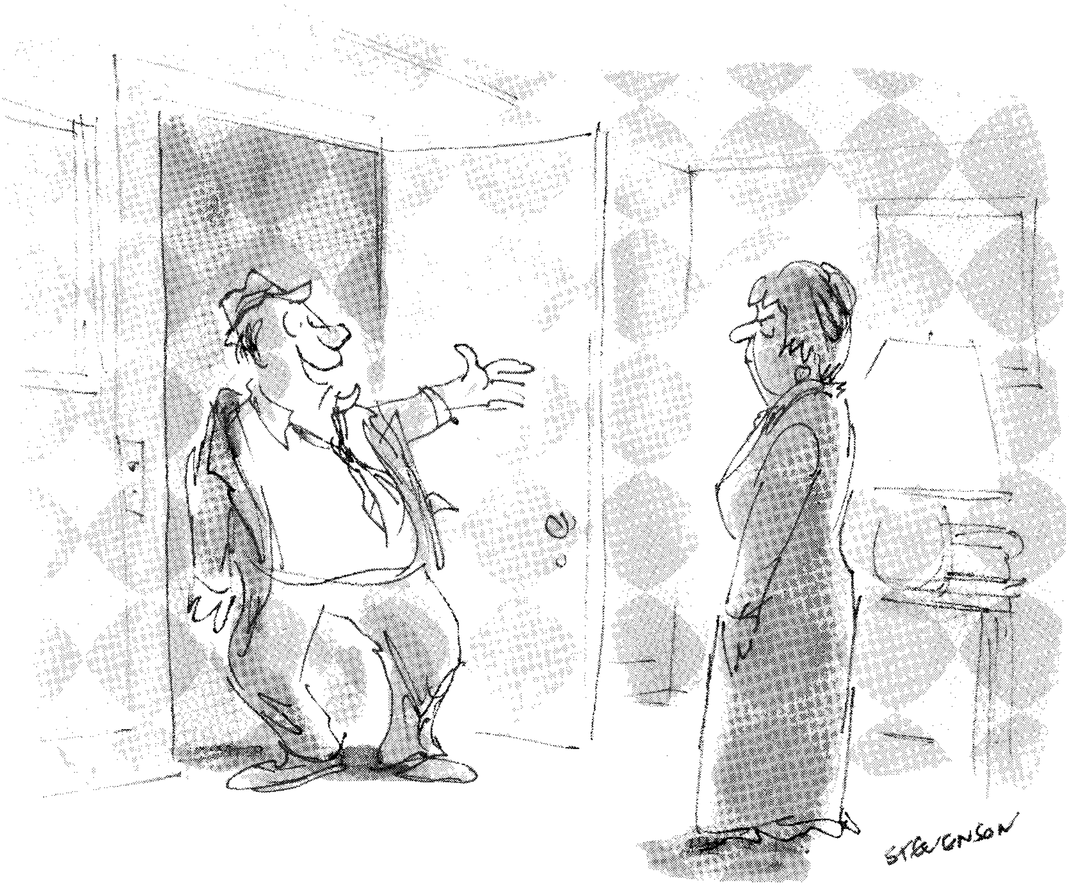
trouble," Paddy said as the woman wiped the table.

"I just said could I have a few extra napkins, and she follows me over here," Pete explained.

"Oh, gee, I hate a man who complains," Paddy said.

"Speaking of complaints, it's getting ridiculous," George said. "I mean the complaints to the super. The funny thing about a complainer is that when the building's spotless they want to know why we didn't clean the sewers, why aren't we doing the Sanitation Department's work, how come the sidewalk's dirty across the street, how come there's a mess in Central Park."

"If I showed you the folders we keep on complaints, you'd cry," Mickey said. He sounded as if his feelings had been bruised several times. "You know the kind—the ones who tell you there's garbage in the halls. With lipstick, they're writing 'Clean Me' on a window or a mirror. They send in a complaint—'I have no intercom.' I wanna tell 'em, 'Of course you have no intercom. Your dog keeps eating the intercom wire, that's why you have no intercom.' "



"I'm back. You can rule out the possibility of foul play."

• •

George said, "One of my favorite stories: I had a boss over, a guy from the management office. While he was there, a lady called down and said she had a complaint. What is the complaint? The floor is dirty. Now, I know it is *not* dirty, so I put the boss on the phone. He gets on, she tells him the floor is dirty. He says, 'I don't know how that could be, I was just up on your floor and the carpet looked spotless.' She says, 'Well, it's not *dirty* dirty, but I didn't hear the vacuum.' Can you believe it? I love it. It's brutal."

"They'll put a matchstick beneath an ashtray to test you," Mickey said. "They'll stick a straight pin in the rug to see if it gets vacuumed."

"I got an emergency call at 2 A.M.," Pete said. "A lady says get up here right away. I put on some pants and go up there. Guess what it is? You'll never guess. A roach. A roach on the floor. Dead. She couldn't sleep with it there. That's the emergency. I had to pick it up and flush it for her."

"I got up with a water bug the same way," said Mickey.

"I had it with a praying mantis," said Paddy.

"I had a tenant, she sent me water bugs in an envelope," said George. "Water bugs in an envelope! I still can't believe it."

Momentum builds quickly once the Brennans get going. They sound as if they were fighting a flash fire. The idiom and inflection are, naturally, New York Irish. A Brennan says "What's up?" or "How's things?" but never "So, what's new?" or "What's happenin', babe?" It takes practice to close your eyes in a room full of Brennans and know which one is speaking. Brennanese is full of locutions such as "My porter-doorman took a heart attack." Pete and Paddy have voices that sound raspy, whiskeyfied; Tony has a clipped manner, like a man defending his home against an aluminum-siding salesman; George and Mickey give the impression that they have studied dialogue from vintage suspense movies. When George is speaking to someone in a position of authority, he rarely uses a contraction, and he never drops a "g" at the end of a gerund or a participle. He would probably make an excellent prosecution witness. Mickey's diction runs more along the lines of Lieutenant Kelly, Homicide Division. He chain-smokes, and has perfected the short, quick, conspiratorial puff.

"The job's definitely getting harder, no question about it," Mickey said, and the others nodded. "It's a shame someone doesn't round up the statistics on the supers—you know, the diseases, the divorces, the murders, the suicides. You got supers going crazy. That's the pressure of the job. The health goes. You're in the building all the time, and a lot of the wives just can't take it. You see a lot of supers flipping out, giving up. It's the pressure. Too much pressure."

"And no tenant wants to hear our problems," George said. "They always hit you with the apartment. 'Hey, you got a beautiful apartment on Park Avenue.' Yeah—and I have to *shop* around the corner, too, but on a super's salary. The pressure is constant. You're in the limelight. And you have to explain to your kids why

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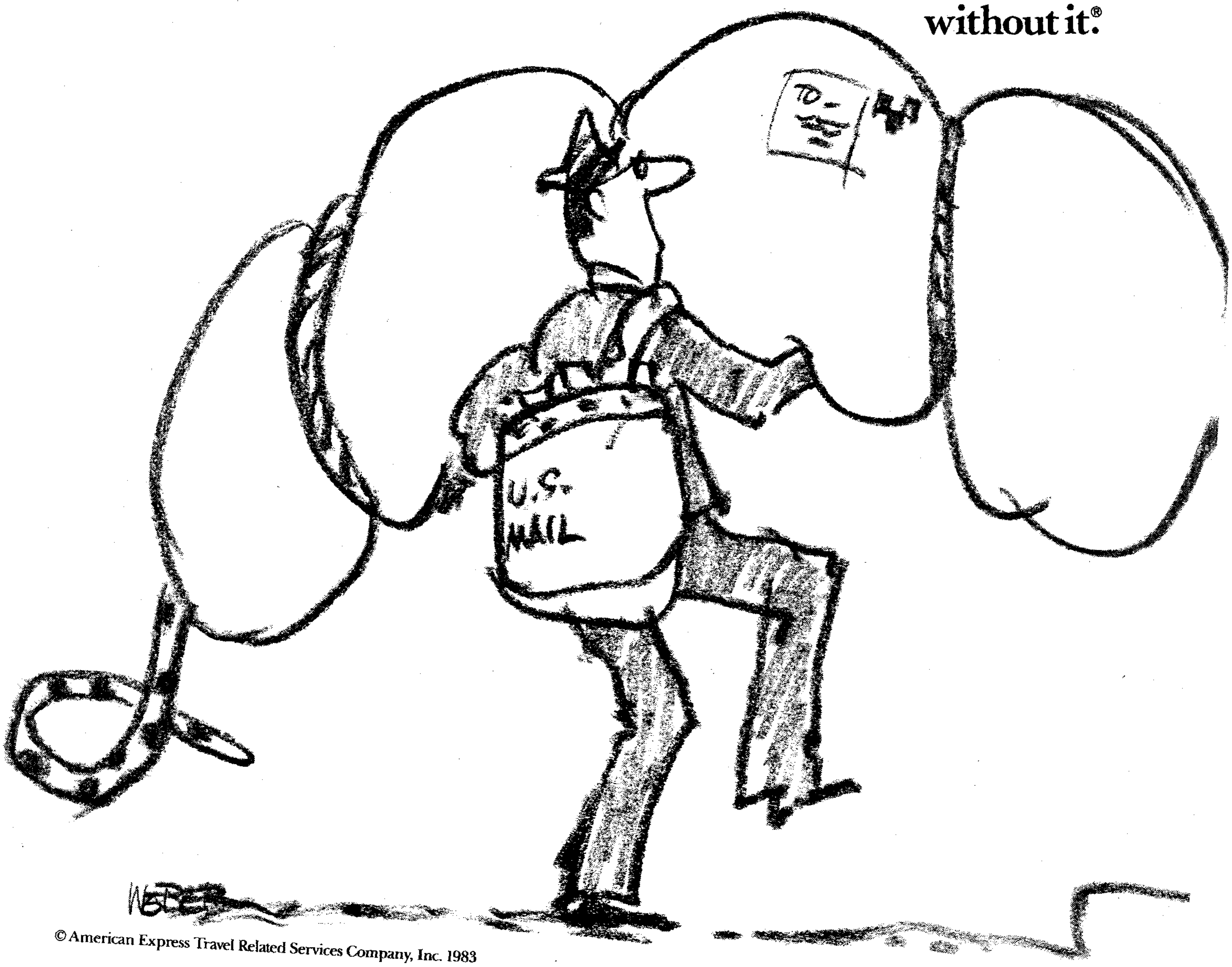
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we don't have a pantry, a maid, piano lessons, dancing lessons. I tell them, 'You don't need that. You have a mother for all of that.' "

"A lawyer's or a doctor's time and advice are his stock-in-trade, and it's the same with a super," Paddy said. "You've got to be a father to the men who work for you. And you know how many tenants call you up just so they have somebody to talk to? Lots."

Pete said, "What is it you say, Georgie—you got to be a what to them?"

"You have to be a social worker, you have to be a singer, a dancer, and a comedian. You have to do flood control, police work, and emergency first aid, with some babysitting on the side. You have to be show-biz."

Each Brennan brother has established a precedent. Mickey was the first to enter the residential-building-service trade, as a doorman; Tony was the first to become a super, but his supering job at that time was in a commercial building; Pete was the first super in a rental apartment building; Paddy was the first to become a super in a high-rise apartment house; George was the first to dare to hire an all-Irish crew. In addition to their seventy years of supering, the Brennans represent fifty-five years of doormanning, elevator operating, handymanning, and portering. In 1956, when Mickey and Pete entered the trade, they worked at the Queen Anne, an apartment house on East Seventy-seventh Street near Third Avenue. While Mickey was a doorman, Pete was a porter. A few months later, Tony and Paddy went to work at a high rise in the next block, on East Seventy-sixth. Tony was a doorman, and Paddy ran the front elevator and worked as a relief doorman. After a year or so, Paddy went into the Army. This was during the early stages of the war in Southeast Asia. Paddy now wishes that he had been sent to Vietnam. Instead, he spent most of his tour at Fort Benning, in Georgia. While Paddy was away, Mickey took his place at the East Seventy-sixth Street building. After Paddy was honorably discharged, Mickey enlisted in the Army. I have never heard him express any regret over not being sent to Vietnam, although he and his brothers did once march together in a parade to support our fighting boys there.

Four of the brothers—all except Tony, who, after *his* Army tour, went commercial, downtown—did their supering apprenticeships in the same residential building, on Sutton Place South. This piece of fate, they believe, accounts for the good fortune that they have subsequently enjoyed. They also attribute part of it to their experiences with a man whom Tony and Paddy and Mickey encountered in the early days on East Seventy-sixth. The super in that building was a man named Sullivan, a friend of John Brennan's, but the brothers' main attention was not focussed upon him. An elevator operator named Sam Wade became their true mentor. Sam Wade was an elderly Irish Jew who kept milk biscuits and lollipops in a cabinet in the lobby. He wore white gloves, and he was exceptionally tactful and helpful—particularly for someone who didn't actually care for dogs or children. Although he did not smoke, he always carried cigarettes and a lighter. Few contingencies found him unprepared. Confronted with adversity—four-year-olds who insisted upon being addressed as "Mister"—he remained serene. At the end of a workday, he enjoyed home cooking and classical music. "He would put a Beethoven album cover in the elevator car, propped against the wall," Mickey has recalled. "The tenants would see that and say, 'Sam, I didn't know you liked Beethoven.' He'd say, 'Oh, I love Beethoven. But records are so *expensive*.' He'd go home loaded with Beethoven albums. Beethoven and food. Women were always trying to feed him. Now, there was a man who could take home a hot meal every single night."

The Brennans have great confidence in their own expertise. It is Mickey's opinion, however, that "there are very few real supers left out there." A real super manages day-to-day details and can maintain his cool in the face of fire, flood, heart attack, or leaking methane. A few years ago, Mickey wrote an article about the Brennan clan for the *American Irish Observer*, a monthly newsprint publication. Of superintending, he said this:

> We all started at the bottom which is the only way to learn exactly how a building should be run. When you start as a porter and work your way up through the lines, and only then, can you fully understand every aspect of the business.
>
> It is not an easy business to learn, and the only way to fully grasp it is through experience in every area. Only so much can be learned from books and hearsay and passing on what was learned by others. It's like everything else in the world today, to experience is to understand.

That day at the Bantry, Mickey ordered a roast beef on a roll. Before he had eaten half, he lit a cigarette. "Lots of times, I get calls from my managing agent asking me to give a hand to a guy who can't handle the job," he said. "See, a lot of the boards of directors in these co-op buildings are getting very foolish. They get a guy in there who doesn't know doodly squat, but he's willing to do work that should really be done by a handyman, and that means the board can knock out a job slot, so they take this guy on, and by the time they realize their mistake it's too late. A mistake like that is a time bomb. You might not see it for five or ten years, and then one day the building falls down. You don't want to be nearby when that happens, either. You could get injured. They're finding this problem in a lot of these buildings where the boards think they're saving a few bucks. So we get a lot of calls from our own managers when there's an opening for a super. If we recommend a guy—if management knows that a guy is a friend of the Brennans, that he hangs around with the Brennans—they'll go with the guy. They know we'll pull him through. Management says to itself, 'There's no way the Brennans'll let this man sink.' "

Mickey paused and nodded a friendly hello to two men who were seated at a nearby table. Soon I gathered that their last name was Lynch and that it was their brother who was then engaged to marry Pete Brennan's daughter Betty.

One Lynch pointed to some empty chairs at his table and said, "See, we reserved spots, but you don't want to sit with us."

"You're not in the family yet," Mickey said.

"We're not looking forward to it, either," said the other Lynch.

"Unless there's a dowry involved," added the first Lynch.

"Did you hear that tone?" Paddy said. "There's gonna be a fight."

"We're not dangerous," said No. 2.

"And you're outnumbered," said Paddy.

It was agreed that the fight should

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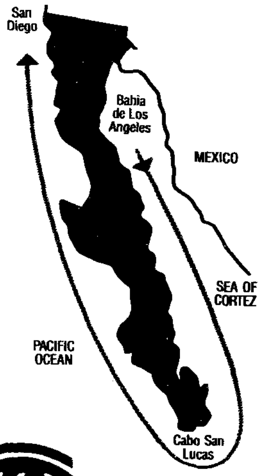
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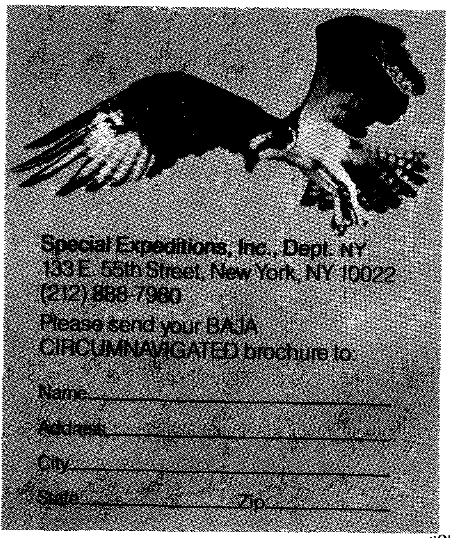

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be postponed until after the nuptials, and Mickey picked up where he had left off. "There has to be constant supervision of these workers," he said. "There's no telling what you'll get with some of the clowns they're pulling in off the street these days."

George said, "Did I ever tell you about the Spanish guy we sent up to change a washer? He goes to change the washer, but he forgets to turn the shutoff valve first. So when he removed the faucet handle he had water gushing out of there. He had to stand there for two hours with his thumb plugging it, until the tenant-owner came home. It was like he had his thumb in the dike. The thumb turned raw. Unbelievable."

"And what's a guy like that gonna do in a real emergency?" Mickey asked rhetorically. He was laughing now—a choppy, nervous laugh, like his style of smoking.

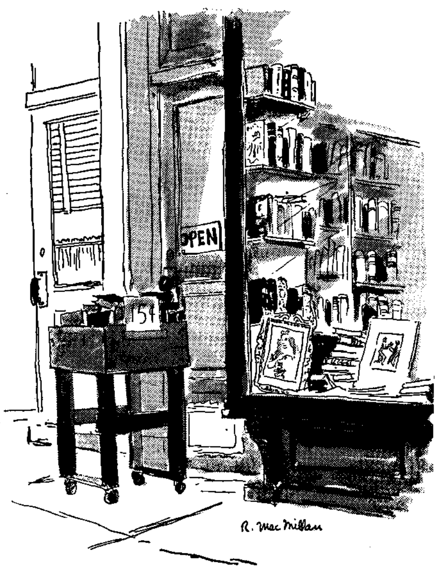
"If we go to an apartment and we smell a gas leak, we don't even ring the bell," George said. "The bell alone could produce a spark that would set off an explosion. Then, there's the burial detail. A lot of times, you get stuck with the burial detail. You have to deal with the police department, the ambulance, the morgue people, and, on top of the corpse, you got a lot of collectible effects that belonged to the deceased. I had a woman in my building once dead three days with an electric blanket on. Don't ask what that was like."

"Now, that's a job for the handyman," Paddy said. "Watching the corpse."

When Paddy's brothers go on at length about the indignities and dangers of their profession, his contributions are usually muted. A while back, Paddy encountered some health problems that permanently altered his outlook. "When that stuff happened, I decided it was time to tune out the harsh music," he has said. "Since then, I've felt much better." The Neil Simon comedy "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" is Paddy's favorite movie. Its message, as he has interpreted it, is that it is a super's lot to be blamed for everything that could possibly go wrong in a high-rise building, and particularly those acts of God over which the super has no control. If you want to argue that life's basic imperfections—square tomatoes, the high cost of parking a car, the decline of manners—are the super's fault, you will not get an argument from Paddy. Being a super since he was in short pants has taught Paddy not to take the harsh parts personally. He has worked at his present job for almost seven years. I once heard him say, "I got the one building in a million that actually appreciates a super. A tenant told me the other day, 'You are the best super on Park Avenue.' I told him, 'I'll have to go along with you on that.' I got no gripes."

While Mickey and George elaborated on various nuances of the burial detail, Paddy had a conversation with a young salesman who had pulled up a chair and joined the Brennans. The salesman's name was George McGuire, and he worked for Zip Chemical, a vender of household cleaning supplies. Like Bernie Goldenberg, of Chelsea Hardware, whenever there are large social gatherings of supers the owners of Zip Chemical like to buy tickets and distribute them to their favorite clients. Mickey once invited my wife and me to a dinner dance that was sponsored by the Albert B. Ashforth Resident Managers Club. The Ashforth real-estate company is the managing agent of Mickey's building, and Mickey was the financial secretary and entertainment chairman of the club. To make certain that it was an entertaining evening, he invited his brothers and sisters and their spouses, certain brothers and sisters and spouses of those spouses, and a number of other relatives and friends. The Brennans et al. filled four large tables. Tickets cost thirty-five dollars a couple. Zip Chemical picked up the tabs for a couple of *other* tables.

George McGuire, the Zip salesman, was polite and solicitous. Paddy said, "How about some coffee, George?"



"I can't drink it anymore," George McGuire said.

"I didn't say, 'Do *you* want a drink?' I said, 'How about some coffee?' "

"You want some?" McGuire asked.

"I could use a light cup."

After polling the other brothers, George McGuire departed. When he returned, a few minutes later, he carried three cups of coffee on a tray. By that time, the main conversation had threaded from death among the tenant population to death within the super population (specifically, the effects upon supers of exploding aerosol cans), then to living and breathing but nevertheless ineffectual supers, and then to the media and how, historically, certain of their elements have maligned supers.

George Brennan said, "Remember that story in the *Post* a few years ago? They interviewed some guy who was drunk. He was stoned to the mickey. They went out of their way to find a drunk super."

"Johnny Carson was a guy who was always giving supers a hard time," Mickey said. "Remember, he had jokes like 'Christmas must be coming. I don't need a ladder to get out of the elevator.' Oh, that Carson was a stiff."

"You had Carson in your building, didn't you, Mickey?" Pete asked.

"No, I had David Susskind. A long time ago."

"He was a stiff, right?" Paddy said.

"No, Susskind was no stiff. He always left a nice tip."

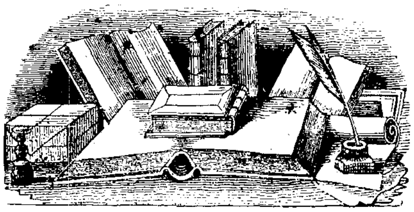
"You had Joey Adams, right?" one of the brothers asked. "Who was it—Joey Adams? Joey Bishop?"

"I had Joseph E. Levine," said another brother. "Now I got Norman Vincent Peale and What's-His-Name, the 'Love Boat' captain."

"One of my tenant-owners is Ruth Gilbert, who was on with Milton Berle all those years," said a third brother. "Also, John Daly, from 'What's My Line?' And Jean Carroll, the comedienne—she used to be on 'Ed Sullivan.' She's the widow of Buddy Howe, the agent."

"I had Virginia Graham," Mickey said. "You know what I found with her? The same way she is on television, that's the way she is in person." Mickey rendered an arresting impersonation of Virginia Graham's

Harris Tweed



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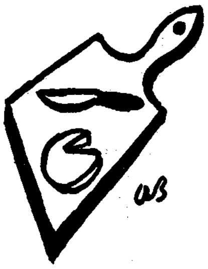
voice. "You know, it's 'Hi, dahling.' She's very comical. Whenever the men went up there to fix things or to make a delivery, she'd say, 'Give me a second to get dressed, dahling. Oh, don't peek!' During the strike a few years ago, no one else came down with hot soup and coffee for the boys on the picket line. But she did. That showed me something. *Class.*"

"All my tenants are class," said Paddy.

"It's simple, Pat," Mickey said. "The time they appreciate you is when you're a Brennan and you go into a building where they already got rid of two or three bums."

"I got no complaints," said Paddy.

EACH of the Brennans is a Thirty-second Degree Mason, a member of the Scottish Rite, a loyal Shriner, a Knight of Columbus, and a dues-paying member of Local 32B-32J of the Service Employees International Union, A.F.L.-C.I.O. The Scottish Rite meets once a month or so, the Masons meet the third Tuesday of the month, the Shriners the first Thursday, the Knights the fourth Wednesday, and the union the first Friday. Outside these official councils, the Brennans see a great deal of one another. Family gatherings arise naturally and frequently; members of a less happy family might say that they occur inexorably. Among the Brennan brothers, sisters, spouses, and offspring, there are forty-five birthdays and wedding anniversaries on the calendar. Generations overlap and proliferate, and there has been a consistent string of christenings across the years. A number of ex-officio Brennans turn up at these festive events, and the Brennans go out of their way to return the favor. One Saturday evening some months ago, for instance, Brian Mynes, a friend of Mickey's since boyhood, threw a party for himself to honor his graduation from Fordham University. He rented the gymnasium and cafeteria of a parochial school on Park Avenue—one that George Brennan's children happen to attend—and invited five hundred people. Most of them came, and many brought friends. George was the only Brennan brother who couldn't make it that night. Mickey contributed to the affair by hiring a hurdy-gurdy man and his monkey to work the crowd and by persuading G.I. Joe the Hotdog King, a former sidewalk vender (he now works as a doorman in Mickey's building), to emerge temporarily from retirement. Before Brian Mynes was a college graduate, he spent twenty-five years as a sandhog and a merchant seaman. On occasion, between subway-tunnel-construction projects and trips around the world, he manned doors and operated elevators. His brother Jimmy is a super in a co-op on the West Side. Jimmy is also the producer, director, cameraman, and occasional moderator of a cable-television program called "The Irish Circle Show." I happened to tune in to an installment of "The Irish Circle" one Sunday afternoon a few years ago when the Brennan brothers were guests. It was difficult to judge who seemed happier—the Brennan brothers, so pleased to be celebrated, or Jimmy Mynes, so proud to have all of them on his cable-TV program.



I went to the Bantry Bar for lunch one day not long after the brothers were simultaneously inducted into the Shriners. Mickey arrived that afternoon with a small photograph in a wooden frame, which he propped between the ketchup bottle and the mustard pot. It showed the five brothers and three wives (Tony's wife had been sick the night of the induction, and Paddy is no longer married) posing with their Shrine lodge's potentate, or leader. Every man in the photograph wore a tassled fez. Along with the photograph, Mickey had brought a recent copy of the official publication of the Valley of White Plains Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry. Another photograph of the Brennans was published in the newsletter. Unfortunately, the caption had the identities mixed up.

"That happens all the time," Mickey said. "They line us up shortest to tallest and then they list our names alphabetically."

"With the Shriners, the potentate insisted on having a picture taken," George said. "Out of thirty-five new members, we were the only ones he made a big fuss about."

"They really believe it's the first time in the history of the Shriners that five brothers came up together," Pete said. "Also, when we took the thirty-second degree together from the Masons they said the same thing."

"The potentate wanted to have his picture taken *only* with us," Mickey

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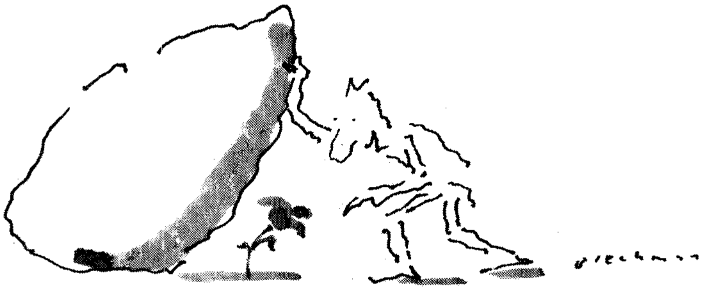

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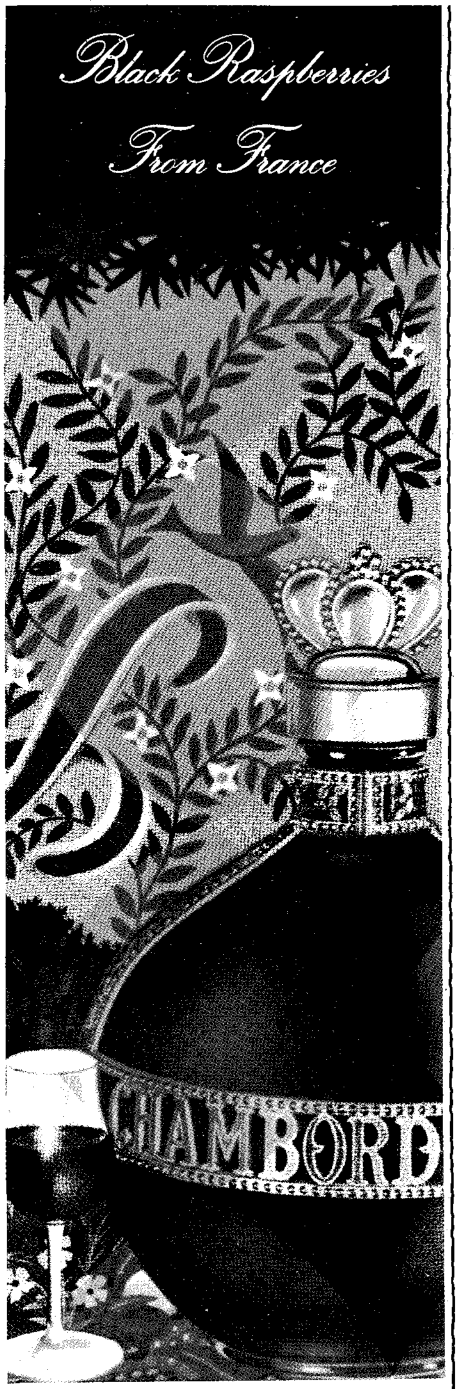

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added. "Even though there were quite a few other guys inducted, and two of them were brothers, you can't beat five at a time."

The Brennans don't require the intervention of a potentate to encourage fraternizing. Any time a Brennan brother gets the urge, he can accomplish wonders with just a phone call. When a Brennan is in a jam and needs assistance, whether or not the trouble is related to supering, he calls a Brennan. And a Brennan responds, maybe bringing along another Brennan or two or three. In a crisis, a Brennan doesn't dally, nor does he keep score. He simply moves. "Since I met Georgie, my life has gone faster than ever," George's wife, Barbara, has said. George once had to pass up a festive evening on the town—a supers' ball planned by the Douglas Elliman real-estate organization—because of a fire in the subbasement of his building. The fire erupted the night before the ball, but twenty-four hours later George was still mopping up. Also, his tuxedo had suffered some smoke damage. When the fire started, Paddy, who lives a block away, had run over to assist.

"There used to be a tailor's shop in the room where the fire broke out," George told me a few weeks later at the Bantry as he recounted the drama. "It's where the tailor did his pressing. As soon as it started, I turned off the gas meters down there. Otherwise, the whole building could have blown. We should get a commendation for that from the Fire Department, but the tenant-owners will never know about it."

"When you get through with that commendation, you can get me some new shoes," Paddy said.

"How about nineteen dollars instead?" Mickey suggested.

"Eighty dollars," Paddy said. "I don't spend anything less for my feet."

"You don't want something like that fire to happen if you're in the middle of a degree ceremony with the Masons or the Shriners," Pete said. "But we do get emergency calls."

"I was taking a course in boilers one night and my wife called me about a leak," George said. "If I couldn't have got away, one of the brothers would have covered for me."

"Hey, talk about an emergency, I had the Mother Superior from Marymount stuck in the elevator there the other day," Mickey said. He was referring to a Catholic girls' school that is around the corner from his building.

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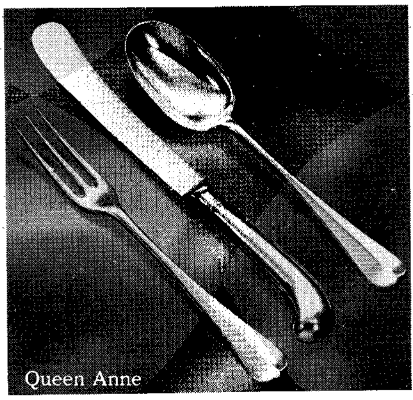

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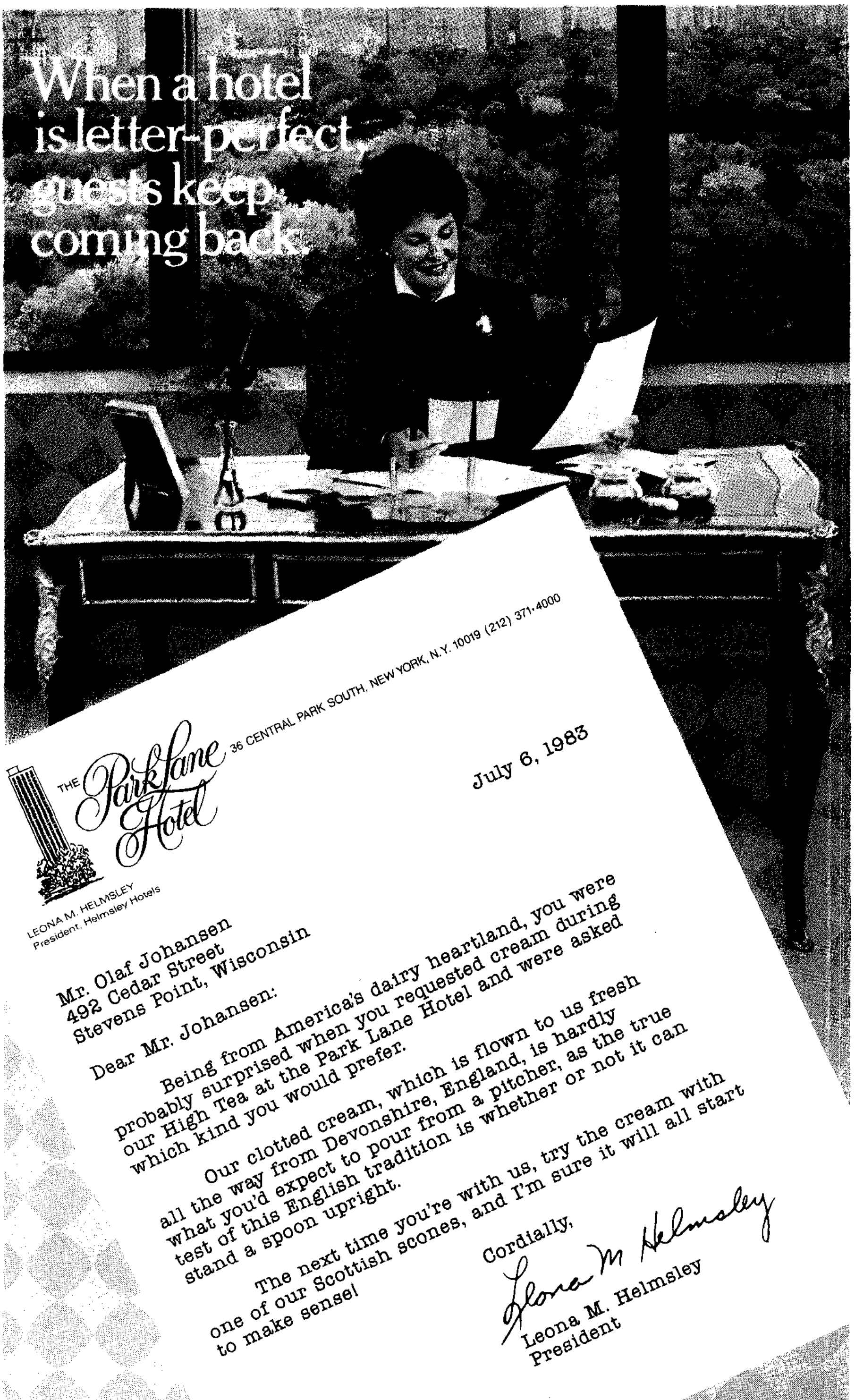
"The Mother Superior wasn't strong enough to open the door to help herself out. She was very cute, but then she got a little nervous. I cut up my hand getting her out, but it was worth it. Now she prays for me every day."

THE members of the world's most perilous profession maintain a distinction between a "dress super" and a "working super." As the titles imply, a dress super does his best to look like a white-collar manager and to avoid circumstances that could result in his having to send a jacket and a necktie out for dry cleaning. Tony is the only dress super in the family. His building, at Seventy-ninth and Third Avenue, has a hundred and ten apartments, and his staff of twenty comprises twelve doormen and elevator operators, one handyman, one handyman-porter, one package-and-security man, one porter, and four relief workers who rotate among jobs. Despite Tony's skill at delegating authority, he is hardly deskbound. He stays in motion, on and off the job. In the autumn, he stalks deer, with a bow and arrow or with a rifle. He subscribes to the *American Hunter* and reads articles with titles like "Do It Yourself: Yukon Moose Hunt" and "How the Experts Fool Fall Turkeys." I phoned him once during the week before Christmas to ask whether I could drop by for a visit, and he discouraged me by saying, "I don't have time. I'm busy hustling. This is my money time of the year. I've got to be loose. In a big building, you're dealing with a lot of personalities, if you know what I mean."

Later that day, I went to see Mickey Brennan. When he greeted me, he was seated at his desk and was drinking a cup of coffee. I was surprised to find him in repose, and even more surprised to see him wearing a blue suit, a white shirt, and a solid-blue necktie. When I asked him why he was disguised as a dress super, he said, "How I dress depends on how I feel. Today, I didn't feel like doing any work."

Mickey's desk is made of steel that has been painted black, and its surface is protected by a large sheet of glass. Under the glass he has put the business cards of contractors who do work or would like to do work in the building. I saw "Alter Steel House of Windows," "Leonard Morena Tile and Plaster, Inc.," "Henrik Berkovitz, Expert Carpenter," "Felix McCloskey, Painting and Decorating," "Jimmy—For Expert Finish Floor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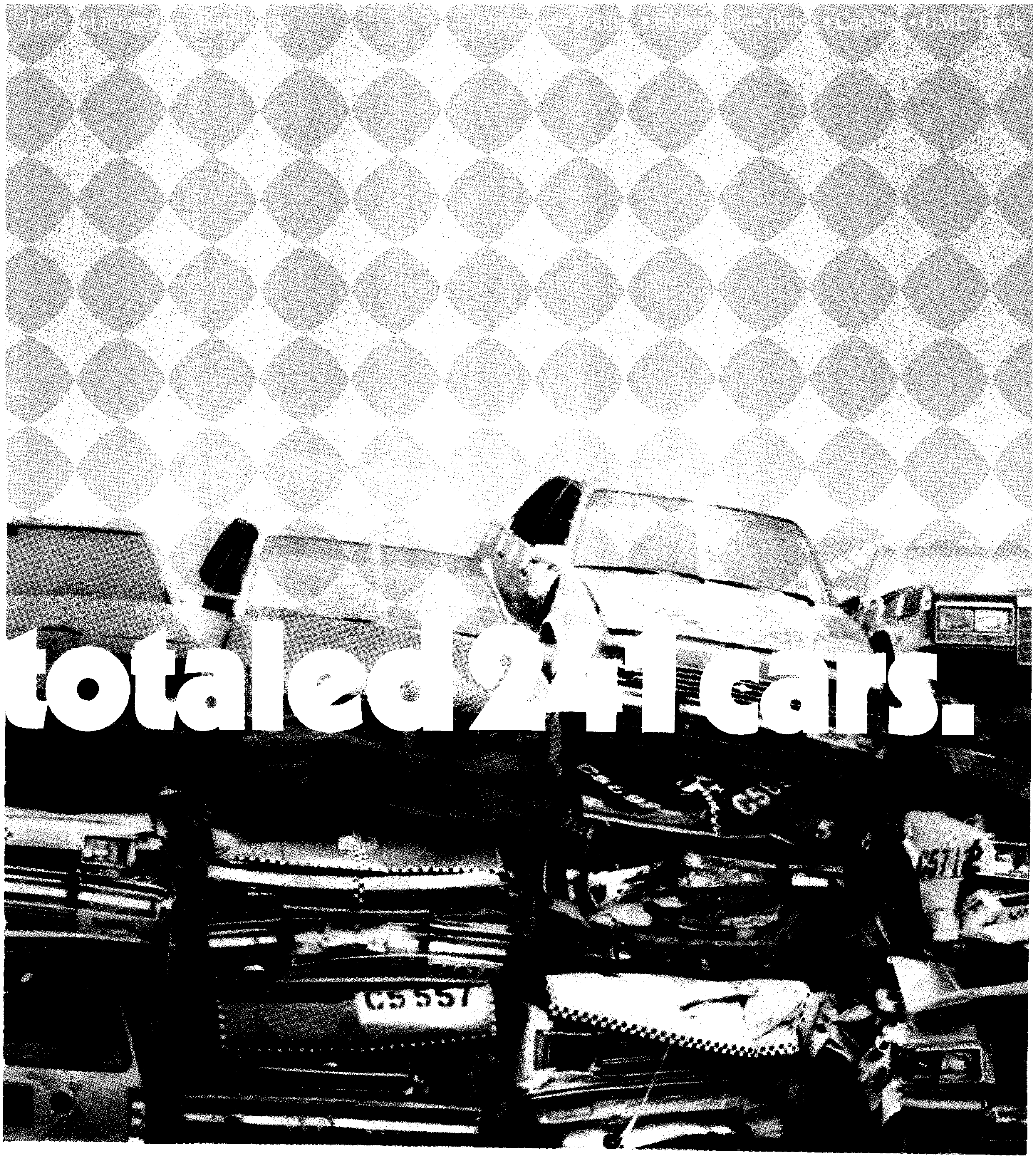
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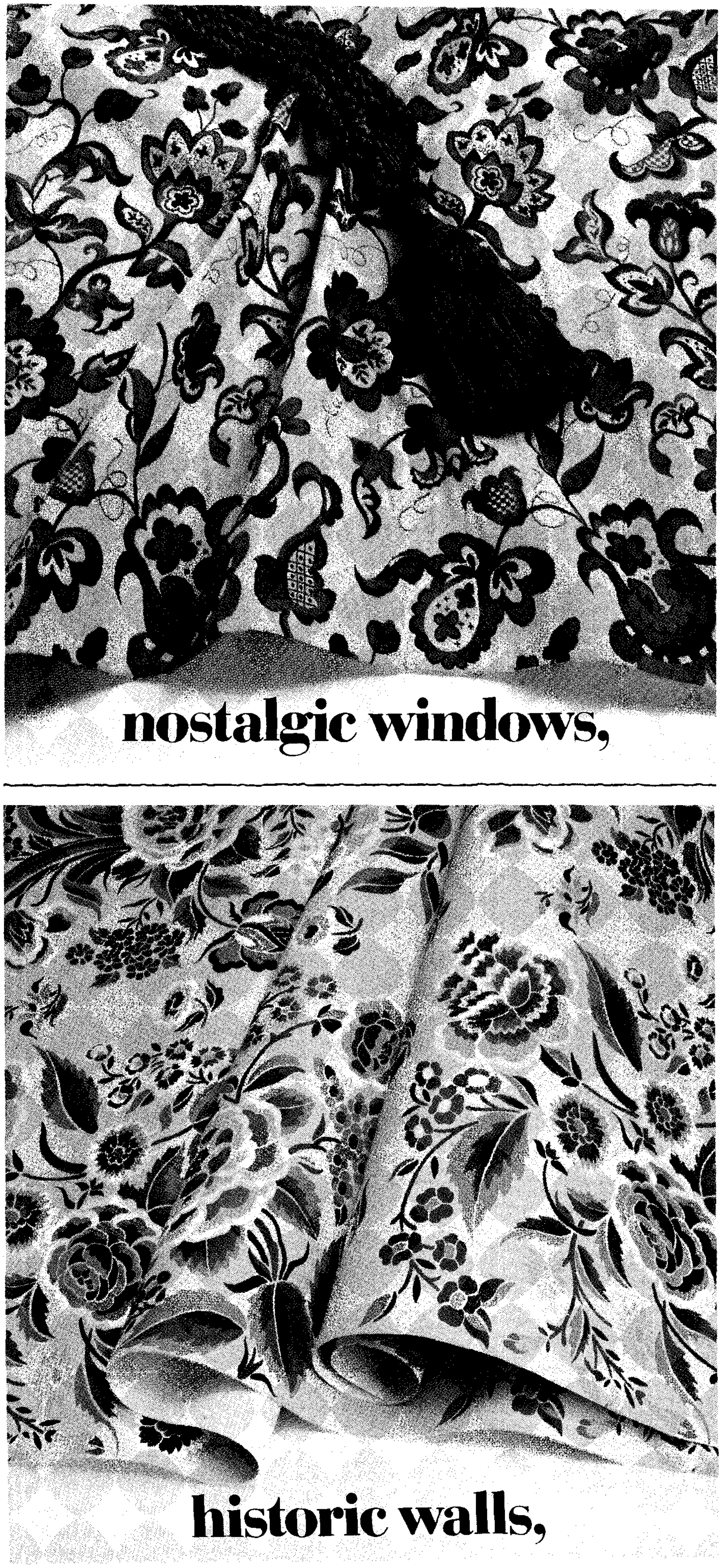


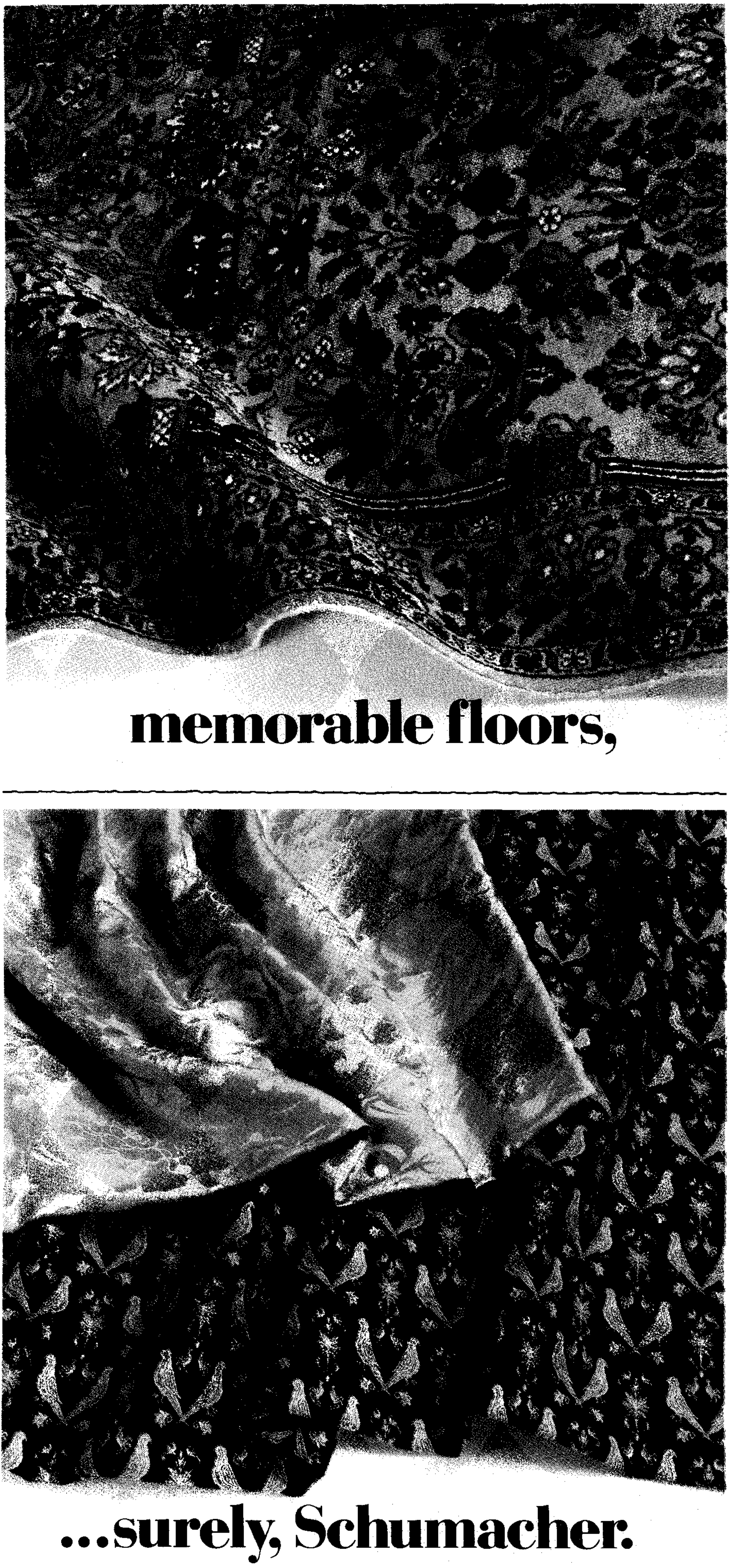
Waxing," "Fonde Plastering and Tile Corp.," "Pioneer Fence Co., Inc.," and "Martin Elevator Co.," among many others.

"Normally, a tenant comes to me and wants to know how much a paint job costs, I give 'em the names of three painters and say, 'You pick 'em,' and that's that," Mickey told me. "But I made a mistake here the other day. I had a tenant-owner, a lady who needed a plaster job on her ceiling. The whole ceiling was coming down. I look at it, I say, 'You know, don't do a patch, do the whole ceiling.' She says, 'How much would that cost?' I say, 'I don't know, maybe eight, nine hundred dollars.' I give her the name of a contractor, he comes to take a look, and he quotes her a price of eleven hundred dollars. So you know what she says? She says, 'Mr. Brennan kept three hundred dollars for himself.' " Mickey quoted the woman in a high-pitched, mocking tone. Then he shook his head. "It's getting rougher."

The implication that any Brennan would accept undeserved or tainted income Mickey finds offensive in the extreme. Pete Brennan once explained to me, "If you're taking something from an outside contractor—I mean a kickback—you can't get rid of him. If the managing agent for the building comes to me and says, 'I want to change the plasterer,' or the painter, the plumber—anyone—I say, 'Fine.' Then the plasterer can't go to the managing agent and say, 'Hey, you're throwing me out of the building and I was taking care of your super.' He can't do that, because I won't take nothing."

The price of such honor is that none of the Brennan brothers have accumulated sufficient assets to retire and go live in County Armagh. A super who belongs to 32B-32J might start out at two hundred and ninety dollars a week and then, depending upon seniority and other considerations, can earn as much as five hundred and fifty dollars a week. People who live in well-maintained New York City apartment buildings generally assume that a super's salary is supplemented at Christmastime by gratuities that amount to an extortionist's daydream. According to the Brennans, this is a pathetic misconception. In Mickey's building, a complicated system for accepting gratuities has evolved. Each year, two weeks before Christmas, every tenant receives a letter expressing heartfelt season's greetings from the building staff. This letter includes a list of the employees and their positions. (Otherwise, some residents might not ever get to know the help by name.) When a tenant decides which employees are worth a tip and how much, he or she puts the money in separate envelopes and gives them to a designated member of the building staff—usually a doorman, never the super. Each employee then signs a book, stating that he has received envelopes from certain tenants—and no one can ever complain that the super has pocketed his tip. An employee might well complain, however, that, considering a tenant's lack of munificence, the super might as well have pocketed the tip. One Christmas, before Mickey took over 1025 Fifth Avenue, a tenant there made the mistake of sending down neckties rather than dollars for the members of the staff. Eight or nine men, all of whom already owned neckties, went upstairs and tied their gratuities to the tenant's doorknob. In turn, the tenant felt underappreciated. Mickey knows the devils that would drive a man to decline the gift of a necktie, but he forbids his men to retaliate in a hostile manner. Confronted with an undertipper or a nontipper, he adopts a Gandhi-like bearing. "A lot of the tenants, the ones that skunk you, they think you're going to be mad," he told me. "But I never change my attitude toward them whatever. I give them a big smile and a hello and it kills them. Drives them right up the wall. That friendliness makes them crazy. They go up the wall."

Mickey's philosophical beliefs hold that a super should average about fifty dollars a tenant. Reality, however, clashes with dogma. "I'll tell you the truth. Some of these tenants, I'd rather give *them* the money so they'd leave me alone. It's three dollars. It's worse than stiffing you altogether. It's unbelievable. They stiff you so bad they make you feel sorry for them. The real rich—I've got only one or two of those. Georgie and Paddy have them on Park Avenue, but not here. The *real* rich are used to service, and they know how to take care of you. The one who complains that the building's filthy, the help is never nice to him, nothing goes right—he dollars you. Some of them stiff you completely. The whole thing is crazy. Sometimes a doorman will outdo a super. Figure that one out. There's tenants I've never been inside their apartments in four years—they give a hundred. The



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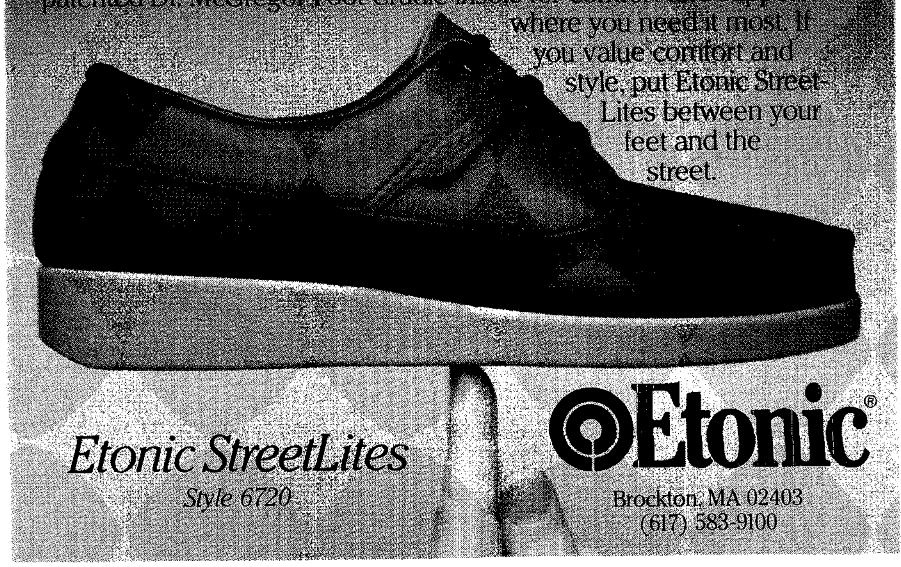

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stiffs hand you an envelope the week before Christmas, along with a list of five jobs they want done. Sometimes they forget to put anything in the envelope."

Mickey doesn't refer to the room where he keeps his desk as an office; he calls it the shop. The shop is the size of a comfortable living room. It has cinder-block walls and a concrete floor that have been painted battleship gray. Organized disarray prevails. Screwdrivers, mallets, and wrenches hang from pegs along the walls. A large wood-surfaced workbench occupies the center of the room. Several metal vises are mounted on the workbench. Fan belts hang from hooks in the ceiling, which is twelve feet high. Steve Somlai, a muscular, hale fellow in his late forties, who is the building's handyman, came into the shop. He stood on a metal ladder and began rummaging among the fan belts.

"I need four L-seven-twenty belts, Mike," he said. He speaks with a German inflection and has a peripatetic manner. "Order me seven-twenties."

"Right," Mickey said. Within seconds, Steve had descended the ladder and trotted out.

"He never stops running," Mickey said. "From now to five o'clock, he'll be running. But a lot of it's lost motion."

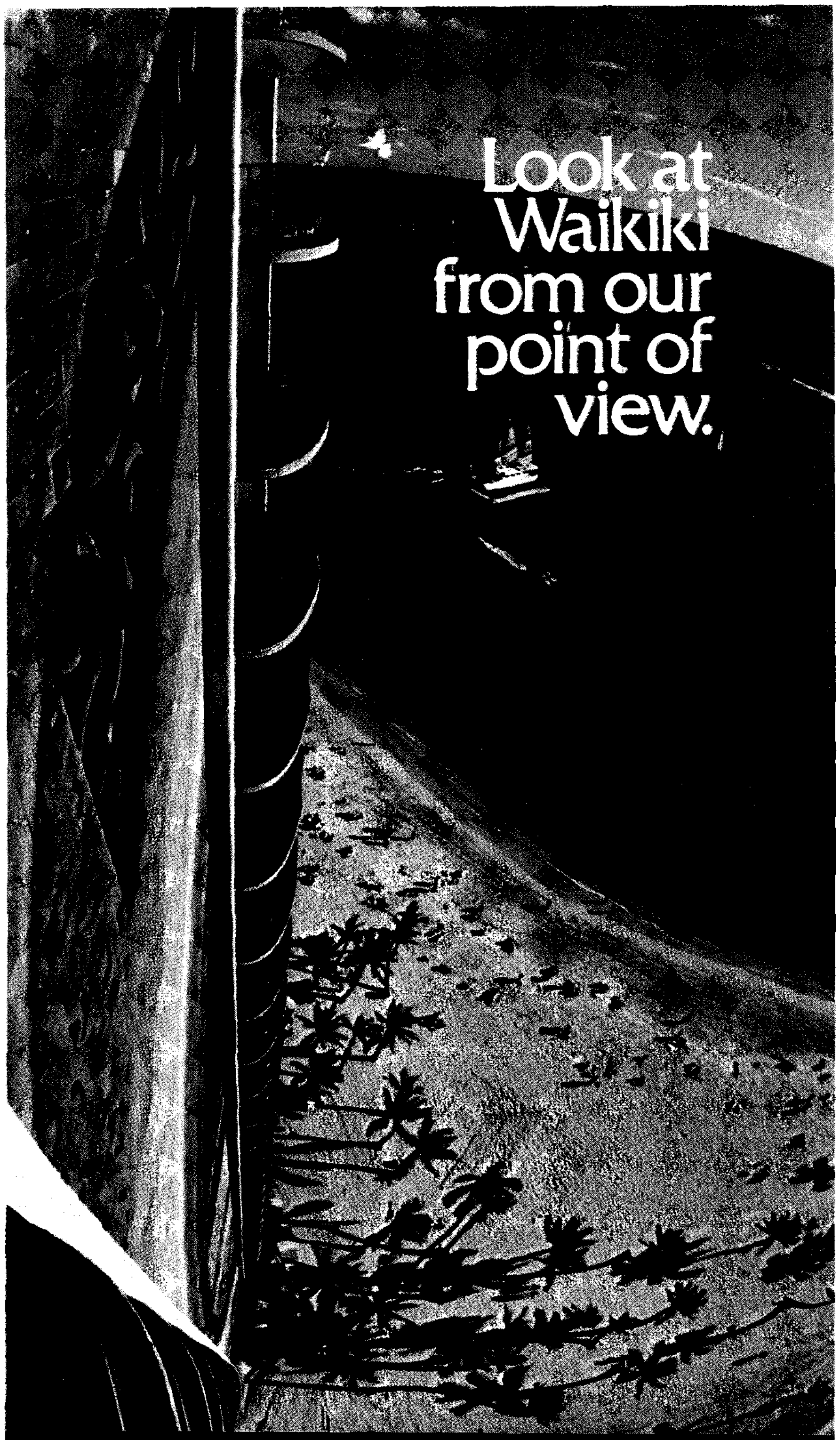
A young woman who was a member of the building coöperative's board of directors dropped by to discuss the floor tiles in the elevators. There are two passenger elevators, each one serving eighty apartments. Both elevators had newly installed polished oak parquet floors. Apparently, several tenants had complained that the parquet tiles somehow violated the building's aesthetic consistency. The co-op's directors had decided not to replace these tiles, however, because the elevator floors had already been torn up four times in an effort to reach a consensus. Mickey's demeanor during this conversation was deferential. He said "Yes, Ma'am" several times and nodded rhythmically. After the tenant had left, he said, "She's the new young. They want to spend the building's money to make it look nice. Then you get the old old. They don't want to spend. You can take a survey in this building. You'll be lucky to get two people to agree on anything." Mickey's attitude toward the tenant-owners who are, in effect, his employers is a mixture of formal respect, amused tolerance, and awed bewilderment.

Mickey once took me on a tour of

his building—through the boiler room, through the storage rooms and the bicycle room and the package-delivery room, along the dimly lit ground-floor corridors, past the eclectic modern furnishings in the lobby, up the interior fire stairs, back downstairs by elevator, and into a courtyard filled with magnolias, rhododendrons, pansies, forsythia, ivy, and linden trees and guarded from invaders by a tall fence topped with razor wire and axle grease. This was not long after the building had received a cosmetic overhaul, including fresh paint and a scrubdown of the wallpaper in the public areas. In one of the storage rooms, awed bewilderment overcame him. It was an ugly, musty hole that brimmed with old, moldering luggage, including many steamer trunks. "They save stuff that they never want," he said. "You're not supposed to have nothing down here but luggage. But the stuff they keep—I can't believe it. A tenant sees one of the men throwing out an old sink one day, the tenant decides he has to have it. He sticks it down here and forgets about it. So we end up with everything, including the kitchen sink. Get a look over here. This guy's saved every copy of *Playboy* going back to the Year of the Flood."

As we sat in Mickey's shop that pre-Christmas afternoon, several building-staff members came in to report on their progress. They all seemed to know what they were doing, and everyone had a cordial attitude. The drop-ins included Steve the handyman, a doorman, an elevator man, a porter, Steve the handyman again, an outside painter who had been hired by a tenant, and Steve the handyman once more.

"You notice I got the League of Nations working here," Mickey said. "I've been that way for a long time. Georgie's finding out just now that that's a good approach. He's been to seven grievance arbitrations against men who worked for him. I've never been to any. Georgie usually wins, but who needs that headache? He's got all Irish in his building. I've got everybody. You get all one thing, eventually they'll band together and turn against the super. You get all Puerto Ricans or all Irish in here, you couldn't run this building. Here, I'll give you a dime to call up Georgie's building and ask for King Billy. Whoever answers will tell you whether he's in or out. You know, William of Orange, the curse of Ire-



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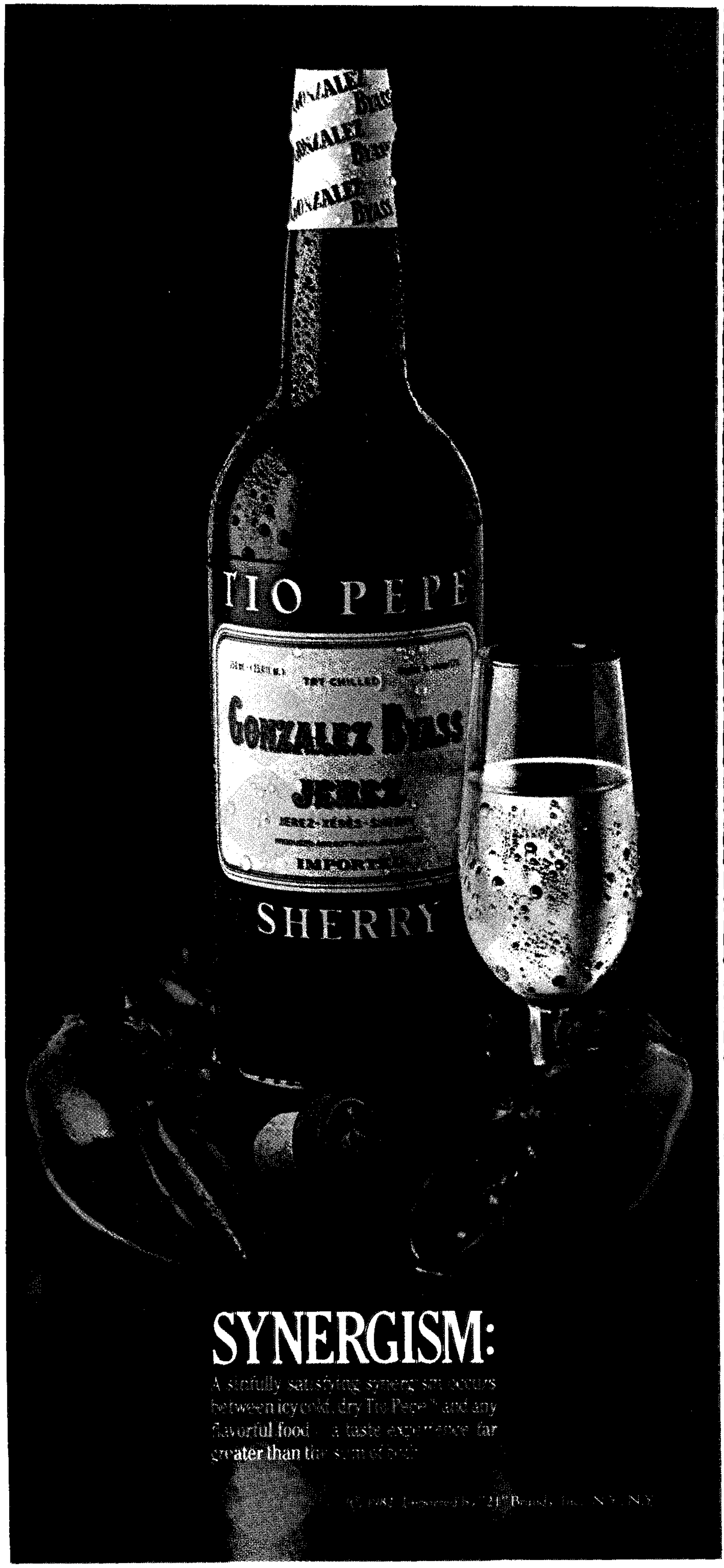

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land—King Billy. That's what the men call Georgie when he's not looking."

On one of Steve Somlai's visits, Mickey said, "Tell this man about your Christmas tips, Steve. Tell him about your favorite tenant. You know which one I'm talking about. She give you any newspaper coupons lately?"

Steve shook his head in a resigned way. "Don't forget the empty jars. She gives me those. She's got a whole closetful. That's a fire hazard, Mike."

Mickey explained the situation. An elderly tenant regularly asked Steve to come to her apartment to do repairs, and when he finished she tipped him with grocery-discount coupons that she had clipped from the newspaper, or, if she didn't have any of those around, she might offer a banana or an orange or a box of cornflakes or half a roast-beef sandwich. Now, apparently, she had branched into empty glass jars. When Steve turned his back, Mickey whispered to me, "He doesn't know how to say no."

Mary Ann Brennan, Mickey's wife, stuck her head in at the doorway. She is a slender, attractive blond woman whose maiden name was McCall. "My family doesn't go in for the Brennans' sort of clannishness," she told me not long after I met her. "We're secure. We know who we are. We don't need each other to constantly remind us."

George Brennan's wife, Barbara, has said, "Before I married Georgie, everybody warned me there were no secrets in the Brennan family. They were right. But I actually believe that they are among the best supers—the Brennans are."

Mary Ann Brennan is reserving judgment. She had come down to the shop to ask Steve Somlai to repair something in the family's apartment.

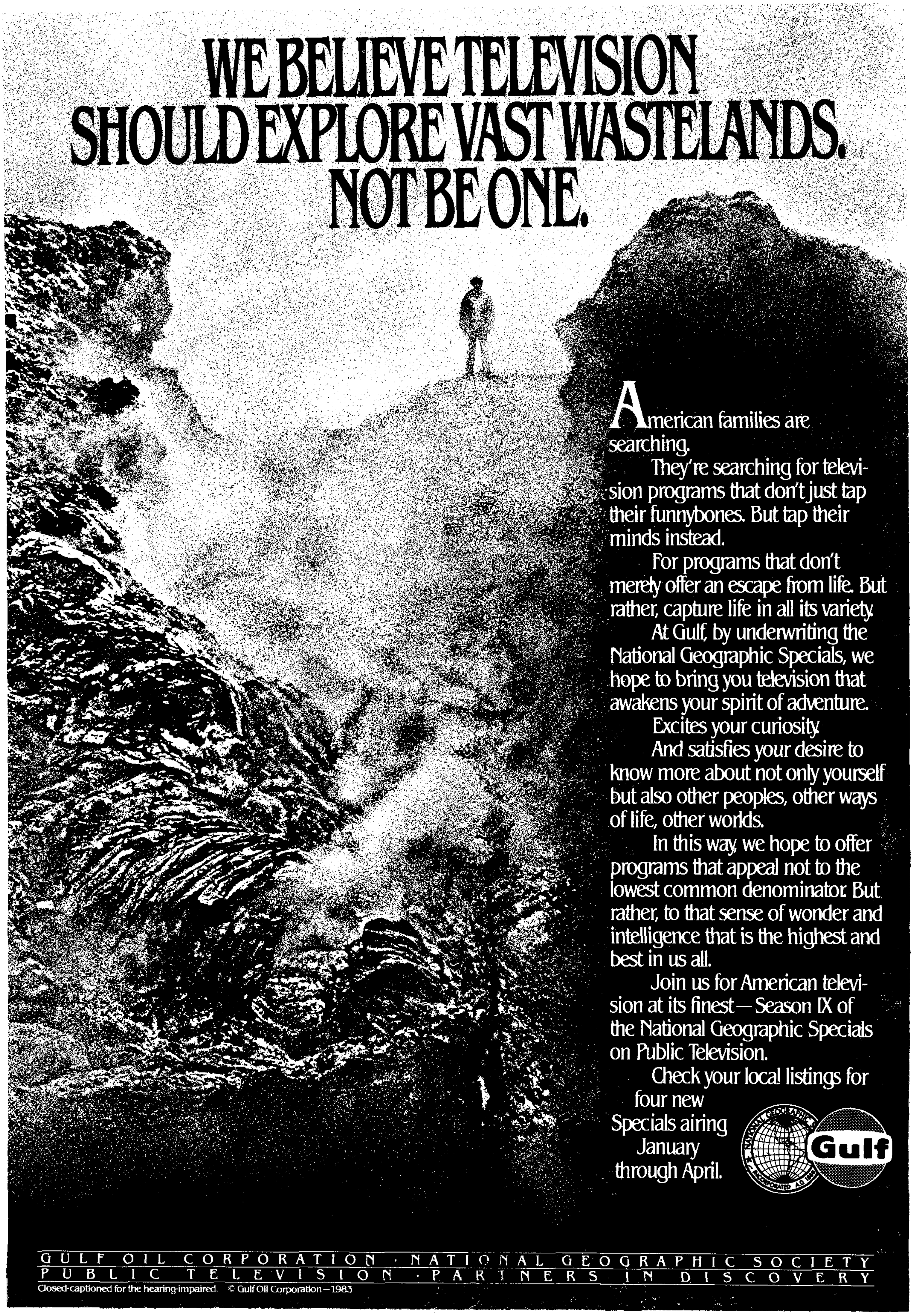
"I don't bother to ask Mickey, because it never gets done," she said.

I asked her what was broken.

"Ask Mickey," she said, smirking.

Mickey shrugged.

"O.K., I'll run through it for you," Mary Ann said. "The children's bedroom window doesn't open, so in case of fire there's no way those poor, helpless children could get out. There's no doorknob on the closet in my children's room, so God forbid the baby, Jimmy, should get locked in there. He'd probably asphyxiate. I don't even want to think about that. I just want it fixed. The faucet hasn't worked for a year and a half. We need a new flushometer in the toilet bowl. It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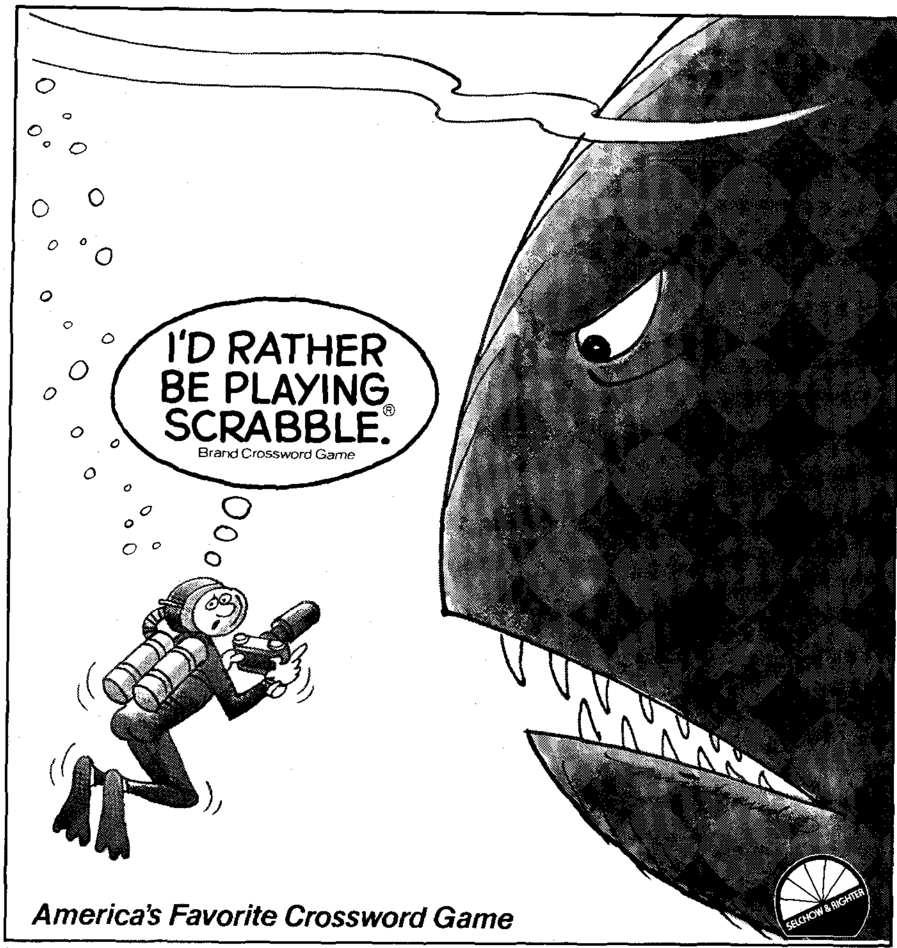
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makes noise all night u less you get out of bed and jiggle e handle. I know there's some oth stuff, but those are the main thin right now. My mother-in-law lives with Paddy. Paddy never fixes any ing in his apartment. My mother n-law pays the handyman to fix a thing that needs it. In Pete's and ny's apartments, if anything goes w ong it stays that way."

I looked at Mickey for onfirmation or denial. He was staring at the ceiling, at the fan belts. He w smoking a cigarette. He looked dow he smiled, and he shrugged again.

MIDMORNING one S Patrick's Day, Peter Brenna and I met at his building, on East F fty-seventh Street. It is an unspectac ar building —red brick, twenty sto es, leaded windows, a few Art Deco ourishes— whose main virtue is its oximity to the Sutton Theatre. We ood at the door, beneath a gray canop , and chatted—about the weather oked like snow) and about Pete's clo es: a black chalk-striped suit and a wh e shirt. If it had not been for his b ght-green necktie and a green shetla sweater, he might have looked as if e were on his way to a wake. These ere definitely not the clothes he w re when he had to drain a hot-wat line or change the oil in a boiler c npressor. We rode an elevator down to the basement, and I followed Pete to his shop, a room ten feet by twelve. I shelves and cabinets contained linole m adhesive, powder abrasives, furnit re wax, floor wax, wax remover, g ase remover, steel wool, waterproofi g, glass panes, glass cleaner, grout, pa er towels, drainpipes, drain traps, gal on cans of paint (floor enamel, tile ena el, flat wall latex, deck latex), paint r nover, light bulbs, light fixtures, edges, wrenches, saws, brushes, screw ivers. Pete's building was underg ng a metamorphosis from rental to co-op. He explained some possible i plications—how housekeeping de sions, for example, could allow for a argin of creativity.

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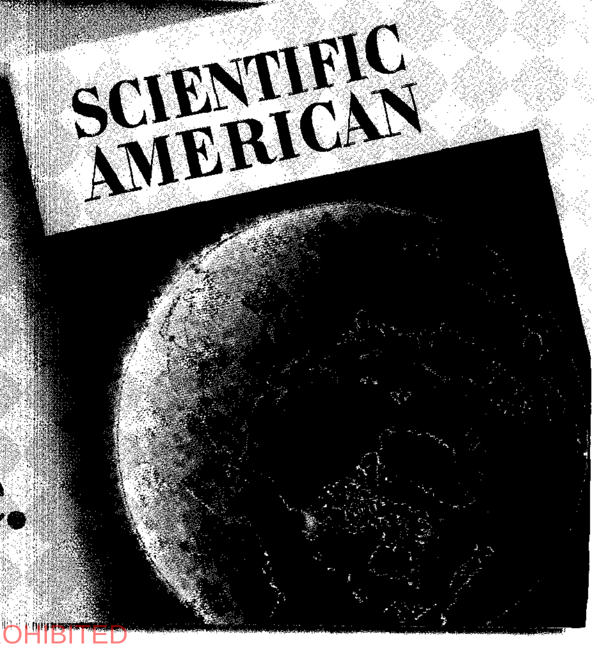

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give me a hard time, you get the tile job. If you're breaking my chops all the time, you get the plaster job. Sometimes, in a co-op, you start doing some of these jobs and when the bills come in the tenant-owners don't want you to do the big jobs anymore.

"My responsibility in this building is to avoid the outside contractor. I've got three doormen, a relief doorman, a porter-doorman, a regular porter, a handyman, and a standby man. I do the repairs myself—the major things. If a guy goes up and just plunges out a toilet, I wouldn't put that in the classification of handyman's work. We use outside contractors here sometimes, but my job is to avoid that. Without exaggeration, I would say that I save my boss thirty to forty thousand dollars a year.

"People say, 'Oh, you're a super, how great.' But they don't realize how sick you feel when you've been in a building eight years with a tenant, saying 'Hi' to the tenant every day, and he says, 'Hi, Mr. Brennan,' and then one day he dies. That hurts. And all along everybody thinks, Oh, that job's so easy."

I knew that Pete had been experiencing some bad luck. One morning, he had gone to the basement and there in the laundry room he had found his night porter seated in a chair with some bullet holes in him. By chance, this happened the day that John Hinckley shot President Reagan, so the shooting on Fifty-seventh Street brought Jimmy Breslin and some other newshounds around to Pete's building. Then, a few months later, a tenant had apparently met the wrong stranger in a bar and invited him home, with fatal consequences. After these mishaps took place, the other Brennan brothers told me that while none of it was Pete's fault it wouldn't do him any good, professionally speaking. In his supering career, Pete had established certain procedures and policies. ("I've learned that whether a tenant is right or wrong, agree with him. I get invited to lots of parties here, but I never go. It's not personal, it's just policy.") Still, it had never occurred to him that he needed to devise a homicide policy. By the time of the second murder, however, he had a system for dealing with the hard-working reporters who lined up outside his building: he wouldn't let them inside. "After James, the night porter, died, I went down to the precinct to take a lie-detector test," he said. "That was strictly voluntary. After

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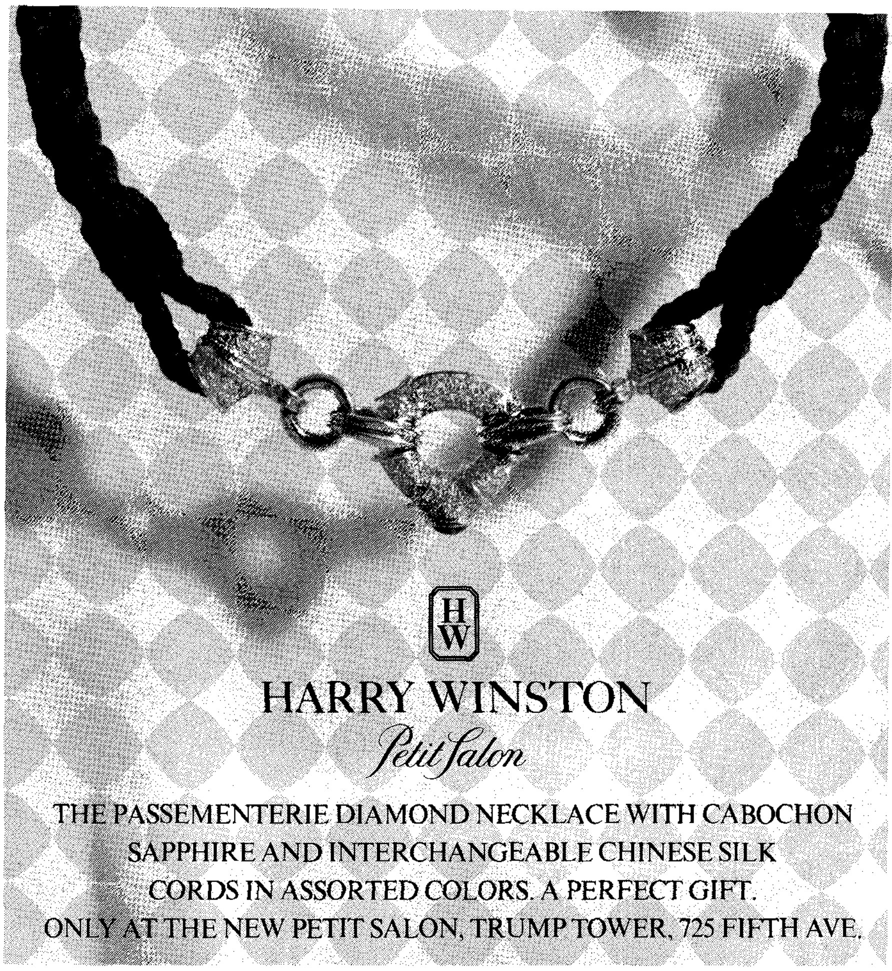
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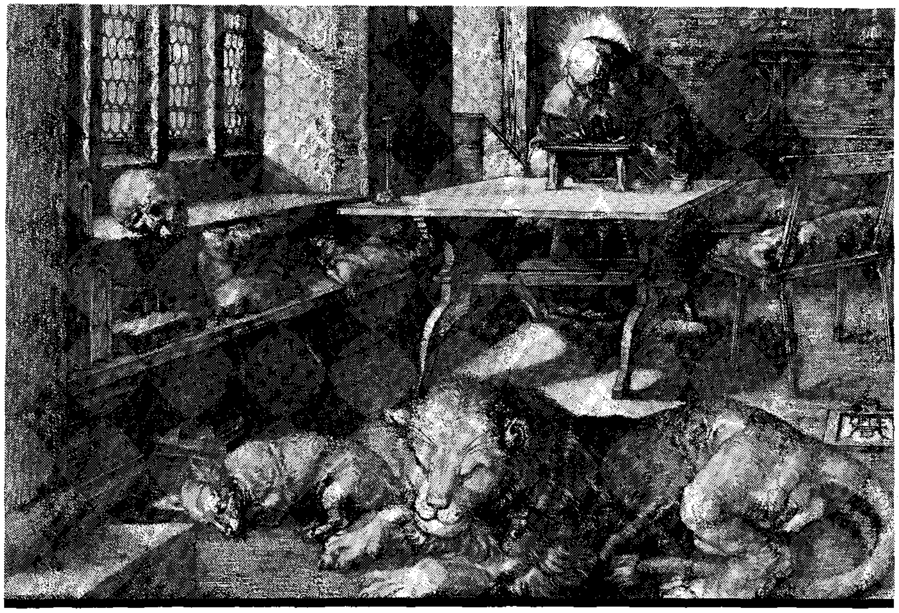
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(Detail) Saint Jerome in his Study by Albrecht Dürer, 1514, engraving.
CHRISTIE'S

the tenant got taken out, the police sealed the apartment. Then a cleaning crew comes in. That's an outside contractor's job."

Talking about these matters dampened Pete's mood. It improved, however, when his two sons, Joseph and Peter, showed up and announced that they were ready to go to the St. Patrick's Day parade. We walked west along Fifty-seventh Street to Lexington Avenue and then headed for the I.R.T. station at Fifty-ninth Street. It was time for Pete's annual subway ride. He gave Peter money to buy three tokens. "We're only going one way," he said. "It's a cab ride home."

Joe said, "You'll recognize the train when it gets here, Dad. It's not yellow, and it doesn't have tires."

The first train that pulled in happened to be an express travelling on the local track. "That's a break," Pete said. "It saves me having to make two extra stops." He stood the whole way and before long emerged safely on Eighty-sixth Street, opposite the Bantry Bar. A raw, nasty wind blew from the west. What seemed like a modest number of spectators huddled in clusters on the sidewalks between Lex and Park. Pete walked toward Park. "This weather's gonna kill a lot of people," he said. For a few moments, I thought he meant that the combined effects of drink and overexposure would be literally deadly, but then he said, "I mean it'll keep the crowd down. Lots of people won't come in, because they heard snow."

We hadn't gone far when, just as the St. Joachim Drum and Bugle Corps, of Cedarhurst, came by playing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame," we encountered Mickey and George and Paddy Brennan. Mickey wore a blue suit, and Paddy had on gray slacks and an off-white Irish cable-knit sweater. "How much more Irish can you get?" he said. George wore a brown camel's-hair topcoat and a gray motoring cap.

With a cigarette clenched in one corner of his mouth, Mickey passed out lapel pins to the others and said, "Here. Here's for the blood you gave."

"What?" Pete said.

"You're all blood donors now."

"I can't afford any more medals," Pete said. "I ain't got room."

"When did we give blood?" Paddy asked. "I don't remember giving blood."

"You *gave*," Mickey said.

"Oh, yeah, yeah. Right, right," Paddy said.

Soon the Brennans were joined by

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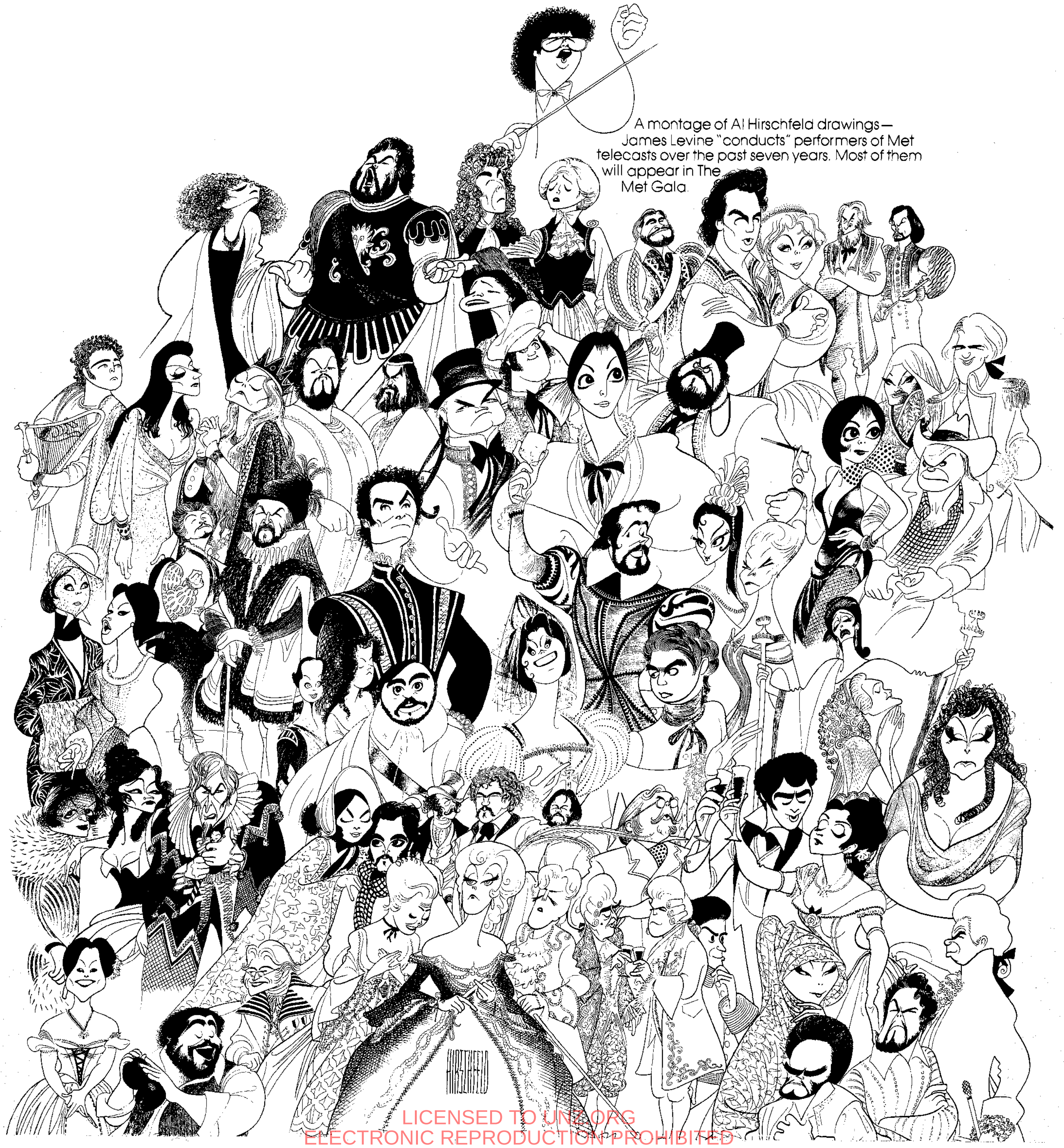
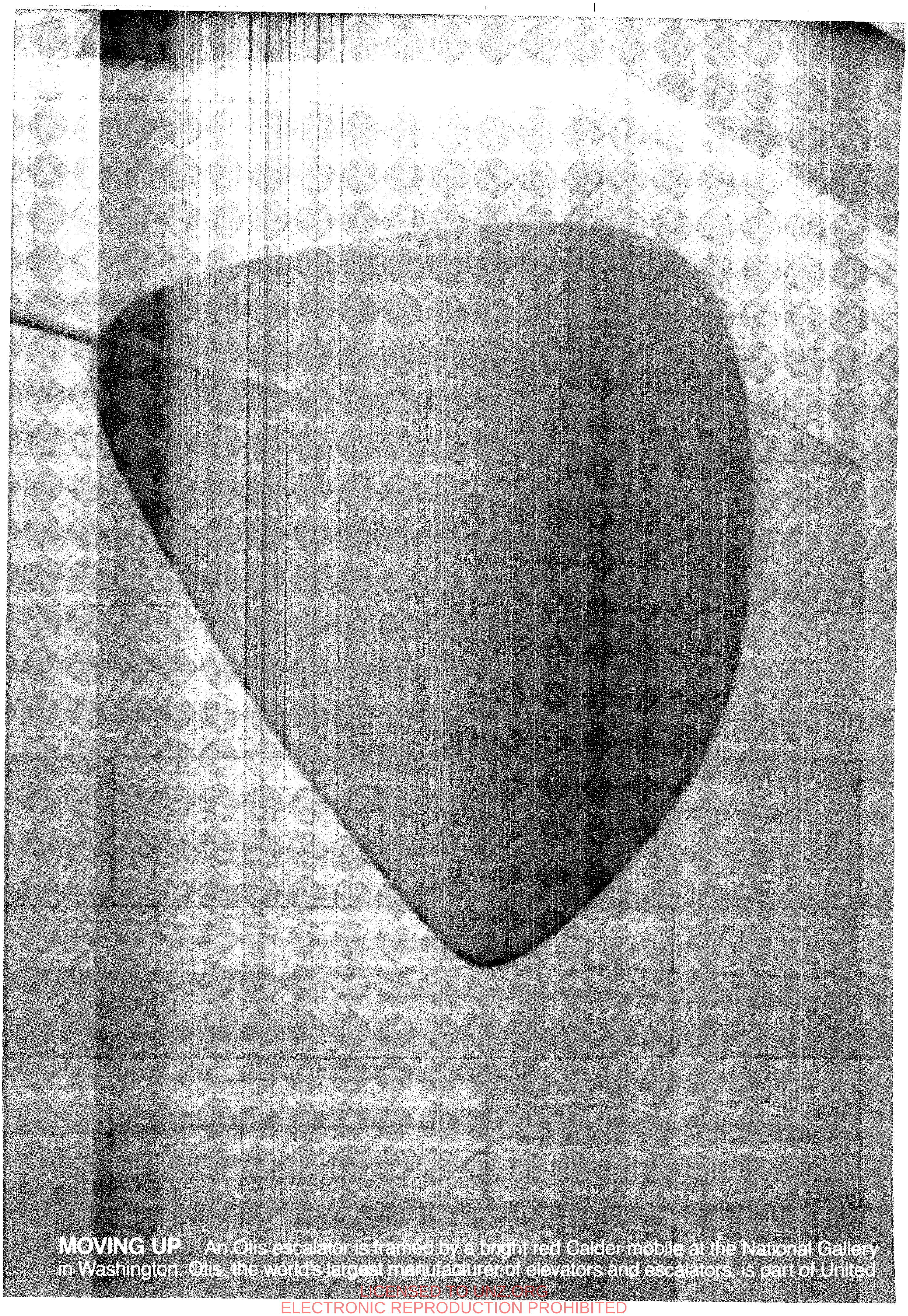


A montage of Al Hirschfeld drawings—James Levine "conducts" performers of Met telecasts over the past seven years. Most of them will appear in The Met Gala.



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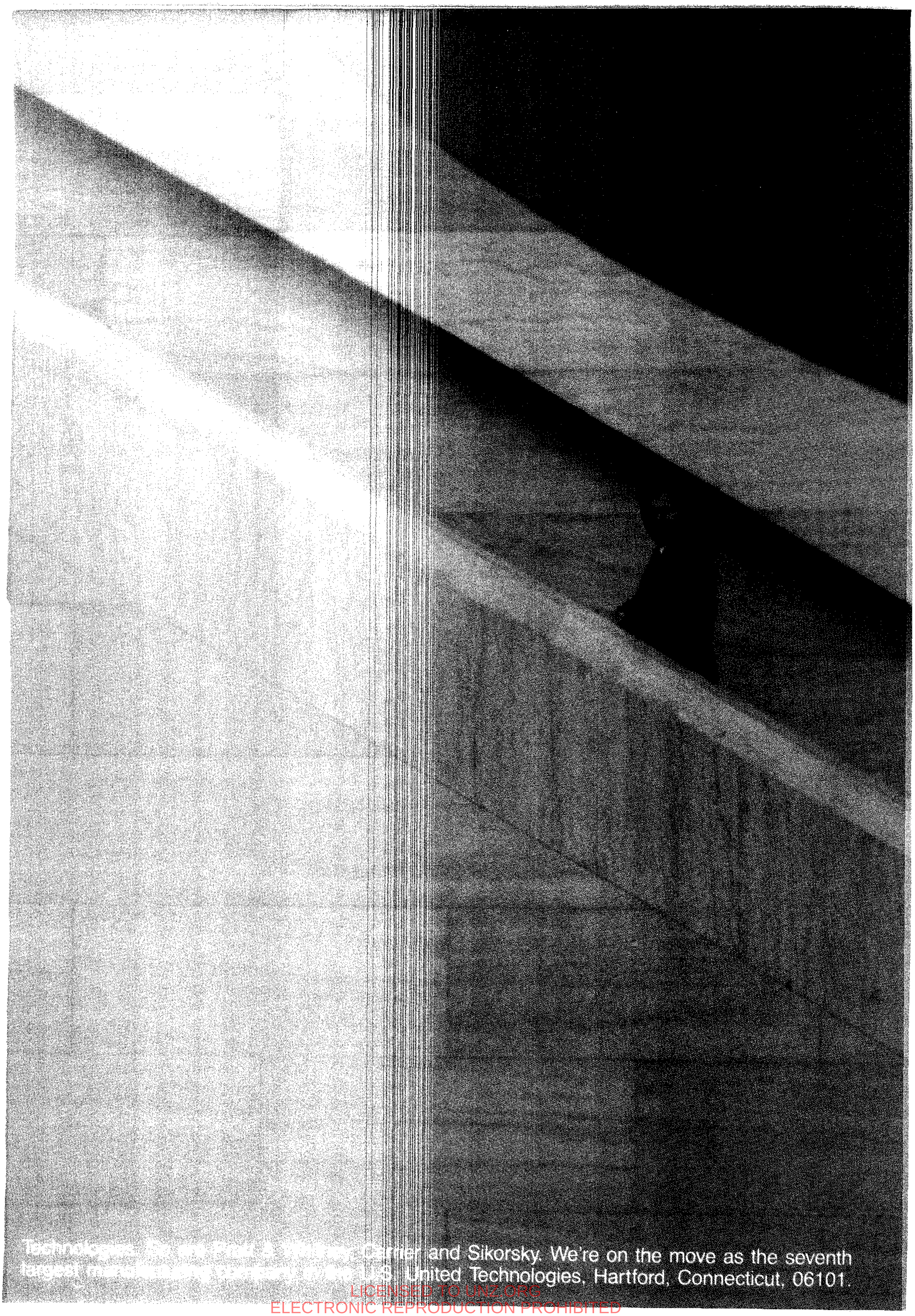

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their friend Brian Mynes. The brothers have always admired Brian's capacity for bold innovation—especially his shameless willingness to wear a jade shamrock in his left earlobe. On this day, he also wore a camel's-hair topcoat. A brass object attached to a yellow-white-and-black ribbon dangled from his breast pocket. It was a commemorative subway token.

"It's the Monsignor Temple's Meritorious Medallion, in honor of Peter Brennan," Brian Mynes said. "I was going to ride one of the horses in the parade today. I had it all rented for forty bucks, but then they told me I had to rent a uniform, too, and that was an extra sixty. Maybe next year."

The Brennans had gathered in front of a Chembank Card machine across the street from Gimbels and the R.K.O. Twin Theatre.

"Our old neighborhood always shows up right at this spot," Paddy said. He described the territory—from the "G" in the Gimbels sign to the canopy of 115 East Eighty-sixth Street, and, on the downtown side, from the Chemical Bank to the "Park" sign just west of Barnes & Noble. The New Jersey Gaelic League, the Suffolk County Police Emerald Society, the Don Bosco High School Band, and the Mother Cabrini High School Band went by in the parade.

George Brennan surveyed the crowd and offered a play-by-play. "All walks of life," he said. "All walks of life. See that fellow, he's with Con Ed. Over there, he's got a leather-goods store in the Village. He's a lawyer, did real well when Frank Hogan was D.A. All walks of life. There was a lot of talent in this neighborhood. You know Frankie Reilly? He's a piper with the Fire Department's Emerald Society Bagpipe Band. And his brother Pat Reilly used to play with the Paddy Noonan Band. You know Paddy Noonan, the accordion player. And Terry Flynn's a big man with the State Liquor Authority. And Joey Flynn, his brother, is a dancer. They're all from the neighborhood."

Several overmedicated teen-agers went by, saying unflattering things about the Queen of England. I noticed that neither George nor any of his brothers was drinking, and I asked him why. "It's a workday," he said. "If I get an emergency and I go fix something and the tenant-owner smells alcohol, then I'm branded a boozer for life. Plus, I'm shorthanded today. My handyman took sick this

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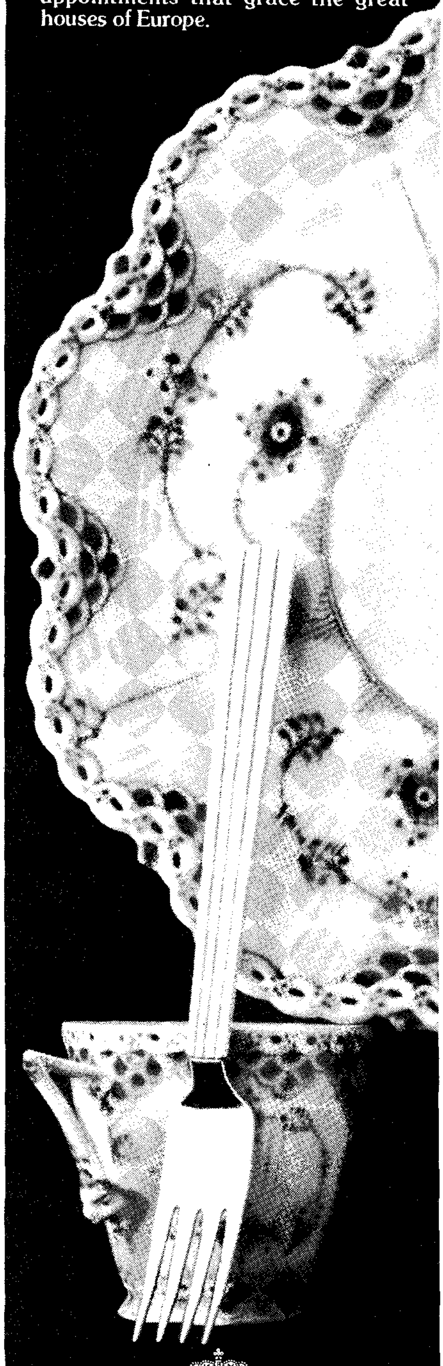

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morning. I had to drive him to Doctors Hospital. See, you can never relax on this job, *never*. Not at any time. Like, take those two guys over there." He pointed toward a pair of middle-aged men who were watching the parade and, at the same time, watching him. "Now, those are two guys who should never drink, *ever*. They work for me. That's Jack, and the other one's Mike. I'm down here, and you might think I'm watching the parade, but I'm also keeping an eye on them. I want them to stay straight. Mike did some work for me on my house upstate. He's a very talented man. He lifts houses. He lifted mine forty inches. That's a hard job, you know. You have to be a talented man. Otherwise, you could crack a house in half. Look at him. He's looking over here."

It began to snow—lightly at first, and then not so lightly. This was definitely long-underwear weather. After about an hour of parade viewing, Pete, Paddy, and Mickey retreated to Mickey's apartment. A while later, George and I headed that way, too, moving into the snow squalls and in the opposite direction from the Irish Dancing Music Association of America, the Saffron Kilts Pipe Band, of Babylon, Long Island, and the National Board Ancient Order of Hibernians Ladies Auxiliary. At Mickey's, there was a smorgasbord—cold cuts, pigs-in-blankets, sliced cheeses, chips and dips, hot meatballs. In the kitchen, atop the stove, two briskets, five tenderloins, cabbage, and potatoes all boiled together in an enormous pot. Friends and family had been dropping by for some time. Most social gatherings at the Brennans' adhere to an open-door policy. Guests wander in and out and back again. There are a number of regulars, whose first names or nicknames I have come to know—Joe, Ackie, Dougie, Kathy, Carol, Nessa, Nora, Bill, Phyllis, Fiona, Louie, Ace, Jimmy, Pete. Usually, there are a few Jimmys and Petes. The Brennan brothers named their children after themselves and one another and their friends, and their friends did the same. Mickey and Mary Ann have five children—Alfred, Michael, Veronica, Jimmy, and Brian. George and Barbara have three—George, Bridgette, and Bobbi-Anne. Paddy has a son, Patrick, who is called P. J. Tony's wife is Gloria, and their children are John, Gloria, Joseph, Anthony, and Jason. Pete's wife is Eileen, and their children are Joseph, Peter, Betty, Eileen, and Loretta. Once, Pete was trying to explain an incident to me and he said, "We thought maybe it involved one of the kids. Like maybe it's my son Joe, who's named after my brother Joseph, which is Tony." When a conversation takes a turn like that, I sometimes lose track.

Tony was seated at the kitchen table, along with Pete Martin, a cousin from the Brennans' mother's side, and Mike Norton, the Brennan brother-in-law who is a super on the West Side. They were talking about Abercrombie & Fitch, where Tony had worked as an engineer for many years.

"First, I was residential, then I was commercial, then I went back to residential, where I am now," Tony was saying. "Abercrombie & Fitch was, you know, a place for the aristocrat set. These very upper-crust customers shopped there."

Mike Norton said, "Did they use to have a catalogue? That was a very old store, I remember. They had a catalogue, right?"

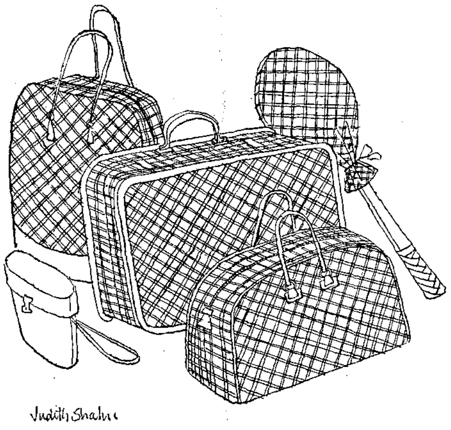
"Right," Tony said.

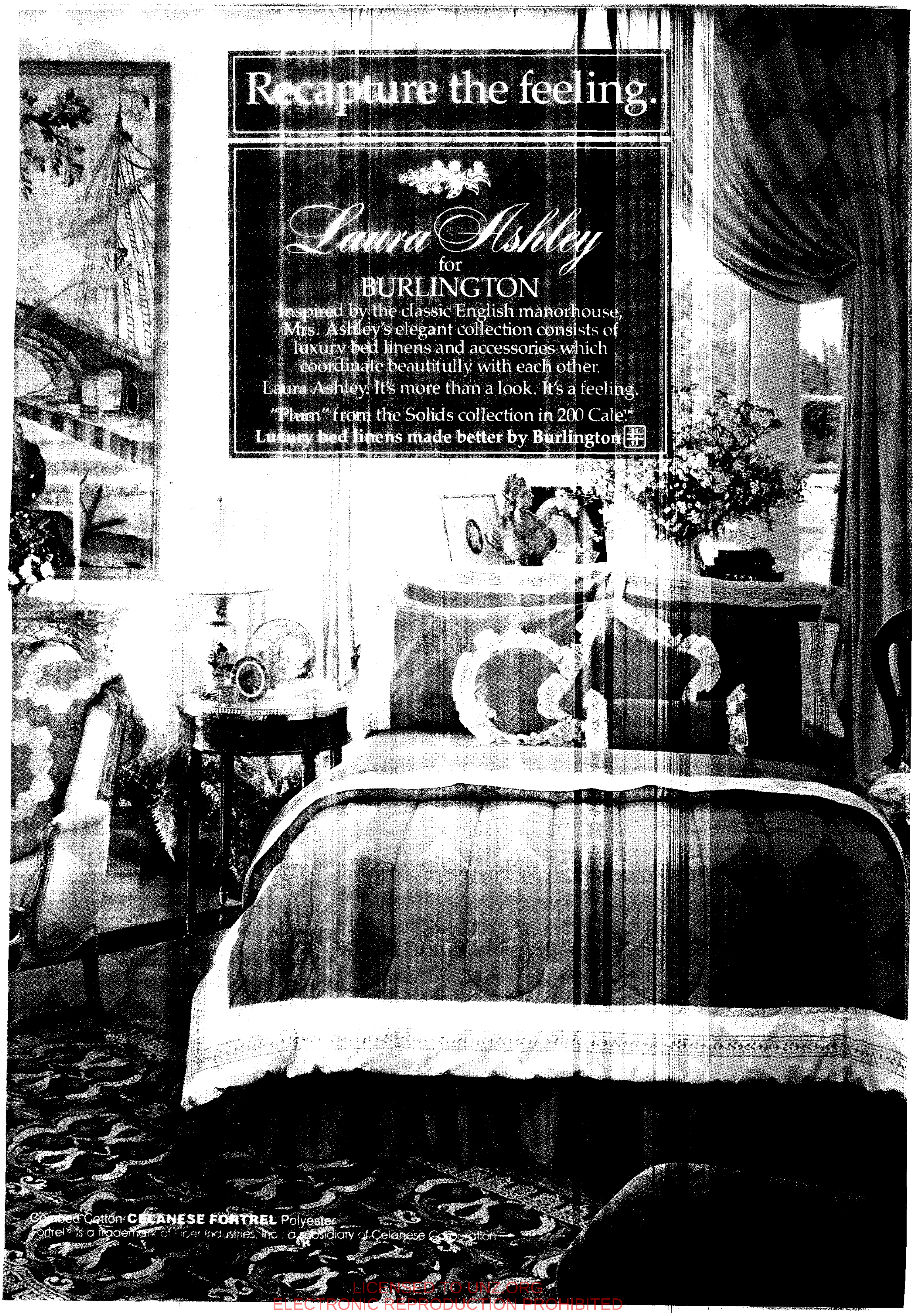
"It was the oldest mail-order catalogue, right?" Norton said.

"I don't know about that," Tony said.

"Yeah, I think it was."

"Maybe you're thinking of Sears," Tony said. "We weren't like Sears. I used to see Frank Sinatra come in and order shirts by the dozen. If he liked one, he'd say O.K., a dozen of those. And those were twenty-five-dollar shirts. I did great there. I used to be able to get these goose-down jackets—the ones that the customers returned because they had a tiny flaw. I'd get them for three bucks. Real goose down. I had a closet full of those. I got them for all the brothers. I saw a lot of stuff in that store. We had a guy one day shoot himself in the gun department. He bought and paid for the shells and took a shotgun off the rack and loaded it with his shells and leaned on the trigger. Bought his own





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ammo. He was all over the store. And Montgomery Clift used to come in there. He wasn't in good shape. He used to come with a valet who would help him stand up while he shopped."

Norton said, "He was very close friends with Elizabeth Taylor. She was with him after he had a bad car accident."

"I think he was married to Dinah Shore," Pete Martin said. "Wasn't he married to Dinah Shore or some singer?"

"I think she was married to someone else," Norton said. "George Montgomery?"

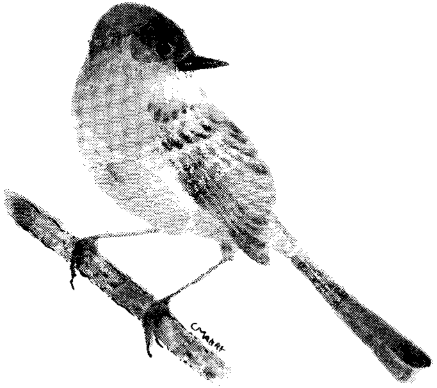
"Montgomery Ward?" Tony asked.

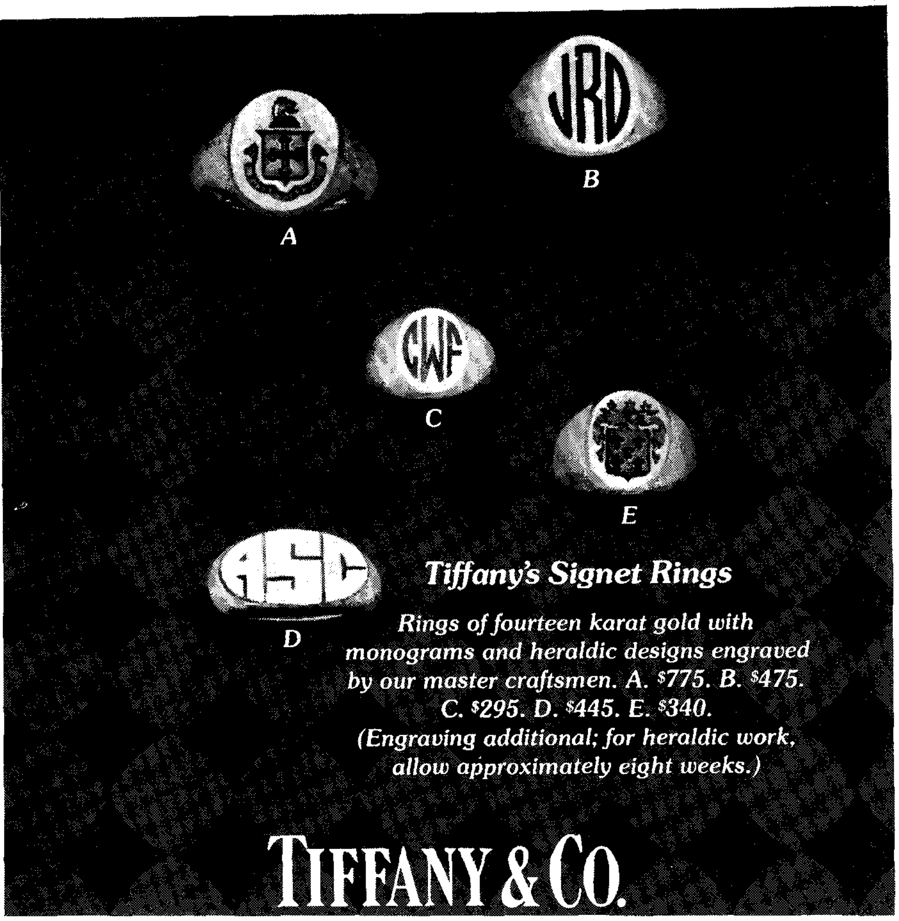
"*That's* the catalogue I'm thinking of."

THE Brennan brothers are union men at heart—they have accumulated eighty years of membership in Local 32B-32J—and yet, without much soul-searching, they would say that a correct list of their priorities looks like this:

(1) Brennanism
(2) Superdom
(3) The union

In 1980, the brothers found themselves at odds with the leadership of 32B-32J. The focus of the disagreement was an election campaign for the chairman of District Five. The district runs from Fifty-ninth Street to 110th Street and from the East River to Fifth Avenue, and its chairman occupies a seat on the union's board of directors. The incumbent was a man named Vernon Sampson, who had been the District Five chairman for fourteen years and had developed the habit of running for reëlection unopposed. Roughly eight thousand union members are qualified to vote, and about two thousand usually do. The district chairman would run on a slate. When you voted to reinstall Sampson as chairman, you were also voting to install Rocco Petruzzi as recording





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secretary and Eddie Mathews as district-board member.

The Brennans entered a complaint—it was what ultimately put them at odds with the leadership of their union—that they were being subjected to taxation without representation. There were no supers on the union's governing board. In the spring of 1979, the doormen, elevator operators, handymen, and porters in 32B-32J had staged a strike that lasted eight days. Tenants in Manhattan's most comfortable apartment buildings had had to resort to opening their own doors, punching their own elevator buttons, hauling their own garbage to the curb for collection, hailing their own taxis, and deciding who among them would sort the mail. (Shortages of mailroom volunteers never arose.) The residential-building superintendents' contract with the Realty Advisory Board on Labor Relations, a landlords' association, had an expiration date that was not the same as the contract that covered other building-service employees. During the 1979 strike, therefore, most supers were forced to cross the picket lines of their fellow union members. Similarly, to this day, strike or no strike, if a super disciplines or fires a worker and the matter winds up in a formal arbitration, a union delegate usually represents the worker at the arbitration hearing, while the super is represented by management. The Brennans felt that if they elected one of their own to the union leadership they could straighten out these odd alignments.

Rather than designate one of themselves to run against Vernon Sampson, the Brennans persuaded their pal Jimmy Mynes to take on that job.

"We were supposed to run a whole slate of guys against Sampson, but we didn't know the rules and we just ran Jimmy," Mickey said after the election campaign. "We couldn't run for this ourselves—on a slate with Jimmy—because, you know, we're the Brennans. Like, everybody's afraid of us."

There were other complications. One of the election-fitness requirements was that you had to have paid your dues—or some such nitpick. George, Mickey, Pete, and Tony had been marginally negligent in this regard. Paddy was paid up, but Paddy despises conflict. In a tavern very early one morning, the Brennans got the idea that Jimmy Mynes would make a fine candidate. Jimmy, who at the time was feeling too good to object, more or less agreed. "Jimmy's a fanatic,"

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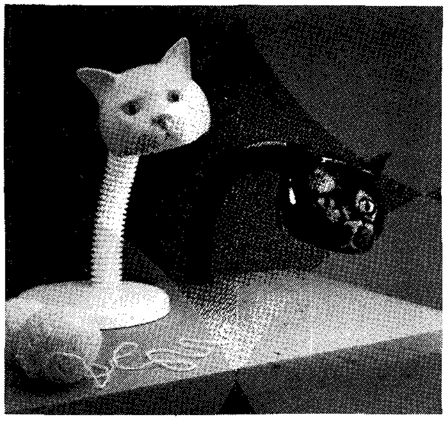

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George explained. "Jimmy pays his dues a year in advance. By the time he sobered up, it was too late to back out. We'd already had the election posters printed."

To the Brennans' regret, the election campaign turned unfriendly. The boys went to meetings of various superintendents' organizations—SURE (Supers United in Realty Education), the Scandinavian Supers Club, the Douglas Elliman Resident Managers Association, the New York Building Managers Association—and George often addressed these gatherings. At night, they would post Jimmy Mynes campaign signs around upper Manhattan, and quite often the other side would tear the signs down. The other side would put up Sampson posters, and the Brennans would cover them over with Mynes placards. Mickey and George contend that they were tailed by big bruisers. "For days, I had a guy following me, he weighed at least two hundred and forty pounds," George has said. Mickey believes that his bruiser was even bigger. The Brennans invested a lot of energy in the campaign. George said, "I went to see three hundred and fifty supers, and I called up two hundred and fifty more. But a lot of them were non-English-speaking." The campaign lasted four weeks. When the votes were counted, Jimmy Mynes had lost, but he had received thirty-eight per cent. Originally, the Brennans had expected to pick up less than ten per cent, so they took heart at the outcome. "We shook the industry," George said when it was all over. "We were talked about from one management company to the next. They all knew us. There was a spy here in my very own building. He was telling the union about my every move. I finally told the guy I knew who he was. He got very quiet, and he has been ever since."

There are times when George gets going on the subject of the union and you can almost feel his temperature slowly rising. George believes that he has been penalized for his dissident activities: for a time, whenever he had to attend an arbitration hearing, the hearing tended to be scheduled on his day off—that sort of thing. Even when, in the spring of 1982, 32B-32J and the Realty Advisory Board signed a new contract, just as another strike appeared imminent, the result failed to satisfy George entirely. "I was surprised," he told me, reacting to the settlement. "I thought both sides would let a strike go on for two or

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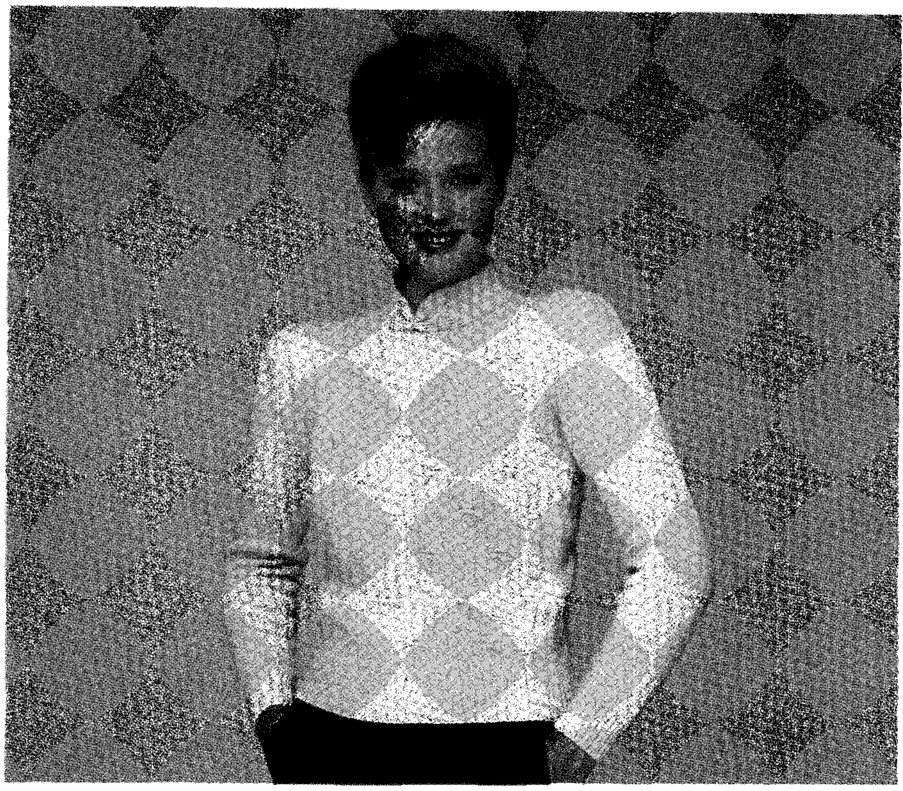

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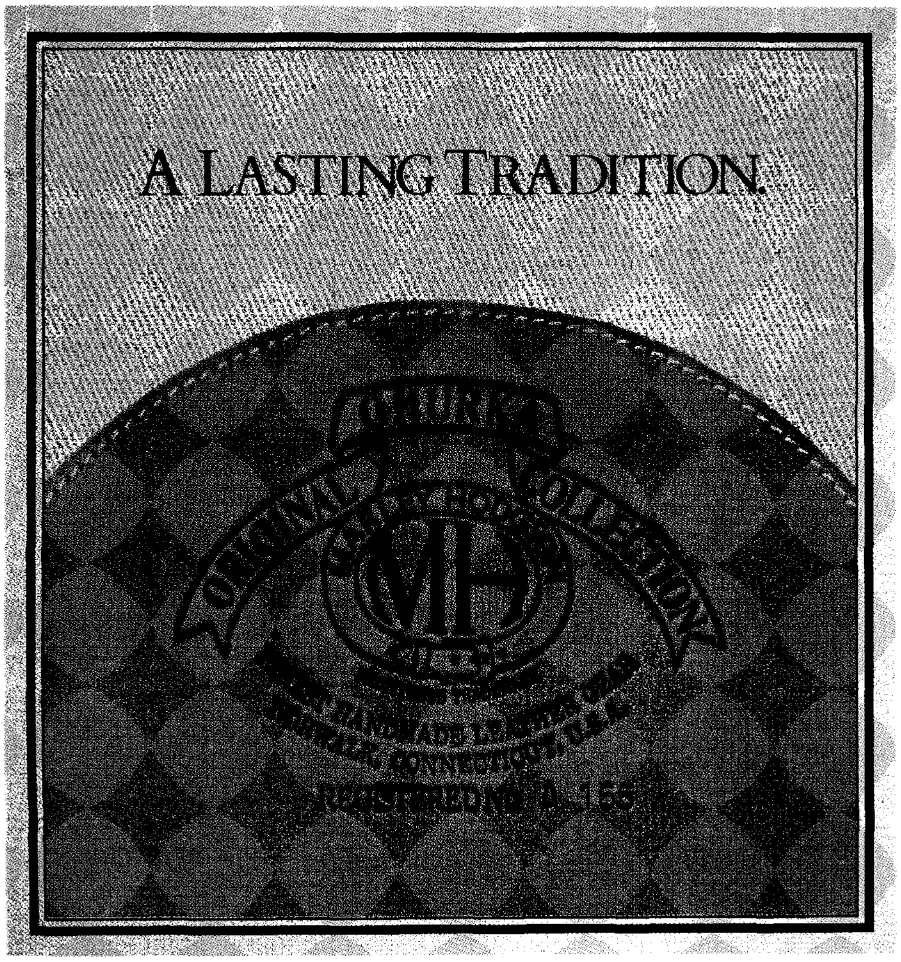

three days, just to make everybody look good." The union members won an increase in their life-insurance coverage, full pay for unused sick days, an extra holiday, an improved dental plan, and sixty-five dollars a week in raises over the three-year term of the contract. The supers got all those things, along with nine dollars a week more over the life of the contract. "The settlement's good, I guess," George said. "Of course, right now it means a thousand bucks less in my pocket. If there's a strike, the supers get paid days off, overtime. If it runs two weeks, we make about a grand on the deal. But they settled. That's good. Naturally, the extra money probably puts us in another tax bracket, but I really thought it was going to be worse."

A FEW days later, I sat with George in his office and listened to his fresh dispatches from the front. He wore a cream-colored short-sleeved polyester shirt, light-brown slacks, brown loafers, and a cowboy belt with a large brass buckle—a working super's clothes.

"Something's always doing in this business," he said, sitting forward in his chair, resting his wrists on the edge of his desk, looking me straight in the eye. "It's the craziest business in the world. You can lose your job and everything—your livelihood, your address, your home—with thirty days' notice. In a co-op, someone bangs on my door, I have to respond. A lot of guys like to be opening supers—they go into a building that's just opened, they wait for the first tenants to get settled, and then they leave. That's the way they want it. They like that, because in a new building a lot of stuff takes a walk. New refrigerators, ovens, light fixtures—it all walks. That's what an opening super's around to prevent. It's more hours, but the advantage is you're not dealing with anybody but the head boss. In a co-op, everybody's a boss, every tenant-owner's a boss. If I told you some of the things supers get fired for—for not smiling at certain tenants—you wouldn't believe it."

At that moment, I smiled at George, and he smiled back. When he smiles, he often arches his eyebrows and nods. It is an I-know-it-pal-and-so-do-you expression, a mixture of self-confidence and circumspection. His approach to supering is systematic. He has a system for recording workers' hours and vacations and days off; a system for accepting a tenant's delivery from the dry cleaner; a system for storing tenants' spare keys (in brass-riveted manila envelopes); a system for storing ice cream in case Gristede's delivers a tenant's groceries after he has already left for the weekend; a filing system (every letter, every complaint, every proprietary lease, payroll records); a system for painting the plumbing pipes (yellow for steam lines, orange for hot water, green for cold water, brown for sewer lines). A red leather-bound logbook is kept at the concierge's desk, in the lobby. Tenants' complaints, requests, regrets, and ideological convictions are recorded in it. The entries for a typical three-day stretch run like this:

2E—gate on C-D-E staircase on first floor is insecure. Door is always left open. Lock is loose. Gate door is not aligned correctly. Dr. B. wants the situation corrected.
10B—toilet keeps running
8D—dining room window needs to be loosened
11A—toilet running
15B—toilet running continuously
16B—thinks she has a leak inside the newly plastered wall of the bathroom
6E—pull string for light in maid's bathroom came out. Please fix today.
16B—sometimes get cold water in hot water
15E—Mrs. W.'s radiator is making unbearable noises
—chair at the concierge desk is in a most deplorable condition.

A great deal of George Brennan's pride and the co-op's money has been invested in the security system. A concierge in the lobby operates a console that has two video screens and contains controls for the boiler, the fire alarm, the intercom, the elevators, and cameras and microphones inside the elevators. "You're known by your security," George said. "Security makes or breaks a super. We have a doorman working twenty-four hours a day, but a doorman's a *greeting*, not a bouncer. With our system, if the doorman misses you the deskman gets you. I didn't install the system myself, but I made some suggestions, and I supervised the installation. I'm an experienced electrician, and I studied locksmithing. I attended the Jewish school of locksmithing in Brooklyn. That's not what the school is called. That's what I called it. It was set up in Williamsburg. Locksmithing used to be an all-Jewish profession, but now the Greeks are coming in pretty strong. I learned key cutting and trouble-shooting there. They've got courses in safes, car doors—whatever

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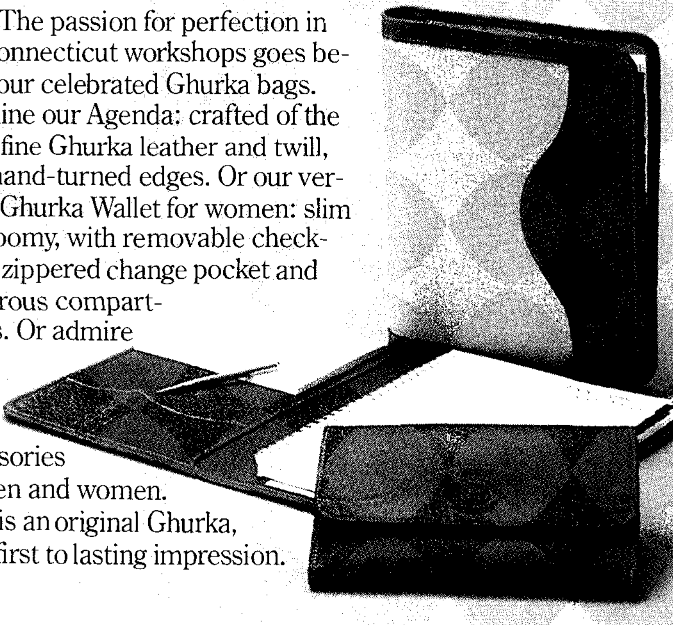

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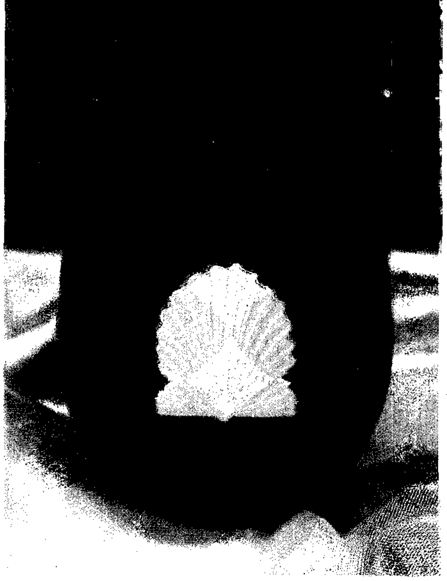

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you want to know. I think the security system in this building is very effective. If you come to this building as a visitor, you tell the man on the desk where you want to go and he calls up the tenant-owner. If you're O.K., you get into the elevator and the man on the desk controls where you're going. There's a camera in there. He can let you out or he can lock you in there—if he has a reason. If you're coming down in the elevator and you want a taxi, you can call down to the man on the desk and he'll tell the doorman and by the time you hit the street there will be a taxi waiting. We've had no robberies since I've been here. We had a near-miss with a maid. Plus a few umbrellas gone. I was getting annoyed. We were constantly buying new umbrellas for the doormen. I had a man on the door, Jim Murphy, a former homicide detective. One day, a hand reaches in and snatches two umbrellas, and Jim ends up going all the way to Eighty-sixth and Second Avenue to catch these two youths. When he got back, I gave him hell. I said, 'What are you running off for?' He said, 'You told me to keep an eye on the umbrellas.' He was a great guy. One time, a fellow came by and tried to get in and Jim didn't like him. The guy tried to walk right past Jim. He was well dressed, but he didn't look right to Jim. Jim said you're not going anywhere. The guy tried to anyway. Jim threw him against a wall. The guy had a gun in his belt. Jim threw him up against the wall again. I thought we were both goners. But the guy just left. He knew Jim meant business. Jim told me that if the guy was going to use the gun he would have, but since he didn't intend to he didn't try to. Jim was a quality human being."

When I asked George what special traits he looked for when he hired someone, he said, "You don't want thieves, drinkers, or guys with hand problems. You know what I mean? A guy who can't keep his hands to himself if the lights in the elevator go out. Don't laugh. I've heard the complaint." A tour of George Brennan's building is a great pleasure, because it is such a well-kept, attractive, and orderly-seeming place to live and to work, and yet his description of life there approximates a series of bulletins from a war zone. According to George, true professional supering is unavoidably rooted in a siege mentality. Evidently, George regards himself as a defiant mercenary in a foreign

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land, hunkered down in the island fortress with inadequate ammo supplies—forced to cope with raids from the outside, guerrilla tactics by subversives among his not too trustworthy minions, and lack of support from the native population, whose leaders have engaged his services to protect themselves from democracy. A stroll through the premises—from George's office to the boiler room, the storage rooms, and the lobby, then up to the residential floors, each of which has been individually and handsomely decorated—is accompanied by this rat-a-tat delivery:

"Every time you look, a man's taking a bulb home. I don't mind, but when he takes a dozen, then it's a problem. . . . You'll find most supers don't educate their elevator men about what to do during a fire. You're supposed to shut it off and leave it on the first floor, for the firemen. Right? But some of the guys they're pulling off the street to work these days—forget it. . . . Here's where we store the candles and emergency lanterns. Blackout, power failure, national disaster. We're prepared. You've got to be ready for a crisis. But I can't go by a tenant's definition of a crisis. To a tenant, a crisis could be 'I got an odor in the garbage can.' You've got to do flood control, be a policeman, protect people's kids. I've got collections of valuables here that should be in museums under security, but they're here without alarms, and I'm supposed to be watching over them. Where does the price of the job go with the responsibility? . . . Here's where we keep the extra keys, locked over here. I had a tenant-owner once took a heart attack. Tried but were not able to get inside in time to help him. Otherwise, we might have saved him. And this particular party I'd asked him I don't know how many times for a key. But by the time we got the four locks on his door undone it was unfortunately too late. . . . This is where the deliveries come in. No deliveryman goes upstairs. The cold things we put in the refrigerator. You make a mistake with ice cream only once. Then you learn. . . . I used to keep a talking parrot down here in the office. Had a new man on the door one night. He hears voices downstairs. Panics. He gets paranoid, running up and down Park Avenue. He hails a cop car. They come in with their guns out. They were going to storm the parrot. . . . We're getting a big problem with these do-it-yourselfers. They

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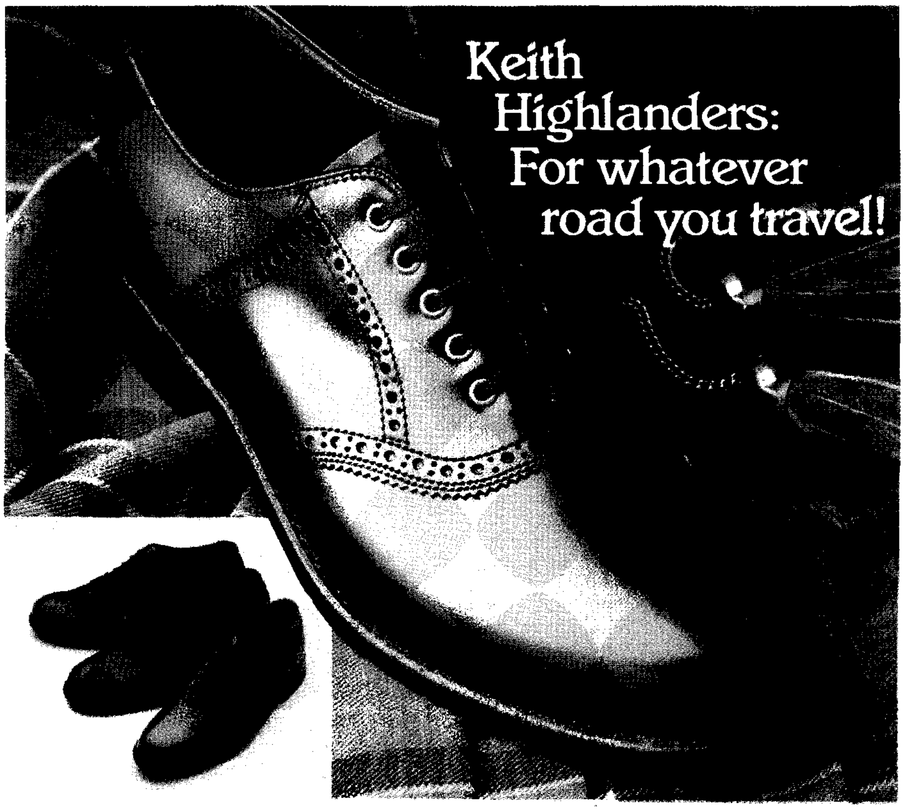

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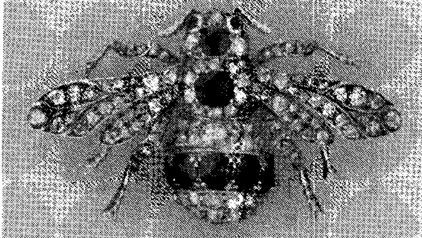

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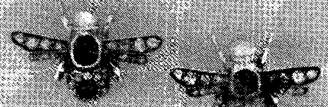

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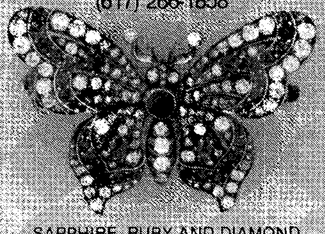

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knows? They hand you ten dollars and a list of forty different jobs. I heard one the other day. Tenant gives the handyman a ten for Christmas and says, 'Oh, yeah, by the way, could you check the smoke alarm?' So he checks it, and naturally the batteries are dead. He goes out to get new batteries. The batteries alone run six or seven dollars. The handyman makes three dollars on the deal. Don't get me wrong. They don't have to pay it. It's a gratuity. In fact, I quit counting on it. I really try not to think about it. It's embarrassing. They call and if you don't come up immediately they're ready to stiff you. Yeah, they stiff you. It's embarrassing."

An isometric map of midtown Manhattan has been mounted on one wall of George's office, and next to it is a bulletin board. Some interesting documents have been attached to the bulletin board. There are copies of George's certificates of membership in Electrical Workers Local No. 3 (lapsed), the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, the New York Elevator Constructors Masonic Club, the Kismet Temple of the Imperial Council of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, the New York Building Managers Association, and the Hudson Council Knights of Columbus; a refrigeration certificate of instruction; a locksmith's license; a standpipe license; a certificate of instruction from the New York City Department of Air Resources; and a permit for the use of Hilti Fastening System's .22-calibre gun for adhering Sheetrock to metal studs. There is an article from the *Irish Advocate* that traces the lineage of the surname Martin—the Brennan brothers' mother's maiden name—and points out that New York City's finest supers are maternally descended from Strongbow the Viking. Also, there is a photograph from an old New York Yankees yearbook which shows George and his son, George, Jr., out at the ballpark. The caption says, "Thurman Munson gloves foul fly in accepted fashion." George and George, Jr., were at the ballpark that day thanks to a friend who provided front-row freebies, and George, Jr.,'s head is visible between the late great Yankee captain's glove and his chin.

In one drawer of his desk George keeps a black-plastic album filled with clear-plastic pages. "When contractors come to the building to do work and they ask whether I'd like one of their cards, I say yes. I say to them, 'See, I'm putting this in the front of

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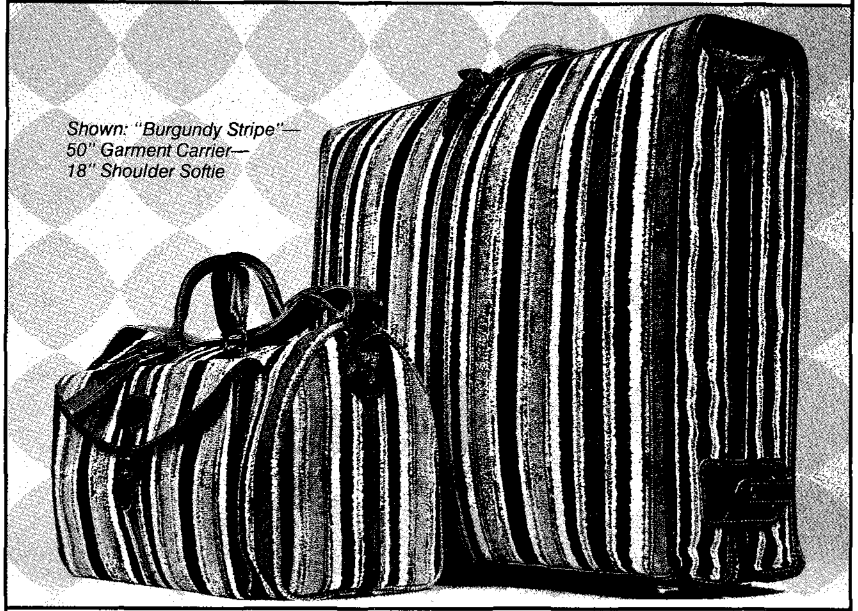

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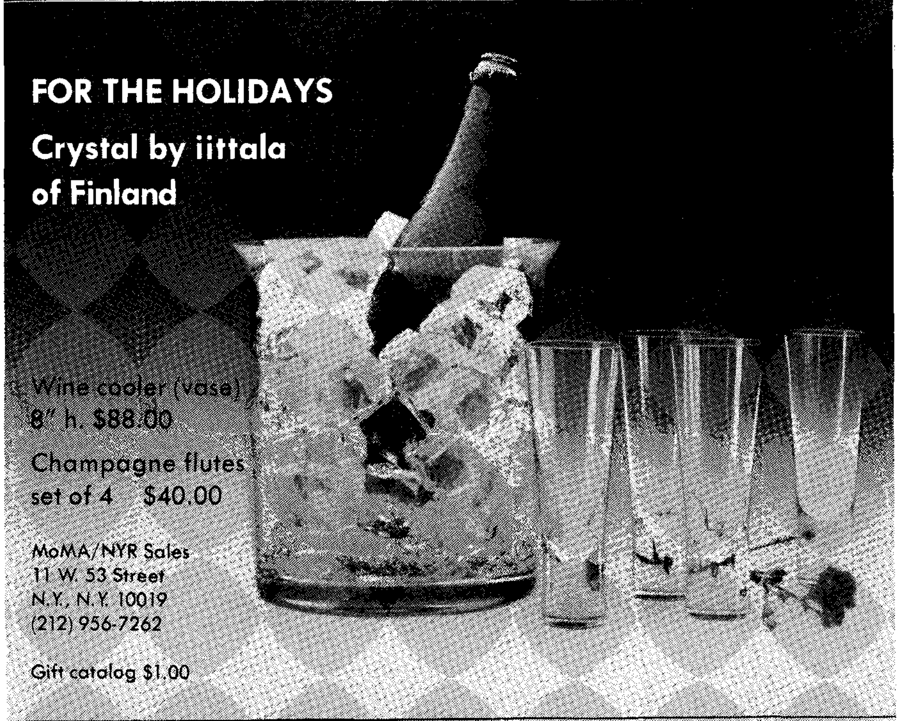

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the book. And if all goes well it stays there. But if things don't go right it moves farther and farther back in the book. And finally it moves into the wastebasket.' "

A few moments later, there was a knock on the door. George said, "It's open," and a painting contractor who had been doing work in the building entered. He asked George about a tenant who was apparently interested in having some work done in her apartment, and George, in turn, called the concierge and asked him to get in touch with the tenant, a Mrs. Miller. "The contractor's here and he wants to come up and see how big the job is," George said. After checking with the tenant, the concierge called back to say that Mrs. Miller didn't want the painter just then. When George heard this, he reacted with dismay. "Brutal, just brutal," he said, hanging up the receiver and then calling the tenant directly. "*Mrs. Miller?* It's Mr. Brennan, the super. Mrs. Miller, I have the painter in my office right now. He doesn't want to paint today, he just wants to see what materials he'll need for tomorrow. Could he come up?" A pause. "Fine. He'll be right up." He hung up the phone and said to the contractor, "Just the living-room ceiling and a little wall." When the contractor was gone, George said, "Never leave it to someone else."

The phone rang. It was Paddy Brennan calling to say that he and Donald Simkowitz, the Brennans' brother-in-law's brother-in-law, were getting ready to walk to lunch at the Bantry, and that they would pick up George on the way. George tidied his desk. He closed a box of index cards, and he called my attention to a bronze statuette of a monkey examining a human skull. "Darwin in reverse," he said. "Come on. We'll go out the back way. But first I want to show you something." We stepped into an adjacent room that was the size of a large walk-in closet. It had glazed yellow brick walls. Along one wall were three large barrels—floor wax, wax stripper, and soap. Six mops and three brooms hung upside down from brackets on the opposite wall. Above each bracket was a piece of embossed plastic tape printed with an employee's name. A hasp and a padlock secured each mop and broom. "With the name tapes, I can feel the mops, see if they're wet," he said, smiling and arching his eyebrows in a familiar way. "With the padlocks, no one can say he didn't do his work because someone stole his

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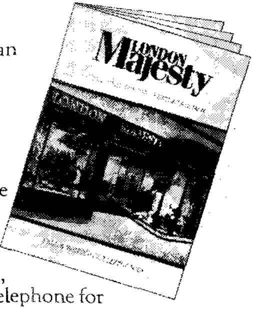

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mop or broom. Each man gets one key to his padlock and I hold one key. You lose your key, you go home without pay. Nobody's lost one yet. Check out the mops. You can see who's a pig. You can see who's halfway clean. If it looks rusty, it means they let the mop lie too long in the pail. You can tell by looking which ones I'm concerned about. This cuts out all the nonsense."

We left that room, walked down a corridor, climbed a short flight of stairs, and emerged on a sidewalk about twenty-five yards from Park Avenue. Someone had left a huge empty cardboard shipping crate—big enough to hold a subcompact automobile—at the top of the stairs. The box partly obstructed the sidewalk. George regarded it with great disdain and said, "Tenant ordered a Magic Chef. Told Magic Chef to take away the carton. Magic Chef took it and left it for the super. Terrific. Brutal."

By the time we reached the corner, Paddy Brennan and Donald Simkowitz had, too. We strolled together down Park Avenue and then crossed at Eighty-sixth Street, heading east, toward the Bantry.

"I imagine Georgie gave you the lowdown," Paddy said. "Did he tell you the one about the handyman that took the heart attack under the kitchen sink?"

I said that he hadn't. Paddy hesitated. "I don't want to say the super's name, because he's still in the trade," he said. "But this really happened. This super has a handyman working on a job, unclogging a sink, installing a new trap, and he wonders what's taking the handyman so long. So he goes up there and he sees the handyman took a heart attack, he's lying there right under the sink. So the super naturally just moves the handyman out of the way and finishes the job. He'd promised the tenant it would get done that day."

"What happened to the handyman?" I asked.

Paddy looked at me with the sort of patience that adults usually reserve for small children. "The handyman died," he said. He was grinning. "But that's not the point."

"What's the point?"

"The point is, *the job got done*."

—MARK SINGER

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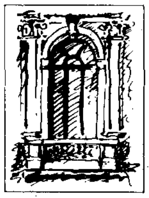

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THE SPORTING SCENE

ORDER ON THE COURT

THE men and women in this country who follow tournament tennis have long been known for a propensity to discuss the game hour upon hour with unfaltering fervor, but there was a stretch this year, in late spring and early summer, when it seemed to me that a new high had been reached in both the passion and the exuberance of such colloquies. In a way, this was understandable. The first two major championships of the year, the French Open and Wimbledon, were being held at that time—the French Open from May 23rd through June 5th, Wimbledon from June 20th through July 3rd—and, as it happened, both were exceptionally interesting tournaments.

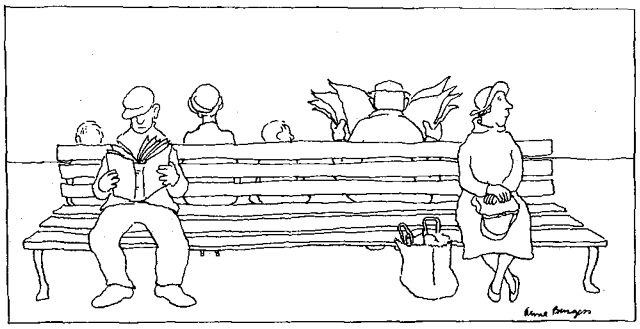
On the slow red clay courts at Stade Roland Garros, in Auteuil, there was a startling upset in the fourth round of the women's singles. Martina Navratilova, who had not lost a match all year, was eliminated by Kathy Horvath, a seventeen-year-old Floridian. With Miss Navratilova dispatched, Chris Evert Lloyd calmly went about the job of winning her fifth French championship. In the quarter-final round of the men's singles, Jimmy Connors, who last year won both Wimbledon and the United States Open, was defeated by Christophe Roger-Vasselin, a young Frenchman of no particular reputation. In the quarter-final round also, John McEnroe, regarded by many as the best player in the world, not only was ousted by the defending champion, Mats Wilander, of Sweden, but became so demoralized during one segment of the match that he lost twenty-three consecutive points. In the final, Wilander was beaten in straight sets by Yannick Noah. The son of a professional soccer player from Cameroon, Noah was born in Sedan, and so the final was a joyous occasion for the keyed-up spectators: for the first time since 1946, when Marcel Bernard carried the day at Roland Garros, the French championship had been won by a Frenchman.

Wimbledon also had its share of surprises and drama. In the third round of the ladies' singles—Wimbledon still calls them the ladies' singles—Mrs. Evert Lloyd was defeated in straight sets by Kathy Jordan, a young American doubles specialist, who had never before played such good and determined singles in an important event. After Mrs. Evert Lloyd's departure, it was simply a question of how many difficult emotional passages Miss Navratilova would encounter on her way to her fourth Wimbledon title. She was in such superb form, however, that during her seven matches she did not lose a set and dropped a total of only twenty-five games. There was one big upset in the men's singles: in the fourth round, Connors was defeated in four sets by Kevin Curren, a young South African who attended the University of Texas. Against Connors, who probably has the best return of serve in the game, Curren was whacking his first serve with such velocity and deception that he scored no fewer than thirty-three aces. After this, the critical match was the clash in the semifinals between McEnroe and Ivan Lendl, the hard-hitting Czechoslovakian player. It turned out to be a spirited affair, with both men going for winners all the way. McEnroe edged his way by Lendl—7-6, 6-4, 6-4—and went on to take the final easily from Chris Lewis, of New Zealand, who had defeated Curren in the other semifinal.

There was, as you can gather from this précis, a good deal for tennis fans to chat about. The point is, though, that their conversations were concerned only to a minimal degree with the matches themselves, and were focussed almost entirely on a series of curious incidents at Roland Garros and Wimbledon that had been featured in the newspaper reports. (Not having attended the championships this year, I, too, was in the position of being largely dependent on the newspaper accounts for my information.) I shall briefly list these incidents, but before I do so, a short glossary seems necessary. The organization that oversees world professional tennis is the International Tennis Federation—the I.T.F.—which is made up of the national associations of the tennis-playing countries around the world. The circuit of professional tournaments for men—which includes the four major championships: the French Open, Wimbledon, the United States Open, and the Australian Open—is called the Grand Prix. Most of the players who appear in the Grand Prix tournaments are members of the Association of Tennis Professionals, a sort of union, which is familiarly referred to as the A.T.P. The body that governs the Grand Prix is the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, whose board is composed of three members of the I.T.F., three individuals connected with the operation of tournaments on the Grand Prix circuit, and three members of the A.T.P. To increase its knowledge and control of the Grand Prix tournaments, the Council employs a group of supervisors who attend these events. They report to Marshall Happer, the Council's top administrator, whose office is in New York City. Up to the 1983 season, fans were fairly conscious of the Council and its powers, but it maintained a relatively low profile compared with what emerged this spring.

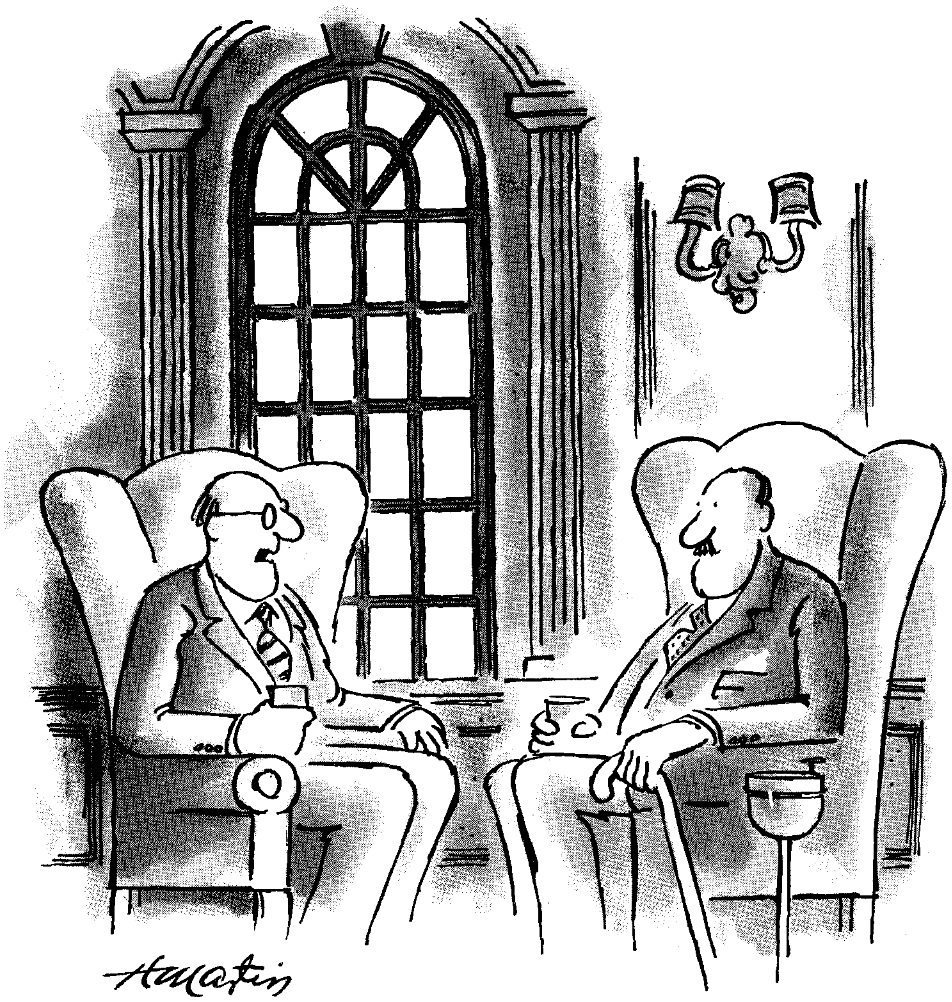
Now, here is the series of incidents that confused and worried the game's devoted fans:

- In the first round of the French Open, in a turbulent match in which McEnroe defeated Ben Testerman, a young American (3-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-7, 6-2), McEnroe lost control of himself. He roundly cursed the umpire—who did not understand much English—and kicked an English photographer's camera. The only action taken that day against McEnroe was to fine him three hundred and fifty dollars for the infraction known as Abuse of Ball. Several days later, however, after reviewing the tapes of the match at the urging of the British press corps, the Council announced that it was fining McEnroe fifteen hundred dollars for obscene language and another fifteen hundred dollars for abusing



the photographer. This brought McEnroe's total fines since the previous year's Wimbledon to fifty-seven hundred dollars and put him in a precarious position, for the Council can impose as much as a forty-two-day suspension on a player who has accrued seventy-five hundred dollars in fines during a twelve-month period. One more raucous outburst by McEnroe might mean his missing Wimbledon. As a matter of fact, McEnroe went into a tantrum in his quarter-final match with Wilander in the French Open after disagreeing with the call on a drop volley, and he kept up a combination of extravagant complaining and clowning for several minutes. He was assessed no fine for this, however.

- On June 7th, right on the heels of Noah's victory at Roland Garros, the Council announced that it had fined Noah twenty thousand dollars and had suspended him for forty-two days for refusing to play his final singles match in the World Team Cup, a minor event that had been held in May in Düsseldorf. The fine and suspension meant that Noah would not be able to play Wimbledon, but that did not come as a blow to him. He does not like to play on grass, and was more than content to rest on his laurels.
- One day later, on June 8th, the Council announced that Guillermo Vilas, of Argentina, had been fined twenty thousand dollars and suspended for one year for accepting appearance money—sixty thousand dollars—to play in a Grand Prix tournament in Rotterdam in March. If his appeal proved unsuccessful, Vilas, the fifth-ranked player in the world, would not be able to represent his country in Davis Cup matches or to appear in any of the Grand Prix tournaments. Incidentally, the organizers of the Rotterdam tournament were fined ten thousand dollars. (Vilas's appeal is still being considered.)
- In the second round at Wimbledon, McEnroe met Florin Segarceanu, of Rumania, and, after some unexpected difficulty in the opening set, defeated him, 4–6, 6–2, 6–3, 6–3. Early in the match, angry with his poor tennis and with the officiating, McEnroe received a warning from the umpire for banging his racquet on the grass, and he was later penalized a point by the umpire when he slammed a ball petulantly into the net after hitting a poor shot. McEnroe subsequently appealed this decision to the tournament referee, and the referee rescinded the penalty point.



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In passing, it should be noted that at present there are four stages in the process that leads to a player's being defaulted in a match. For his first violation of a rule in the Council's code of conduct he receives a warning; for his second violation he is assessed a penalty point; for his third he is assessed a penalty game; and after his fourth he is disqualified. In his bristling arguments with the umpire and the referee during the Segarceanu match, it was reported, McEnroe dared the officials to disqualify him. (For example, he was quoted in the London *Sun* as telling them, "If you call my technicalities, then I'll walk off, and you'll have the default you want.")

- On the same day as the McEnroe-Segarceanu match, Hank Pfister, an American, objected to being penalized for a verbal obscenity, on the ground that he had used not the standard obscenity but a variation on it. Another American player, Fritz Buehning, demanded a change of umpire before beginning his match, and, what is more, got a new umpire. By now, all of this had begun to seem far less like the game of tennis than like "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."
- On the first Saturday of the Wimbledon fortnight, McEnroe and his regular doubles partner, Peter Fleming, won their second-round doubles match. At the conclusion of the match, McEnroe got into a hot exchange of words with some people in the stands. The umpire brought this to the attention of the Council's supervisor, and McEnroe was subsequently fined five hundred dollars by the referee.

It would be unfair to McEnroe, that very complex person, to note only the occasions during the 1983 Wimbledon fortnight when he acted up. He and the officials of the All England Club, which runs the championship, have had their differences since 1981, and

JOHN CORCORAN

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this year McEnroe was hoping, he *said, to avoid any disagreeable collisions.* When he had cooled down after his second-round doubles match, he declared, "I want tennis to be more fun. . . . I'm tired of all these arguments with court officials." In the past, McEnroe has several times made similar statements, but under the stress of tournament play he has seldom been able to prevent himself from relapsing into his familiar patterns. He did, however, control himself well—except for a brief moment in his quarter-final match, with Sandy Mayer, an old antagonist—during the second week of Wimbledon. There is little love lost between McEnroe and Lendl, but when they met in the semifinals they both stuck strictly to tennis—very good tennis. In the final, against Lewis, the first unseeded player to reach the Wimbledon final since Wilhelm Bungert, of West Germany, in 1967, McEnroe had little to worry about, winning 6–2, 6–2, 6–2, but his attitude appeared to be one of fundamentally genuine pleasantness—a marked departure for him—and he communicated this to the appreciative gallery packing the Centre Court.

IT is small wonder that, after digesting this succession of aberrations, dedicated followers of tennis were provoked into expressing their own thoughts and soliciting their friends' on the bizarre state of the game these days. In short, they wondered what had gone wrong with tournament tennis, why it had gone wrong, and whether it was realistically possible to correct the present administrative weaknesses and to restore the game's traditional soundness and sporting atmosphere. Many of them felt that the Council's approach to regulating tournament tennis was synthetic in the extreme and had undoubtedly encouraged the objectionable court behavior of many of the younger players.

Veteran observers of my acquaintance were particularly bewildered by the Council's fining and suspending Vilas for taking appearance money from the organizers of the Rotterdam tournament. Having been around the game for a long time, these observers were well aware that before open tennis arrived, in 1968—as the natural successor to amateur tennis at the highest level of competition—it had long been customary to pay appearance money under the table to the star players. It was the stars who filled the stands. The observers further felt that in the mid-seventies, when Björn Borg and Jimmy Connors were the two biggest names in tennis, it was common knowledge that it had again become standard practice to pay the champions substantial sums to guarantee their appearance in a tournament. Whatever prize money these players proceeded to win in the tournament was regarded as a wholly separate thing. The fact is that professional tennis has in the last half-dozen years burgeoned into a multimillion-dollar business on an international scale. It brings in colossal amounts of money not only to the champions and the contenders but to the organizers of the major championships and circuit tournaments, the television networks that cover these events, the agents who represent the players, the manufacturers whose products are bought by the tennis crowd, and the operators of tennis clubs and camps—to list the most obvious beneficiaries of the game's abundant popularity. When one considers that the total amount of prize money at the eighty or so Grand Prix tournaments staged each year comes to about twenty million dollars, it is easy to see how the most successful players earn millions annually. Add to this their earnings from other tennis appearances, their multiple personal endorsements, and their other subsidiary activities, and their income exceeds that of any other athletes, jockeys and some boxing champions excepted, and is surpassed among performers who are their contemporaries only by a few rock stars.

When the players being dealt with are millionaires, it makes no impression at all to levy minuscule fines for breaches of the Grand Prix code of conduct. At the present time, for example, the fine for failing to appear at a post-match press interview is a thousand dollars—peanuts not only for the superstars but for at least the top thirty-five players in the A.T.P.'s computerized rankings. The higher a man's ranking, the larger the amount of appearance money he can expect to receive from the director of a tournament. He can also count on far more lavish personal attention—a perquisite that means a great deal to someone trying to cope with the constant problems of a nomadic existence. A high ranking also makes a player more attractive to a promoter of the type of tennis entertainment usually called an exhibition, in which four or eight players forgo that week's Grand Prix event or events in favor of participating in a special event somewhere else. Champions of the stature of Borg, Connors, and McEnroe are said to be able to command close to two hundred thousand dollars per exhibition, and this does not usually include the prize money they pick up. The stars of lesser magnitude who fill out the brackets in these special events are also well taken care of financially. Some of them feel that the higher-ranked players get away with misconduct for which they themselves would be penalized, but they are far from discontented with their lot. If they can grind away on the Grand Prix for five years or so, they, like the young men who follow the sun on the professional golf tour, can amass enough money to be set for life.

It seems to be unanimously agreed that the severest blow for a tournament player is suspension from the Grand Prix circuit, as in Vilas's case, for a lengthy period. While a suspended player can make some sort of living from exhibitions, he is cut off from his principal source of income—tournament prize money—and there is always the possibility that the shadow cast on a man by official suspension,

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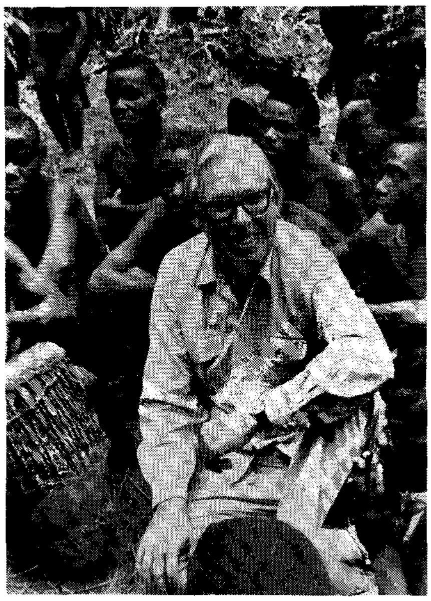

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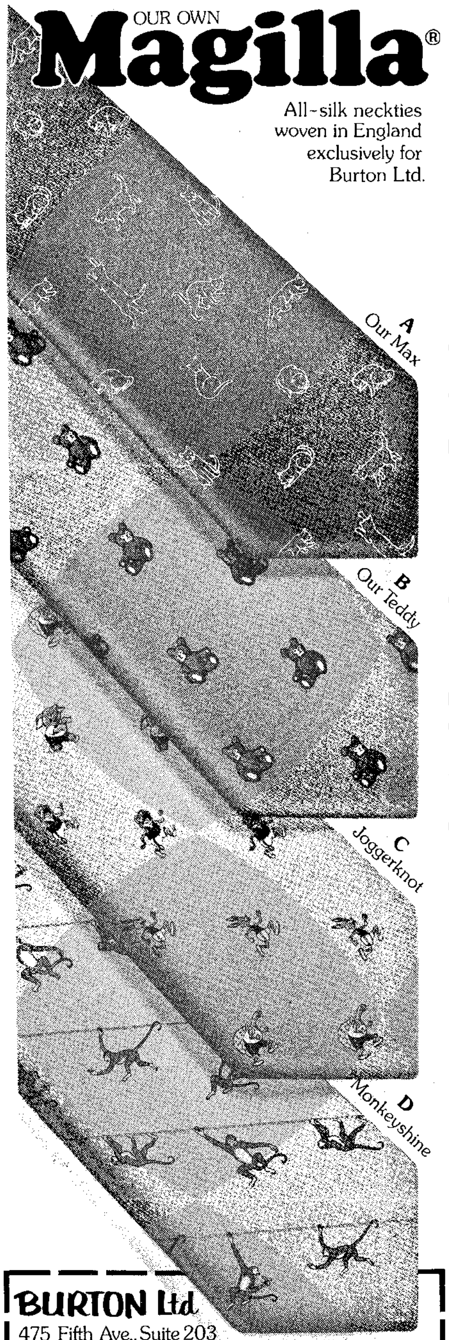

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whether merited or not, will have a substantial effect not only on his earning power but also on his position in the game and perhaps on his life in general. Champions and players with strong gallery appeal appreciate their own value and always have. They understand that if a big attraction is forced to withdraw from a tournament because of an injury it can kill the sale of tickets and jeopardize the financial success of the event. The absence of prominent players poses the same peril for a network that has contracted for the television rights to the tournament. The only comparable danger for the tournament and the television network is to have an important player disqualified during the progress of the event because of arrant misbehavior. From its beginning, tennis has had its bad actors. Only one need be mentioned here—Earl Cochell, of California. An able player, who was ranked in our national top ten for four straight years after the Second World War, Cochell would from time to time go berserk on the court. In 1951, in the round of sixteen in our national championship, at Forest Hills, he was defeated by Gardnar Mulloy, 4–6, 6–2, 6–1, 6–2. When Mulloy had taken charge in the second set, Cochell, after making a needless error, banged a ball way out of court and began to return Mulloy's serve left-handed. In the next set, he served underhand and argued loudly with the spectators, who resented his making a travesty of the match. During the intermission between the third and the fourth sets, he was warned by the referee that he would be defaulted unless he played serious tennis. The fourth set was completed, but two days later the Executive Committee of the United States Tennis Association banned Cochell from the national championship and all other U.S.T.A. tournaments for life. This seemed excessive punishment even at the time. It certainly seems so today, in light of the gentle treatment accorded the chief offenders in recent times.

The first of the really troublesome players to appear after the advent of open tennis was Ilie Nastase, of Rumania. A lean, handsome, magnetic man with graceful ground strokes, astonishing reflexes in the forecourt, and a deceptively powerful service, Nastase won the Italian Open in 1970 and 1973, our Open in 1972 (after losing the Wimbledon final that year), and the French Open in 1973. He was a moody man, but few people were

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prepared for the flagrant change in his court personality after he had passed his peak years as a player. He began to resort to every possible crudity, including abusing the officials, in order to disconcert an opponent and extricate a match he was in danger of losing. On many occasions, he should have been defaulted, but tournament committees, knowing what a gate attraction he was, went out of their way to prevent this. As far as I know, Nastase was never technically defaulted in a significant match.

As Nastase's standing as a player was starting to decline, Connors came to the fore. His first important victories were scored in 1974, the year he turned twenty-two, when he won both Wimbledon and the United States Open. He had previously established himself as an aggressive player, who loved to pound his opponents into submission with flat, heavy drives from the baseline. He had also shown himself to be a belligerent young man, not averse to taunting opponents with off-color gestures and language, which he considered appropriate comments on line calls he did not agree with. Connors, who went on to win our championship in 1976 and 1978, was a hero to a highly vocal legion of spectators. After his marriage, in 1979, and the birth of a son, his behavior on court improved discernibly, but during his earlier years at the top, when it had sometimes been shocking, he was never defaulted in a major event. Many old tennis hands felt then, and still feel, that the U.S.T.A. and the other national tennis associations abdicated their responsibility by failing to take action against Nastase and Connors. A number of the critics have not been reticent in pointing out that the large crowds these two players lured to the stadiums were attracted not by the prospect of watching first-class tennis but by the hope that some dramatically unruly scene would erupt.

It is hardly to be wondered at that many young players, having witnessed the liberties that Nastase and Connors had taken and got away with, patterned themselves after them. McEnroe stands out in this category, of course, because of his singular skill. By this past August, he had won Wimbledon twice (in 1981 and 1983) and the United States Open three times (in 1979, 1980, and 1981). McEnroe has gone through several stretches, including an eight-month period in 1982, in which he has played surprisingly wobbly tennis; but when he is at

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his best he is thrilling to watch—his shotmaking is so exquisitely produced and flows so easily and smoothly. What a repertoire of strokes he can call on! To begin with, he has a left-handed serve that is practically unreadable and often untouchable, especially when he slices it at an acute angle into the ad court. Fleet of foot, he skims over the court with unbelievable quickness, and his uncommon sense of anticipation brings him to the ball perfectly on balance and poised to execute the stroke he has decided on. With his exceedingly flexible wrist, he can play an unlimited variety of strokes in the forecourt, and few of the famous volleyers of earlier eras have had as soft a touch or as instinctive a sense of angle. Most tennis authorities are so impressed by McEnroe's talent that they are inclined to think that if he handles himself intelligently, and so assures himself suitable longevity, he has a chance to leave behind a record that will entitle him to a stature comparable to that of the greatest players of all time. Their appreciation of the rareness of McEnroe's gift for tennis lies at the bottom of the fury he engenders in them—and all lovers of tennis—when he acts up. How can he not be aware, they ask themselves, that he is defacing the swift, exact, audacious beauty of his tennis?

When McEnroe is unhappy on court and is bent on demonstrating the fact, he presents many diverse phases of his persona, depending on his mood and the immediate circumstances. Sometimes he comes across first and foremost as a willful, spoiled child, who *will* argue endlessly if he wants to. At other times, one is primarily conscious that he is projecting himself as the only person in the stadium who really knows where the ball landed on that last point—indeed, the only person in tennis whose mind has never entertained error. There are also times when he seems totally out of control—in the grip of some strange sickness, of which he is not cognizant. He is an enigma, to say the least, and prompts a thousand speculations. For one, would it have made a significant difference, as some people believe, if back in 1981 the officials at Wimbledon had stepped in during his first-round match with Tom Gullikson, another American player, and defaulted him when he went into an extended tantrum? It is impossible to know. Would any major tournament dare to default him today, even if he clearly deserved it? It is hard to say. However, there is little

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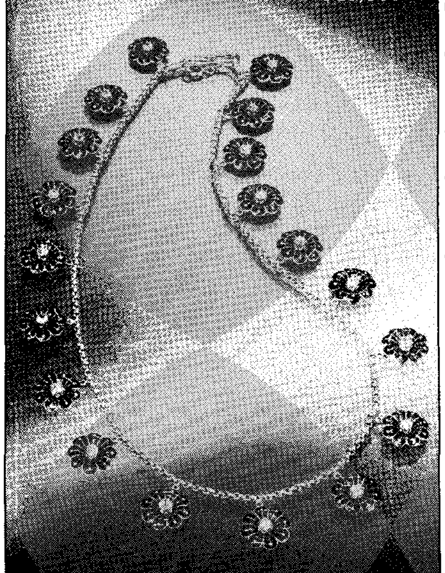

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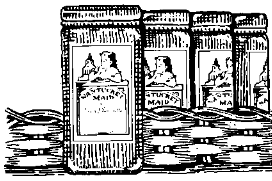

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question that it is imperative for tennis to face up properly to the problems presented not simply by a McEnroe but by, say, a Buehning, who wants the umpire changed before the start of a match, or a Pfister, who argues against being penalized on the absurd ground that he used a variation on an obscenity and not the obscenity itself. Moreover, it seems equally essential for organized tennis to face up squarely to the efficiency and integrity of its own operations these days. If so much of the old sporting ambience and distinctive charm of tennis have been seeping out of the game, could this not be due in part to the puzzling procedures of the Council in particular and also to an absence of true leadership in the tennis establishment in general?

THESE were some of the things that I had been ruminating about for weeks when, in mid-July, I paid a visit to Harry Hopman at his tennis camp—Harry Hopman's International Tennis, which is in Largo, on the west coast of Florida, a half hour from Tampa. Hopman seemed to me to be the ideal person to talk to, for he has been at the heart of tennis for over half a century. He is best remembered, of course, as the coach and nonplaying captain of the unforgettable Australian teams that, in the years between 1950 and 1967, won the Davis Cup no fewer than fifteen times. There has never been a cornucopia of talent to compare with Frank Sedgman, Ken McGregor, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Neale Fraser, Roy Emerson, Rod Laver, Fred Stolle, John Newcombe, and Tony Roche, to name only the mainstays of the succession of superior players who under Hopman made tennis seem like an Australian game. The Aussies were marvellous for tennis. It was not only their magnificent play but the spirit with which they approached competition that made them so admired. The Australian code of sportsmanship was based on two principal tenets. The first was that a player never questioned a linesman's call. In the end, anyhow, the calls usually evened up. The second was that if a player was injured he did not play the upcoming match, and, conversely, if he played the match he was not injured. There was no room for alibis and excuses. Rugged, direct, and resourceful, the men who made the Davis Cup teams had the backbone to meet these standards. Some other candidates for the teams lacked it—among them players endowed with

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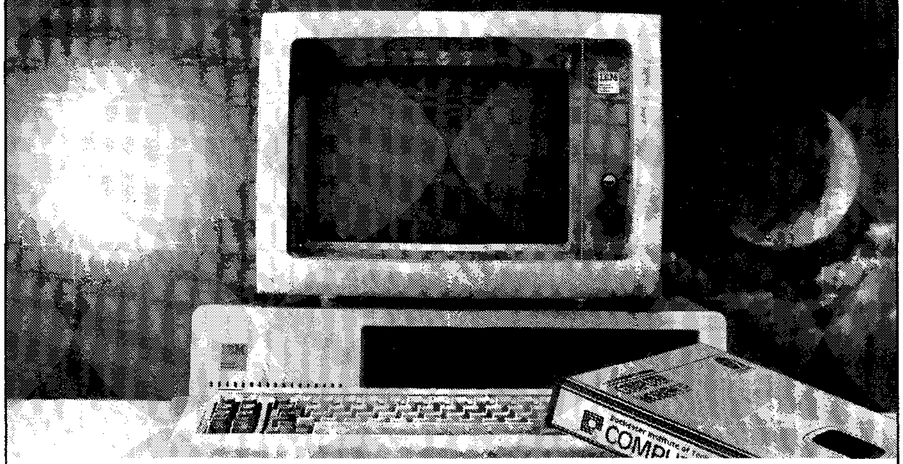

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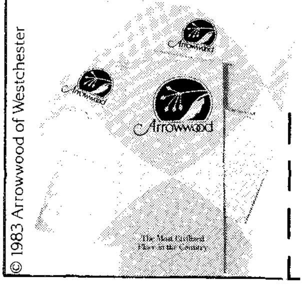

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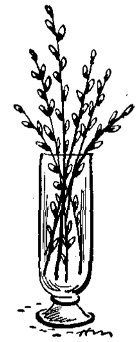
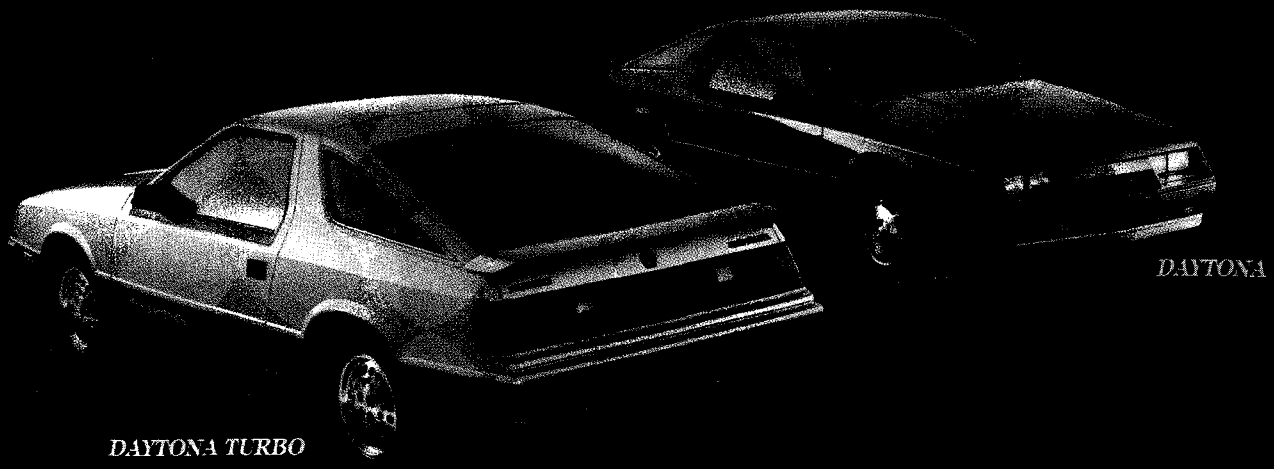
outlandish talent—and so they were not selected to represent their country. The man who set these criteria and enforced them was Hopman. The world of sports has changed vastly since the nineteen-fifties and sixties, but I figured that Hopman would be able to tell me, if anyone could, whether it was possible for tennis to reëstablish itself as the great international game it had been, and recapture something of its former glory.

Hopman's life, too, has changed vastly since the coming of open tennis. He had previously devoted a large share of his time to coaching tennis, but he had always done it on an amateur basis, earning his living as a sportswriter until 1956 and then as a stockbroker. He wanted to continue coaching, but the idea of coaching as a professional in Australia didn't sit right with him, and he made a momentous decision. In 1970, he left Australia and came to this country, where he became associated with Hy Zausner, the founder of the Port Washington Tennis Academy, on Long Island. Hopman had always preferred working with junior players, and the Tennis Academy presented him with this opportunity. He remained there until 1975, and then he left to start a tennis camp at a resort called Treasure Island, not far from Largo, that had opened shortly before. It had been a lifelong dream of Hopman's to run a tennis camp of his own, and Treasure Island, which had many more courts than the Port Washington Tennis Academy, looked like the perfect place. Late in 1976, when Treasure Island was encountering financial problems, Hopman entered a joint-venture agreement with the operating board of Bardmoor, a nearby real-estate development in Largo that had got under way in 1968 and whose chief attraction was that many of its lots overlooked one of three eighteen-hole golf courses. Hopman's International Tennis opened there late in 1976. Today, its facilities consist of ten hard courts, which had earlier been built by Bardmoor, and thirty-two clay courts. During a fifteen-week summer session, which starts in May, the camp is crammed with just under two hundred boys and girls. Some of them are there for two or three weeks, but others—young players with serious tennis ambitions and well-to-do parents—stay on at the camp anywhere from four months to a full year. The camp serves as the headquarters for Andrea Jaeger, Kathy Horvath, and Bonnie Gadusek, three high-ranked young players whose families live in the Bardmoor area. When the heat and the humidity of summer are past, the complexion of life at International Tennis changes. Many of the older inhabitants of the Largo area—a good percentage of them are retired people who own property at Bardmoor—return from the cooler climates where they have spent the summer and take to the tennis courts again. International Tennis is an altogether fitting name for Hopman's camp: players from more than ninety foreign countries have attended it, and a large proportion of the instructors on the staff come from overseas.



Running an operation as intricate and time-consuming as a top-rung tennis camp can make for a frenetic life, but Hopman, who rises at six-thirty and has hardly a moment to himself until he and his wife, Lucy, sit down to dinner, clearly thrives on it. I was amazed at how well he looked. Except for a few brief conversations at tournaments or tennis affairs, I had not seen him for a number of years, but his appearance has changed very little. He still has the lithe and trim look of an athlete. His hair is still a sandy gray, his face has few lines, and his light-blue eyes still gleam with pleasure when a happy reminiscence comes to mind. At the time of my visit, about a month before his seventy-seventh birthday, most people, I think, would have taken him for a man in his middle fifties. On the court, when he is engaging in rat-a-tat drills at the service line with a group of pupils, there is an honest-to-goodness nimbleness to his movements and a nice sharpness to the way he hits the ball. When I later told him how phenomenally fit he seemed, his expression became faraway and much deeper, as if a hundred different things were going through his mind. "You should have seen me a couple of years ago," he said thoughtfully, moving his head from side to side in wonderment. "I was about all through. I could barely move at all. I went into hospital and had that double-hip-replacement operation. The results were like magic. I can do things again."

Tennis has been at the heart of Henry Christian Hopman's life ever since his boyhood. Born on August 12,



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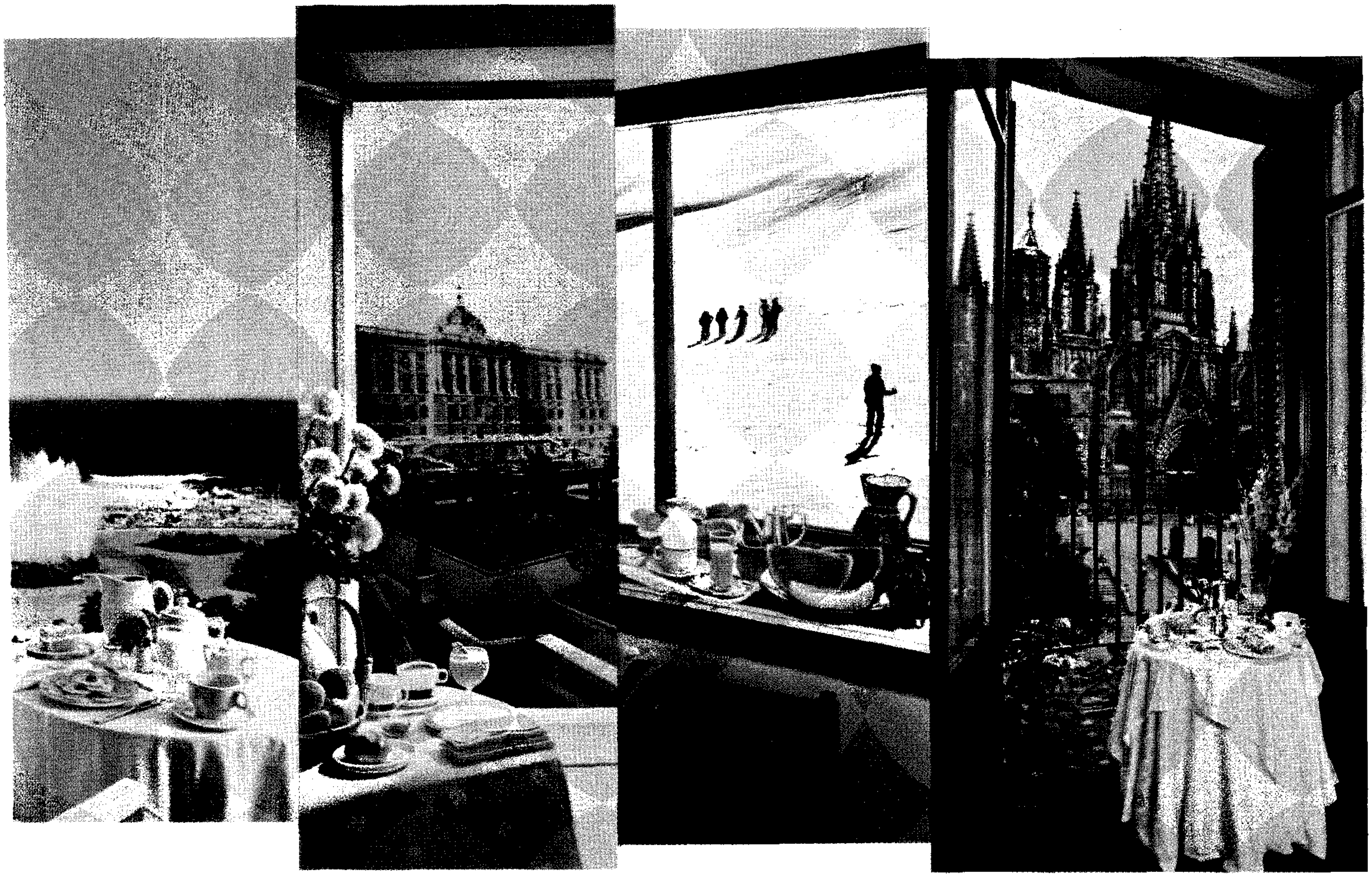

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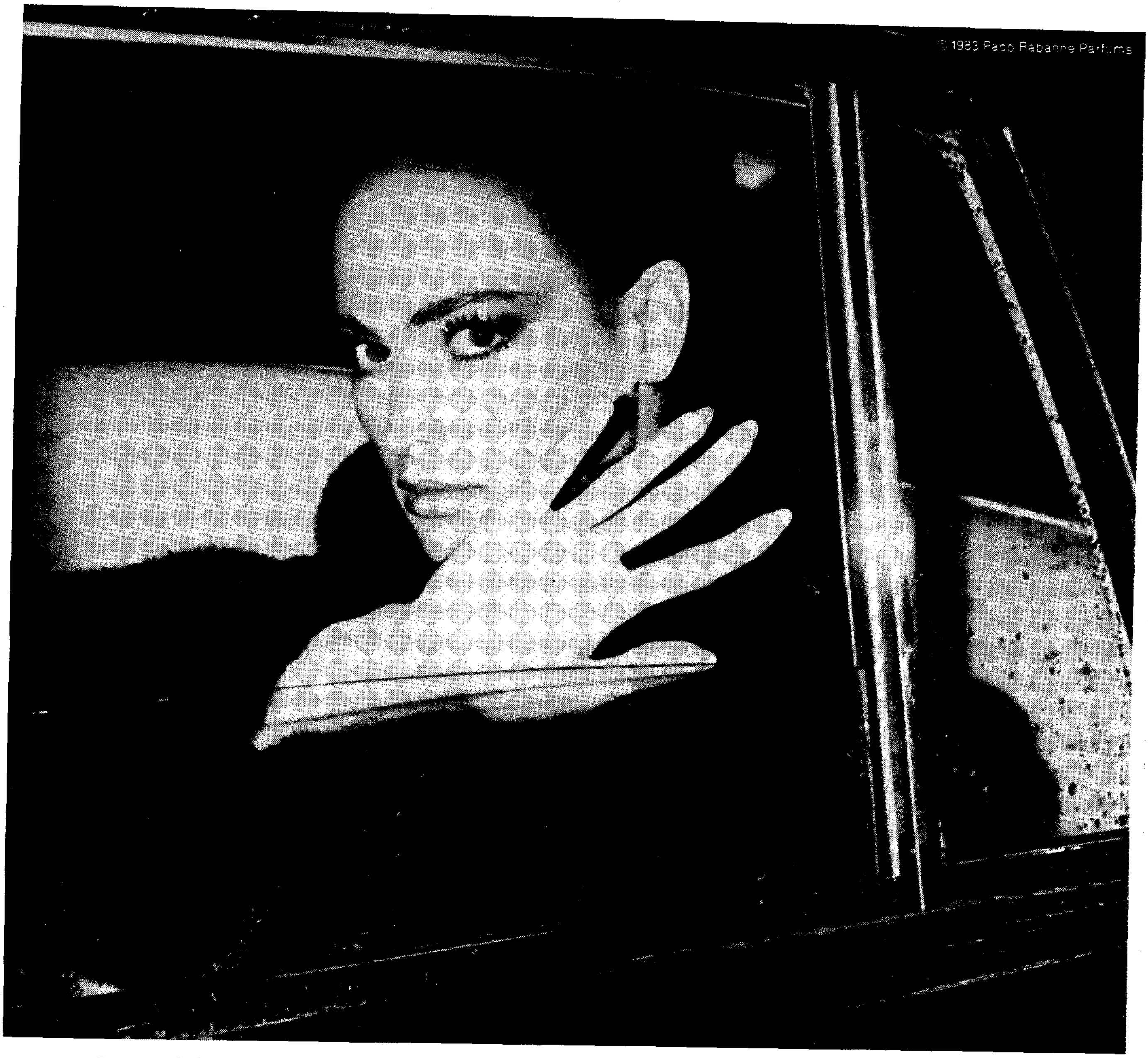
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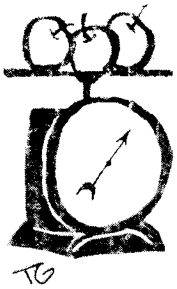
Bloomingdale's

1906, in Rose Hill, a town fourteen miles from Sydney, he was one of eight children—three boys and five girls—of John and Jennie Hopman. Mr. Hopman was a headmaster in the New South Wales public-school system. As a headmaster, he taught all subjects, and he put in a good amount of time in country towns before being assigned a school in Sydney. His wife, too, was a teacher; she taught cooking in the New South Wales school system. Mr. Hopman's aim was to provide his children with a good education, and all of them except Harry went on to Sydney University or to New South Wales Teachers College. Four of his sisters and his older brother became teachers. That brother, John Hopman, Jr., spent fifteen happy years in Cambodia as Prince Sihanouk's private tennis tutor.

As a very young boy, Harry was mad about soccer, but this passion came to an abrupt halt when he was thirteen and his father had a tennis court built in the family's back yard. Harry's love for tennis became so consuming that before he finished high school he was able, with his father's consent, to escape from further education and go to work for a sporting-goods firm in Sydney that specialized in tennis equipment. He and another Sydneysider, Jack Crawford, who was a year and a half younger, soon stood at the top of the rankings in New South Wales. (Crawford went on to become a singles player of world class, and in 1933 he won Wimbledon.) When they were still in their early twenties, Hopman and Crawford were selected for the Australian Davis Cup team, along with the veteran Gerald Patterson, who had been the Wimbledon singles champion in 1919 and 1922. "We challenged in the European Zone that year," Hopman told me. "Crawford and Patterson would play the singles, and I would play the doubles with Gerald. I looked pretty good as a doubles player then. I don't know how or why, but I had a reliable overhead. And Gerald had such a big serve that I got many opportunities at net. Do you know how long it took our boat to get to Marseilles? Five and a half weeks! We were scheduled to meet Italy in the first round of the Davis Cup at Genoa, but before that we played in the tournament at Monte Carlo. It was one of the biggest ones then. And who do you think I drew in the first round at Monte Carlo? René Lacoste. He'd beaten Tilden the previous summer in the match that won the Davis Cup for France. After Monte Carlo, we played our Cup match with Italy, which we lost. Then we played in the French championship, some tournaments in England, and, finally, Wimbledon. I learned a lot on that first trip to Europe."

Hopman returned to Europe in 1930 and 1932, two years in which Australia sent a Davis Cup team abroad. In 1932, he played some of the finest tennis of his life, although not in Davis Cup competition, as it happened. In the Queen's Club tournament, just before Wimbledon, he defeated Ellsworth Vines, the rising American star. When they met again in the fourth round at Wimbledon, Vines won in straight sets, but two of the sets were hard-fought and close; in one of them Hopman twice held set point. Vines, playing better and better from round to round, ended his run by routing Bunny Austin in the final with the loss of only six games. Hopman's conquest of Vines at Queen's was perhaps the acme of his career as a singles player, although in 1938 he went on a wonderful tear in the autumn, after our national championship at Forest Hills. He reached the final in the Pacific Southwest championship, in Los Angeles, and right after that he defeated the great Don Budge in the Pacific Coast championship, in Berkeley—Budge's last tournament as an amateur. By the middle nineteen-thirties, Hopman had become best known as a doubles player. He and his first wife, the late Nell Hopman, won the Australian mixed-doubles title in 1936, 1937, and 1939, and in 1939 he won the United States mixed doubles with Alice Marble.



In addition to his victory over Vines at Queen's, 1932 was a watershed year for Hopman. He left Sydney and moved to Melbourne, the rival metropolis. The Spalding Company had recently built a large plant on the outskirts of Melbourne, and Patterson, who headed the company's activities in Australia, offered Hopman the job of representing Spalding—getting the virtues of its equipment better recognized by the players and the public—as he travelled the tournament circuit to Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, Perth, and many dusty points in between. On taking up resi-

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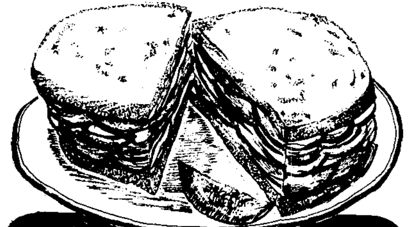
dence in Melbourne, Hopman joined Kooyong, the home club of the Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria. As a Melburnian, he became ipso facto the No. 1 player in the state of Victoria. During the next five years, his influence on Australian tennis grew, one position or accomplishment leading as naturally and logically to the next as the steps in a staircase. Since he liked to teach, he was put on one of the club coaching staffs at Kooyong. His facility for speaking about tennis clearly and interestingly led the Melbourne *Herald* to ask him to join its sports staff. Shortly afterward, a column called "Talking Sports with Harry Hopman" began to appear six days a week. He covered other sports besides tennis for the *Herald*, but tennis, of course, received his chief attention. After a couple of years, he knew more about more Australian players than anyone else around, and, with his ability to appraise talent incisively, he knew which of the young hot shots then stirring up excitement and hopes might have the mettle to develop into players as good as the emerging stars in Europe and the United States.

Hopman's unequalled knowledge of the Australian tennis scene gained him such respect that he was appointed playing captain of the 1938 Australian Davis Cup team. With John Bromwich and Adrian Quist playing the singles and also the doubles, the team made its way to the Challenge Round at the Germantown Cricket Club, outside Philadelphia, where it lost, 3–2, to an American team made up of Budge, Bobby Riggs, and Gene Mako. Then, a year later, on the eve of the outbreak of the Second World War, Australia, under Hopman's leadership, won the Davis Cup for the first time ever. (During the first three decades of this century, players from Australia and New Zealand had combined to form teams that represented Australasia; they had carried off the Cup six times between 1907 and 1919, but that was something else.) In 1939, the Challenge Round was staged at another old and celebrated club on the edge of Philadelphia, the Merion Cricket Club. Even though Budge was no longer available, because he had turned professional, the United States was favored to win. This looked very likely at the end of the first day's play: Riggs had defeated Bromwich in straight sets, and Frank Parker had defeated Quist in four. In the doubles, the next day, Bromwich and Quist lost the first set to Jack Kramer and Joe



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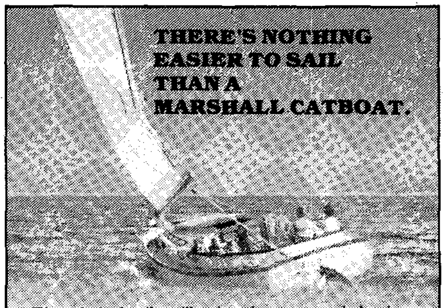

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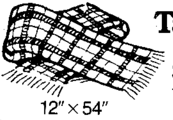

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Hunt, but they hung in there and swept the next three sets. On the third day, to the consternation of the gallery, Quist outlasted Riggs, 6–1, 6–4, 3–6, 3–6, 6–4, and Bromwich had no trouble at all with Parker—6–0, 6–3, 6–1. Australia 3, U.S.A. 2. Bromwich, Quist, and Hopman returned home as national heroes.

WHEN the war was over and international sports were resumed, it came as a surprise to many that Hopman would not be continuing as captain of the Australian Davis Cup team. It is anyone's guess why he was passed over. Australia may be a comparatively young and unsophisticated country in some respects, but there has always been considerable contention, brusque and slick, for the positions of power in the country's first love—sports. This is particularly true of tennis. Just as every Scot thinks he knows the last word on golf, and every Irishman believes he is without peer as a judge of horseflesh, every Australian regards himself as an unapproached authority on tennis. In any event, Patterson was chosen to captain the 1946 Australian Davis Cup team; it was blanked 5–0 at Kooyong by an American team that included Jack Kramer and Ted Schroeder. In 1947, when Roy Cowling took over as captain, Australia lost to the United States 4–1 in the Challenge Round. The next two captains were playing captains. They were Quist and Bromwich, in that order, and each met with similar failure, their teams losing in the Challenge Round 5–0 and 4–1 respectively. It was then, rather tardily, that Hopman was asked to come back. In the years after the war, he had continued with his journalism and his coaching, the latter on a strictly amateur basis. He had worked especially hard coaching a tall, thin young man from the Melbourne area named Frank Sedgman. Besides improving Sedgman's strokes and his knowledge of how to use them to maximum advantage, he sent him to a local gymnasium to build up his physique. The mature Sedgman was a wonderful physical specimen and a formidable player. In 1949, after Sedgman knocked off Bromwich in the final of the Australian championship with the loss of only seven games, the country's sports pundits began to think that Harry Hopman probably did know something about tennis after all. In 1950, Hopman's first year back at the helm, he was fortunate in that the

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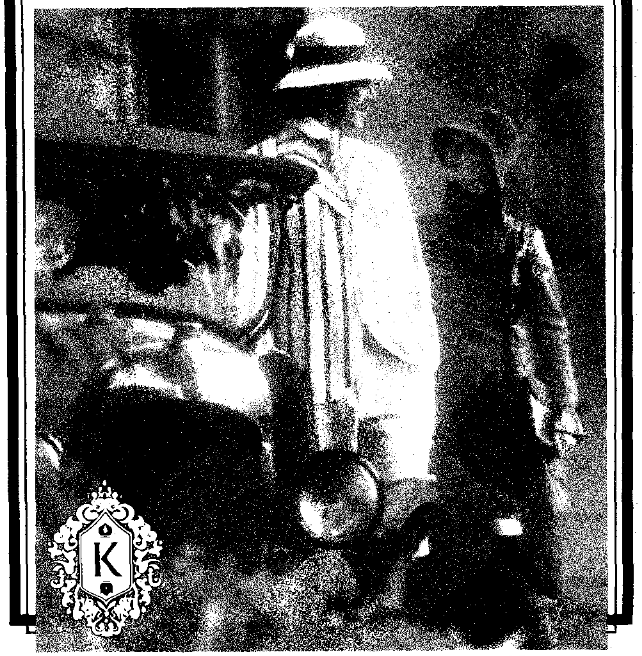

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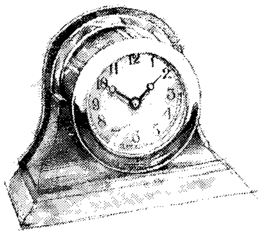

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American team that the Australians opposed in the Challenge Round, at Forest Hills, did not include our most spectacular postwar prospect, Richard (Pancho) Gonzales. He had turned professional. Gonzales's absence undoubtedly had a good deal to do with Australia's 4–1 victory, but Hopman looks back at this Challenge Round from a somewhat different point of view. Sedgman won his two singles, as was generally expected. What wasn't expected was the performance of Ken McGregor. The son of one of the most celebrated of all Australian Rules football heroes, McGregor, a strong and handsome athlete, was also a standout at Australian Rules football—much more so than he was at tennis, in the opinion of most observers. Hopman was about the only person who thought that he had it in him to be a player of Davis Cup class. He told McGregor that he would have to move to Melbourne from Adelaide, his home town, in order to get in all the practice he needed. McGregor did this. He worked hard—all of Hopman's charges did—but not many people were impressed by the degree of his improvement. They granted that he complemented Sedgman well in the doubles, but they thought that Mervyn Rose, a young left-hander, was the man to fill the other singles slot. Nevertheless, Hopman chose McGregor over Rose in the Davis Cup Challenge Round. He had been watching him closely in practice, and felt that he was rounding into his best form at just the right time. "At the official draw, when McGregor's name was pulled out of the Cup along with Schroeder's the American boys couldn't help grinning," Hopman recalled during my visit. "They thought they could all beat McGregor. Well, Ken won it in three straight sets—13–11 in the first. That was McGregor. He understood the occasion, and he gave it everything. He did this again for us in the Davis Cup in 1952. He could get ready at exactly the right time. He was wonderful."

Another of Hopman's strong points was his farsightedness in having well-prepared young men to take over when Davis Cup heroes opted to become professionals. In 1953, after Sedgman and McGregor had joined the pro tour Hoad and Rosewall, both of them barely nineteen, were ready to step in; in 1957, when Hoad and Rosewall turned pro Mal Anderson and Ashley Cooper were ready; in 1959, when they were needed Fraser, Laver, and

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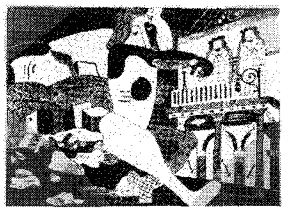

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Emerson were ready—and so it went, with very few gaps, as Stolle, Newcombe, and Roche matured and took over. Hopman was never without his critics, though. He was second-guessed vehemently when the United States won the Davis Cup in 1954, 1958, and 1963—particularly in 1963, when he was blamed for picking a very young Newcombe for the second singles spot and also for bypassing Stolle as Emerson's partner in the doubles in favor of going with a somewhat superannuated Fraser. What Hopman's detractors seldom or never mentioned was that after each of the three times that Australia lost the Cup the team went over to the United States and regained it the very next year.

Hopman's success depended on his ability to conjoin many talents. Here is a quick list of some of them:

He seldom if ever tried to change a player's natural game. If Rosewall was most at home at the baseline, fine. If Fraser's style was strictly serve and volley, fine. But each player was expected to be alert and to pursue the proper tactics against his opponent in every match.

He was among the first to recognize how valuable strenuous physical training could be for tennis players. When his teams travelled, they stopped at a hotel (like the Kensington Palace Hotel in London) or rented a private home (like the old Fred Stone house near the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills), so that there was someplace nearby where they could get in some running.

He was a shrewd judge of ability. He did not let a big forehand drive or a big serve or a big smash overly impress him. "Everyone can smash well close up to the net or at the service line" he said to me. "It's a little different putting away a smash when you're a step from the baseline."

He held exacting practices. He invented all kinds of drills to develop his players' reflex actions. Perhaps the best known is the two-on-one volley triangle, in which one player stands a yard and a half or so from the net on one side of the court and is peppered with shots by two players on the other side. Many of Hopman's drills were (and are) based on hitting the kinds of shots that catch a player off balance, break up his rhythm, or force him to reverse the direction he is moving in, and also on other ugly stuff hit at his feet or just out of reach or over the wrong shoulder. Hopman thinks it a waste of time for players to practice by feeding

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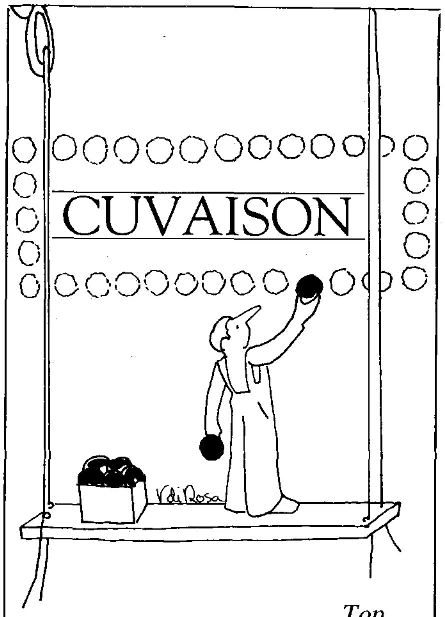

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each other lollipops down the middle of the court in a game in which most points are won by hitting the ball fairly close to the sidelines.

Hopman, as the son of a stern disciplinarian, never thought of himself as a disciplinarian, though other people frequently did. He considered himself an organizer. While he ran a very tight ship, it should be brought out that he firmly disagreed with the people in the Australian tennis hierarchy who were all for taking tough disciplinary action against young players who had departed in any way, shape, or form from the prescribed code of conduct. He felt that, more often than not, overly severe punishment would turn out to be the wrong thing—the young players would react in just the way you didn't want them to. A case in point involving Lew Hoad, who was eighteen at the time—in that era, an unusually early age for a top player—took place in 1953 at a tournament in Perth. One of the oldest of the country's tennis officials had been so disgusted by Hoad's behavior that he wanted to ban him from everything—the national championships, the Davis Cup, the lot. Hopman rushed to Hoad's defense. Many people thought he did this because he wanted Hoad to be available for Davis Cup play, as indeed he did, but he knew Hoad to be a good, warmhearted fellow. "Lew could get down on himself when he was playing poorly," Hopman explained to me. "He was the kind of kid who, when he was disappointed with his tennis, was not at all averse to using the great Australian adjective freely, just as so many of us do. That was about the extent of it, though." Hopman felt that Hoad's behavior at Perth did not constitute adequate grounds for the penalty proposed. His support undeniably had a good deal of influence on the tennis association's decision, which was not to bar Hoad from play.

Hopman set high standards off the court for his teams. They wore ties and jackets when they ate in their hotel dining room, in London or on the Continent. Hopman insisted on good manners. Earnest, soft-voiced Rosewall was in the habit of tapping on the table with his knife. "That was definitely out of place," Hopman told me. " 'Muscles,' I said to him, 'that drumming will cost you two.' One was sixpence, two was a shilling. I used to take out a little black book and enter the amount of the fine, but this was just a gesture. No one was ever asked to pay. We were representing Australia, that was the point, and I wanted us to behave like gentlemen in all ways."

During his regime, Hopman also set high standards of behavior for his players on the court. In tournaments at home, Hoad was just one of the many who sometimes used the great Australian adjective, but doing so in Davis Cup competition was taboo. As for the use of other obscene language on the court, Hopman would not tolerate it. He several times refused to select a highly proficient doubles star for the Cup team because that player's language could be outrageous. Hopman felt that good sportsmanship was essential to tennis—that without it the game would lose its intrinsic appeal. He knew from experience that just about every player beefed about line calls now and then, but in his mind any protracted display of disgust over a call was unacceptable. He made it explicit that in Davis Cup play no Australian player should ever question a linesman's call. As an eminently practical man, Hopman was convinced that, besides detracting from the spirit of the occasion, arguing decisions helped opposing players. Few of them were as fit physically as the Australians, and time spent arguing gave them a chance to rest up and regather their energy.

Hopman's fondness for Roy Emerson rested above all on his being the team man par excellence, but it also derived from the fact that Emerson exemplified the credo that there is no substitute for hard work. "Emmo was a player who relied on getting in a second serve that was eighty-five per cent as good as his very best serve. Along with this, he relied on his first volley. No matter where he was when he got his racquet on the ball—whether he was lying on his back or standing on his ear—he would make a first volley that had something on it.

At every workout he would practice serve and volley against Owen Davidson. Davo was a left-hander with an excellent forehand, so for Emmo it was like serving to a right-hander's backhand. He would serve to Davo for an hour and a quarter a day, sometimes longer. Serve and one volley. That's all. No rallies, no pauses. Serve and one volley."

Hopman had a shrewd eye for gauging whether a player he might need in the future was improving, and in just what respects. He was patient with Laver. Laver had an exceptionally flexible wrist and loved to crack the ball hard, so there were plenty of days when the ball flew miles out of court. "It wasn't so much control that Laver started to get as power and confidence. For instance, he learned how to deal with a type of ball that had always given him trouble—a smash that bounced high to his backhand. He had such a strong arm and wrist that there was no reason he couldn't slam the ball, and he did start to slam it with his backhand—straight down the line. And then, of course, he reached the stage where, during exchanges, he began to hit more and more passing shots off both sides that were sizzlers."

One of Hopman's most valuable, and least recognized, abilities during the two decades he headed the Australian Davis Cup team was the way he could take young men of disparate temperaments and handle them so that they got along together rather happily, and sometimes famously, as a team. Disparate temperaments and varied backgrounds: Sedgman's father was a plasterer. Rosewall's father ran a grocery store in the Rockdale section of Sydney, and later bought a plot of land containing three clay courts, which he rented out. Hoad's father was an electrician for the trolley-car company in Sydney. Fraser's father was a licensing judge in Melbourne. Newcombe came from Sydney, where his father was a dentist. Emerson's father raised dairy cattle in the Outback, in Queensland. Laver's father also raised cattle—in Rockhampton, just about on the Tropic of Capricorn, on the coast of Queensland. Don Candy's father ran a pub. Rex Hartwig's father was a farmer. Anderson's father also was a farmer. Cooper's father was a schoolmaster. Stolle's father worked for the New South Wales railway company. And so on. On the court, not only in Cup matches but in tournaments in which it was each man for himself, the Aussies of this period were something

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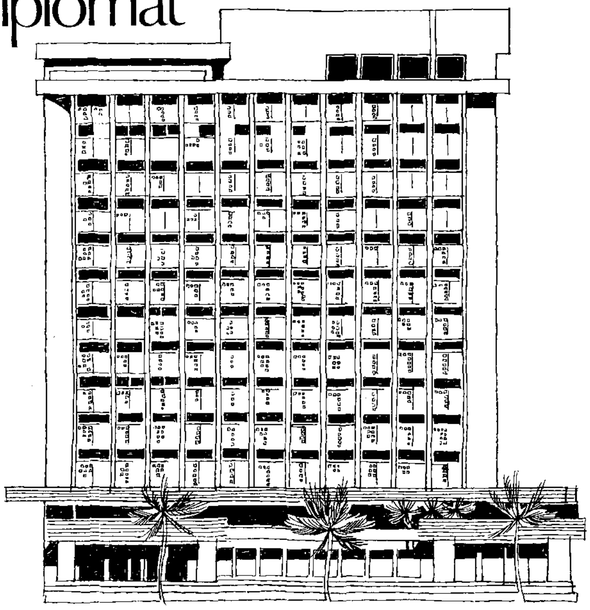

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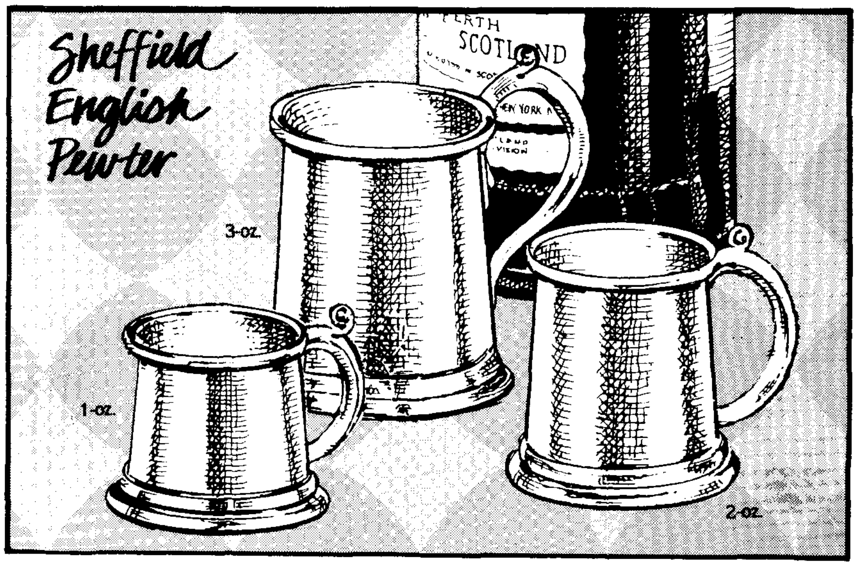

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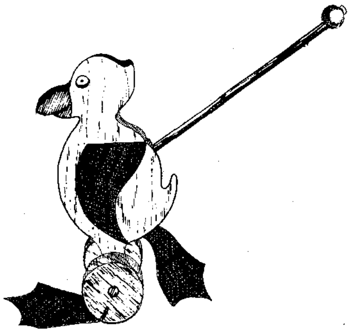

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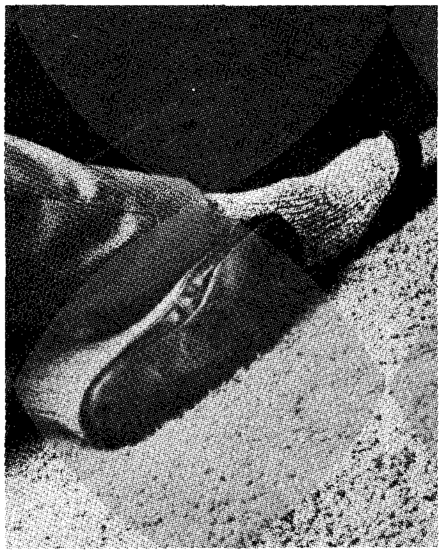

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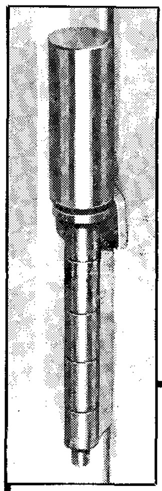
Hopman is exceedingly modest about the importance of his role in the Australian Era. "Things were a lot different in those days, you must remember," he said during our talk. "Our success in tennis meant a very great deal to our country—a small country all those thousands of miles from the acknowledged centers of the tennis world. The pride that Australians took in their Davis Cup teams was enormous. The ambition of every Australian boy was to get good enough to represent his country in the Davis Cup." A pause. "My chief contribution, I think, was that I was able to pass on to the fellows some of my experience in such a way that it became a natural part of their learning, their growing up.

"Mind you, as I say, that was a simpler world. The boys who were on those Davis Cup teams stayed together for six months of the year—sometimes for as many as nine months. You can imagine how much they gained from having the opportunity to practice against players of their own advanced standard over that long a period. In the present complicated age of pro tennis, with its agents, its sponsors, and its A.T.P. rankings, and with two or three, or even four, big-prize-money events going on the same week, why, it would be impossible to send over a team of our best young players and expect them to stay together for even a couple of months. The fellows would all want to play different schedules, so that they wouldn't be knocking each other out of the same tournament. They would rather pick up easy money somewhere else."

WHEN Hopman decided to leave Australia and embarked on a new career as the head of the teaching program at the Port Washington Tennis Academy, the most promising prospect at the Academy was, as fate would have it, a reddish-brown-haired eleven-year-old boy by the name of John McEnroe, Jr. Two younger brothers of his, Mark and Patrick, were also enrolled at the Academy, which was primarily a club for juniors—eighteen and under. Hopman's first



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impression of John McEnroe was that he had class as a tennis player. A supple left-hander, he could really handle a racquet. He liked to chip the ball, practice topspin and the other spins, and, in general, experiment with a wide variety of strokes. Hopman's second impression was that McEnroe had a tendency to be a smart-aleck. The first time that Hopman went on the court with him, he quieted him down a little. He personally coached McEnroe until the middle of 1975. At one period, McEnroe started to do a bit of racquet throwing—possibly influenced by another young player, who finally had to be expelled from the Academy because of his racquet throwing and unbridled rudeness. "We curbed John's racquet throwing but we could not curb his intensity," Hopman recalled when we talked. "I remember in particular a match he played when he was thirteen against a very good player from St. Petersburg—a boy about the same age. After some points in which John had played a bad shot, he would walk from the baseline back through the small opening in the middle of the canvas curtains in front of the fence. He'd go through the curtains with his eyes closed, and then he'd walk out again with his eyes still closed. A very intense boy."

In the spring of 1976, nine months after Hopman had left Port Washington to establish his own tennis camp at Treasure Island, McEnroe, then seventeen, was suspended for six months from the Academy by Hy Zausner, the director, because he had taken part in a schoolboy prank at a resort hotel which involved a tennis buddy of his and could have had dangerous repercussions for the other guests at the hotel. When John McEnroe, Sr., who had got to know Hopman well, learned of his son's suspension, he telephoned him in a state of considerable distress. As McEnroe, Sr., viewed it, the suspension could not have come at a worse time. John was just about ready to start concentrating all out on his tennis. His father wanted to know what could be done. After telling McEnroe, Sr., that he would get back to him as soon as he could, Hopman telephoned Tony Palafox, who, as it happened, had also left the staff of the Port Washington Tennis Academy the year before, in order to take the post of head professional at the Cove Racquet Club, in nearby Glen Cove. Hopman explained the situation and came to the point: Palafox had to find

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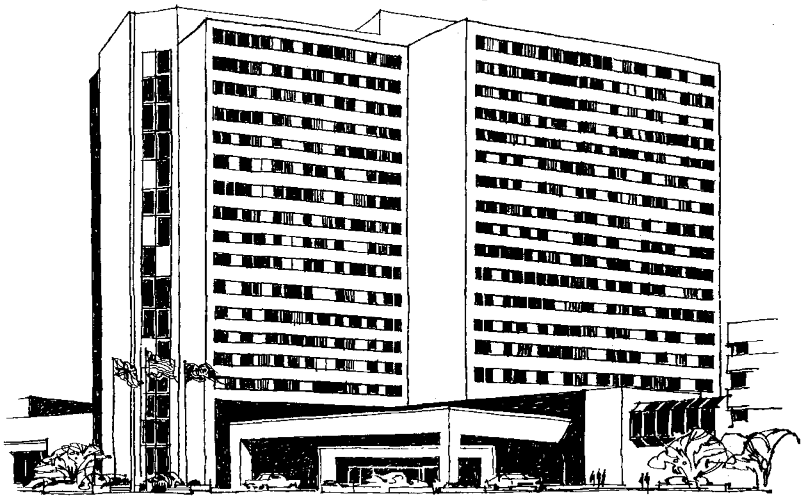

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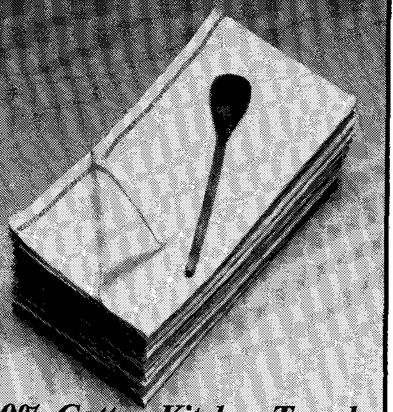

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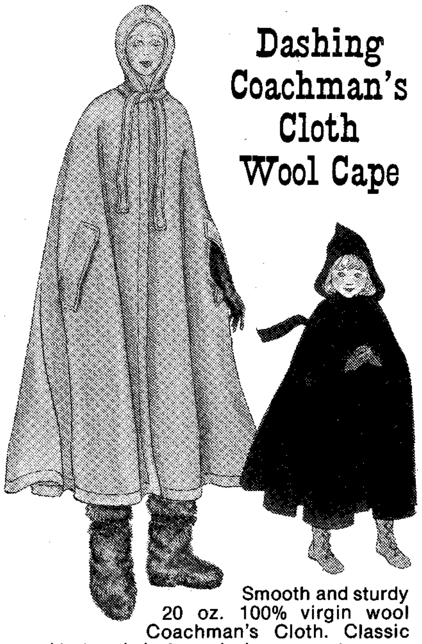

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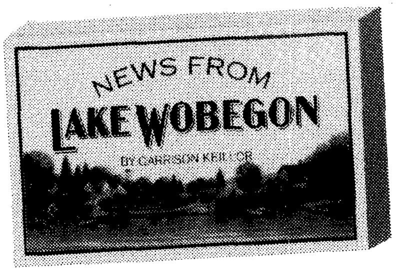
a spot in his teaching schedule for McEnroe. Palafox replied that it simply wasn't possible—he had only six courts, and they were booked solid. Hopman then said with emotion, "Tony, we owe it to this kid. He's got such talent we've just got to do something." After twenty minutes of further conversation, Palafox said that, one way or another, he would find the time to work with McEnroe. The relationship between Palafox and McEnroe proved to be a most productive one. McEnroe's tennis improved so quickly that in the summer of 1977, when he was eighteen, he reached the semifinals at Wimbledon.

Four years later, in 1981, McEnroe won Wimbledon, defeating Borg in the final, 4–6, 7–6, 7–6, 6–4. Several weeks after this, Hopman received another urgent telephone call from McEnroe, Sr. His son's triumph at Wimbledon had been marred by his lamentable conduct in two matches—in the first round, against Tom Gullikson, and in the semifinal round, against Rod Frawley, of Australia. McEnroe had begun to act up on court as early as 1977, but at Wimbledon in 1981 he had gone to new extremes. In the Gullikson match, after a series of arrogant attacks on the umpire he asked him to summon the referee, and he ended his exchange with the referee by swearing at him. The Wimbledon Committee of Management did nothing at that time, but a day later it was announced that McEnroe had been fined fifteen hundred dollars. The Committee of Management further stated that any future misconduct by McEnroe could result in his being fined ten thousand dollars and being suspended from Grand Prix tennis for a period of time. Early in his semifinal with Frawley, McEnroe made frequent trips to the umpire's stand, where he hotly and impolitely argued the correctness of an inordinate number of line calls. In the first set, McEnroe received a warning from the umpire, and in the third set he was penalized a point. Some two months after Wimbledon was over, the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, having received and considered a request from the Wimbledon Committee of Management that McEnroe be fined ten thousand dollars for his misbehavior during the tournament, issued the statement that it was levying a fine of five thousand dollars on him. McEnroe, Sr., protested that decision. He felt that no fine at all against his son was justified. The



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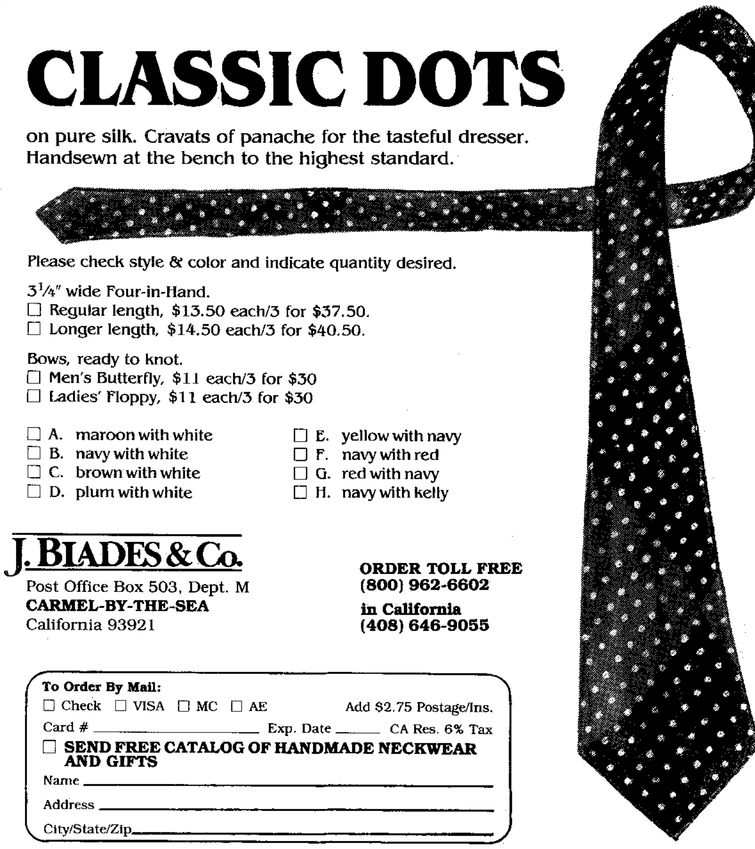
Council's response was to arrange for a panel of three arbitrators to review the case. The Council had the right to select one of the arbitrators. It picked Judge Robert J. Kelleher, of California, a former president of the U.S.T.A. McEnroe, Sr., had the right to choose one arbitrator. He put in a call to Hopman and asked him to serve as his selection. He mentioned, among other things, that the Council had put together a film that was a composite of McEnroe's alleged breaches of the code of conduct during his matches at Wimbledon. Hopman told McEnroe, Sr., that he would first have to look at the film. He saw it on his next trip to New York, and consented to serve on the panel. He and Kelleher agreed that Lawrence W. Krieger, a New York lawyer who had long been close to tennis, was a logical choice for the third member. After several delays, the panel finally met in late November. Predictably, their session was an empty formality. To be binding, the panel's decision had to be unanimous, and Hopman, as everyone knew he would, voted for McEnroe.

WHEN I went down to Largo in July to see Hopman, I was certainly aware that he was a loyal friend of the McEnroes. However, I also thought of all the years, from Rose Hill to Bardmoor, in which tennis had been at the center of Hopman's life. Above all, I thought of his twenty-two years as the leader of the Australian Davis Cup teams. It seemed to me that for Hopman the good of tennis came ahead of anything else.

During my stay at Harry Hopman's International Tennis, the temperature was in the nineties, the humidity was very high, and the atmosphere had the heaviness of a pea-soup fog. This had little or no effect on Hopman. Of course, he was dressed right for it: white cotton sports shirt, white shorts, white socks, and tennis shoes in which long gashes had been cut on both sides of the laces to help the circulation of air. We talked in his office at the camp headquarters; at dinner; in his silver-blue Mercedes; and in his golf cart—his favorite means of transportation during the day. Most of the time, though, we did our talking at the Hopmans' air-conditioned house. The carpet and walls of the living-room area are an off-beige, I think, but I can't remember much else about the décor. I was much more conscious that it was filled with piles of newspapers and tennis magazines, stacks of tennis



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pamphlets, old tournament programs, and tennis books, and heaps of notebooks, schedules, and assignment sheets. As Mrs. Hopman expressed it, the living-room area is furnished in the only style that is possible when you run a tennis camp. During my talks with Hopman, I thought often of how little he had changed since the first private chat I had had with him. That was back in 1959, when I happened to be in Melbourne at the time the Victorian championships were being held. The day I went out to Kooyong, it occurred to me to ask if Hopman was on hand, and an official pointed him out. He was standing at the top row of the concrete stands, so that he could observe the matches in progress on the field courts. Every now and then, he would interrupt our pleasant conversation to snap out some brisk remark—"Never heard of the lob?," "Hopeless!," or "That's more like it!," for example—occasioned by a point he had been watching. In his living room at Bardmoor, with few distractions besides the telephone, he talked eloquently and at length not only about the good old days but about the difficult new ones.

For example, I brought up the subject of the court behavior of young players.

"We have had very few incidents of bad sportsmanship at camp," he said. "I don't know why, but we haven't. We won't stand for racquet throwing, and I can't tell you how much I have always abhorred obscene language. To bring youngsters up correctly, there has got to be someone to discipline them—discipline them in the sense of explaining to them how sports should be played. The Florida Tennis Association has a very good program. It now has a young man—its only paid employee aside from the secretary—who, among his other duties, goes around the state and educates the people who run tournaments about how they should act in the event that taking action is necessary. This year, there was a case in one of the very young age divisions of the Florida state championships where one kid—a good little player—gave the umpire the finger and used some very bad language. The umpire stopped the match and sent for the referee. The referee threw the boy out of the tournament. It might do him some good. There's no question that watching some of the top players acting up on TV has had a big influence on young players, but I don't think enough stress is placed on the role that parents play through blindness to their own child's faults. If their own child does it, it's funny. If some other child does it, it's contemptible. Tennis parents put tremendous pressure on their children through their eagerness for results that could increase the possibility of a college scholarship. Some parents have no understanding of the game and of the normal winning and losing process, and they have no idea that there's quite a lot of pressure on the player who wins."

Hopman is not exactly delighted with the code of conduct set for professional tennis by the I.T.F., the A.T.P., and the directors of Grand Prix tournaments who created the Men's International Professional Tennis Council in 1976, and whose representatives have since constituted the Council's executive board. He is not pleased, either, with the way the code of conduct has been administered by the Council's supervisors in the field and by its chief administrator. He doesn't believe that a player who drives a ball into the net should be called for Abuse of Ball—a violation of the code. "I think it's absolutely ridiculous to ask someone who misses an easy shot and who has another ball in his hand not to occasionally hit it into the net," he said during our talks. "To show some irritation at playing a lousy shot—those are moments that come to all of us. Whacking the ball into the stands, where it might hit someone, is an entirely different thing. And Abuse of Racquet. I've seen McEnroe called for Abuse of Racquet when all he did was toss his racquet down when he wanted to towel himself off."

Many people in tennis feel as strongly as Hopman does about the questionable interpretations of the Abuse of Ball and Abuse of Racquet rules. (The very terms suggest something from the Middle Ages.) What makes these rules and others in the code of conduct even more controver-

sial is that, as I mentioned earlier, a player called for four violations is automatically disqualified from a match. Hopman, as one might imagine, does not believe that the four-stage sequence, subject to the individual interpretation of the umpire, has worked to the benefit of tennis. His prescription is simple: "If a player's behavior is way out of line, the umpire should give him a firm warning. If the player's behavior continues to be way out of line, the umpire should default him." He believes that if the governing bodies of tennis want to stop bad behavior it is crucial to have officials and supervisors who really know tennis, and it is no less crucial for players on all levels of the game to be treated the same by the officials and supervisors.

In one of our talks, I remarked that many friends of mine believe that the bulk of the people who attend the United States Open these days do so not to watch the tennis but to be where the action is, much in the way that people go to hockey games to watch the fights. "I like watching tennis at the Wimbledon level," Hopman said. "The people who come out really enjoy the tennis. They want to see tennis. This is one of the reasons that McEnroe met with such disfavor when he disrupted things." It was inevitable that we discuss why Hopman, as a member of the Council's three-man arbitration panel in 1981, had voted for McEnroe. "I flew up to New York to watch the U.S. Open that year," he said. "That's when I saw the film Mr. McEnroe had told me about. It was a seventy-five-minute film taken from the thirty-nine and a half hours of tennis—singles and doubles—that McEnroe had played. It was supposed to depict the worst of McEnroe at Wimbledon in 1981. To me, it depicted the worst of Wimbledon." The thing that was most upsetting to Hopman took place in the McEnroe-Gullikson match. "McEnroe had asked the referee to come to the court, and, after they had talked, McEnroe stopped him as he was leaving and called him a four-letter word. The referee should have put him out then and there—defaulted him immediately." A bit later, Hopman added, "If the organizations that run tennis today are ever going to get some punch in their rules, they've got to make their decisions at the time an infraction happens. It's futile to let it go for weeks or months."

I asked Hopman why none of the top

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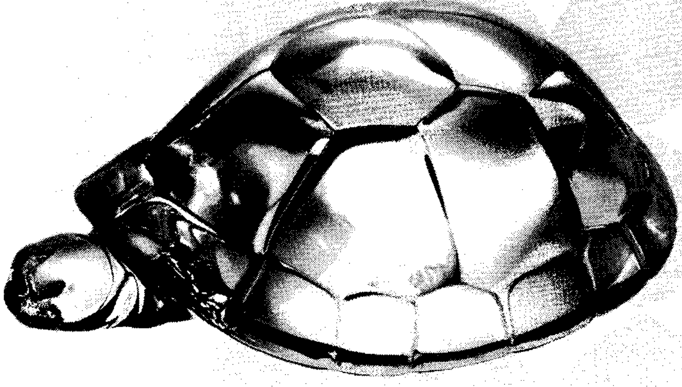

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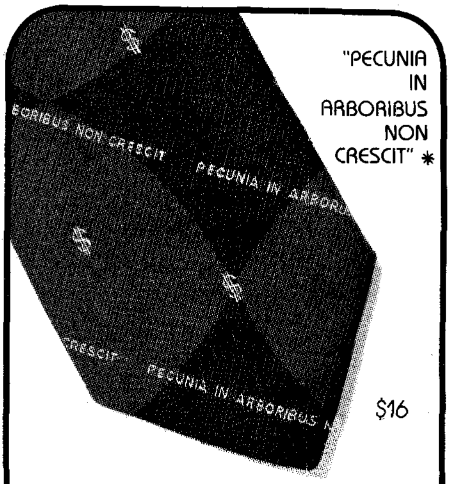
players had been defaulted in recent years when it seemed that they had patently deserved to be. Was it because, in this era of megabucks, the men in charge of a tournament felt that if they defaulted a player of reputation they would lose money at the gate that year and also run the risk of that player's bypassing that tournament in future years? Was it because the television networks paid huge sums for the television rights to the big tournaments, and to default a star when millions of viewers were tuned in to watch him play was out of the question? Some of the top players apparently did feel safe from being defaulted.

"For the sake of the game, you can't give in to TV," Hopman said emphatically. "You can't give in to TV even if it means depriving some of the players and tournaments of a million dollars. The game's more important than that." He thinks that if you have to default a player in the final of a big championship you must default him, even if this means that, in place of a completed final, TV has to put on some other match, such as one between the two beaten semifinalists. "It's just that there's so much money in tennis that people maybe are afraid to act," Hopman continued. "I don't know. Maybe they're just afraid to put somebody out. But once they put somebody out tennis is going to improve."

I hope Hopman is right, as he has been most of the time during his sixty-five years in tennis. In the course of our talks, I told him that, like many of my friends, I am troubled that unless something is done about it soon we may lose the best expression of the game and end up with a distortion of it, because of the inroads of the insidious game-within-a-game. In the great matches we all remember, the two players threw the best they had at each other, endured bad passages and came on again, and were able to call on themselves at hard moments for a daring maneuver or a show of just plain resolution that seemed beyond their power. Somehow—and this is one of the reasons the matches were memorable—while the players were giving so much of themselves each was always aware of the regard due his opponent, and the matches were played in the glow of sportsmanship. Sometimes that spirit seems present today, but not very often.

THE first week of a two-week tournament—such as our Open—has a decidedly different atmosphere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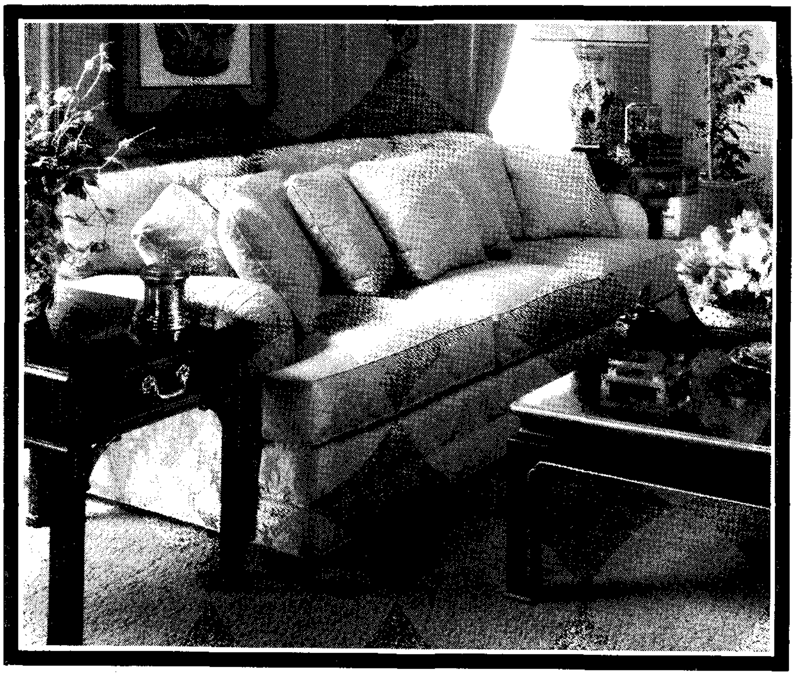
from the second, when the top-seeded players start to collide en route to the finals. During the first week at Flushing Meadow this year, the spectators, as is their custom, moseyed around each day, picking up a segment of a star's match with a comparatively unheralded entrant in the Stadium Court (which seats slightly over twenty thousand people), looking in on the players on display in the Grandstand Court (which seats about six thousand), and wandering into the maze of field courts to catch a glimpse of some up-and-coming youngster. On the first day of this year's Open, the schedule of featured matches was on the dull side. I found a shady seat in the Grandstand Court and caught an hour's play—Mima Jausovec, of Yugoslavia, was up against Paula Smith, of La Jolla—before moving to the Stadium Court to watch McEnroe's match with Trey Waltke, of Los Angeles. McEnroe, Lendl, and Connors had been seeded one, two, and three, respectively, in the men's singles. Waltke had given McEnroe some difficulty in two of their three previous encounters, but on this afternoon McEnroe swept through the first set, 6–1. He wasn't playing nearly as well as the score indicated—the middle part of his body seemed to lack its usual flexibility, and his shoulder motion when he was serving wasn't all that smooth—but after he went to 4–1 in the second I left the Stadium in order to rove the field courts. I had been doing this for about an hour and a quarter when loud, excited cries erupted from the Stadium. This meant, most likely, that Waltke had taken the third set. I headed for the Matches in Progress scoreboard. There I learned that Waltke had not only won the third set, 6–4, but had also won the second, 7–5. McEnroe was in trouble. By the time I got back inside the Stadium, McEnroe had jumped off to a 2–0 lead in the fourth set and was commanding play. He moved quickly through that set, 6–0, although he was still not playing with his customary fluency, and then added the fifth set, 6–1. I had missed the big McEnrovian to-do, however. In the fifth game of the third set, I learned, he had become nettled with a fan who was seated in the first row at the north end of the stands and was rooting enthusiastically for Waltke. McEnroe had walked over from the baseline and delivered a harsh flow of words rebuking the fan. Not only that but he had reached into a pants pocket and pulled



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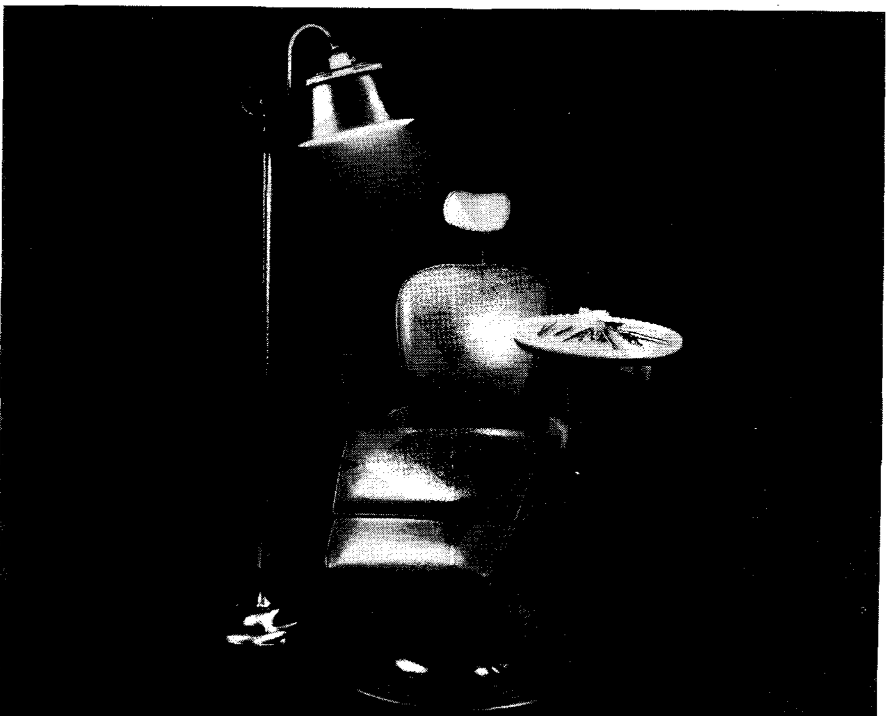

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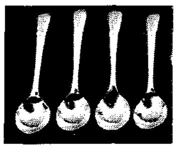

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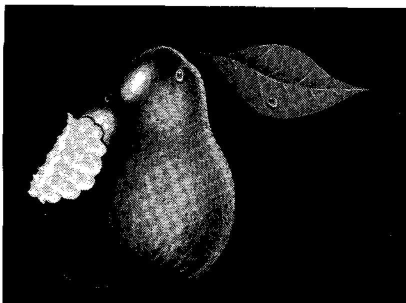
out some sawdust and thrown it at him. (A number of players carry sawdust to help dry their hands.) The umpire at length got McEnroe to resume play, but the altercation with the Waltke rooter was to prove a burden for McEnroe. At the end of the match, he was fined a thousand dollars for Abuse of Spectator, and, what with also picking up a fine of three hundred and fifty dollars for Abuse of Ball and a fine of five hundred dollars for Abuse of Umpire, his fines for the day came to eighteen hundred and fifty dollars. This was serious business. It brought his total fines over twelve months of Grand Prix play to seventy-three hundred dollars. Another minor infraction and his total fines would pass the seventy-five-hundred mark, and he would be automatically suspended—not disqualified from the Open but suspended from other Grand Prix competition for at least three weeks following the Open. In this case, a suspension would have been a drastic punishment for McEnroe. At the end of September, the United States was scheduled to meet Ireland in a Davis Cup match in Dublin, and McEnroe, who prides himself on being the one American superstar who is always available for Davis Cup duty, had been looking forward with eagerness to this occasion.

On Thursday, the third day of the championships, I saw a second-round match that was extremely gratifying: on Field Court No. 3, John Lloyd, of England, defeated José Higueras, the bearded Spaniard, in straight sets, 6–3, 6–4, 7–5. Higueras had been seeded tenth in the Open. The fast DecoTurf II asphaltic surface of the courts at Flushing Meadow was of considerable assistance to Lloyd against Higueras, who is at his best on clay. Lloyd benefitted also from a midsize graphite racquet, which he had lately taken to using. It has probably increased the speed of his serve at least twenty-five per cent, and it has put much more bite into his forehand. Lloyd's win was a popular one. A pleasant, modest young man, he has had his troubles on the court since 1978, when he was ranked as high as twenty-third on the world computer. By this summer, because of a general loss of form and a series of injuries over the years, he had slipped all the way down to the two-hundred-and-seventy-second position on the computer, and was exceedingly fortunate to receive one of eight wild-card spots in the Open championship. In 1979, Lloyd married Chris Evert, and this past year the company that has



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long manufactured her racquets came up with a midsize graphite model and sent several of them to her. She found that they didn't suit her, and went back to her old wooden-frame racquet, with its regulation-size head. Lloyd, however, liked the midsize graphite and stayed with it. His victory over Higueras was his most notable victory since he defeated Roscoe Tanner back in 1977. It bolstered his confidence conspicuously. After being down two sets to one in his third-round match with Terry Moor, of Memphis, he raced through the next two sets, 6–0 and 6–1. He had an excellent chance to win his fourth-round match, with Mark Dickson, a good young touring professional out of Tampa, but let it get away from him, 6–7, 7–6, 6–0, 7–6. It was buoying to see John Lloyd play such good tennis after so long a stretch in the wilderness.

During the first week of the Open, I was conscious, as I am annually, of how many gifted young players there are that I had scarcely heard of. Without a doubt, the most talented youthful phenomenon that this year's tournament produced was Aaron Krickstein, the son of a pathologist from Grosse Pointe, Michigan. A quiet young man of average size who turned sixteen in early August, Krickstein two weeks later won our national junior championship—an event for players eighteen and under. This accomplishment earned him an automatic wild card in the Open draw. In the third round, he came up against Vitas Gerulaitis, a seasoned internationalist if there ever was one. After losing the first two sets, Krickstein, the picture of coolness, won the last three. In the fifth, he trailed Gerulaitis 2–4, but five double faults by Gerulaitis in his next two service games led to his undoing. In addition, Krickstein took full advantage of his opportunities. He hits the ball very sweetly, and he knows where to hit it. In the fourth round, he was stopped in straight sets by Noah, but there is no question that we will be hearing a great deal about him in the future.

On Labor Day, the start of the second week, the first big upset took place: McEnroe was defeated in four sets by Bill Scanlon, of Dallas. Scanlon's career is an interesting one, and its ups and downs are typical of the good times and bad times encountered by many of the touring professionals who do not have the security of being ranked regularly in the top twenty-five on the world computer. At Trin-

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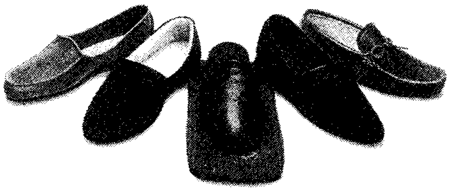

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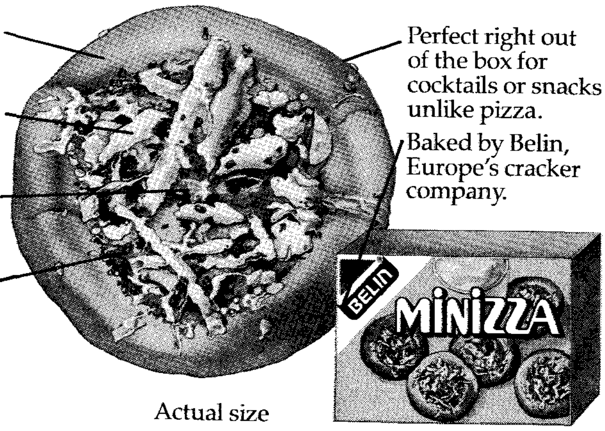

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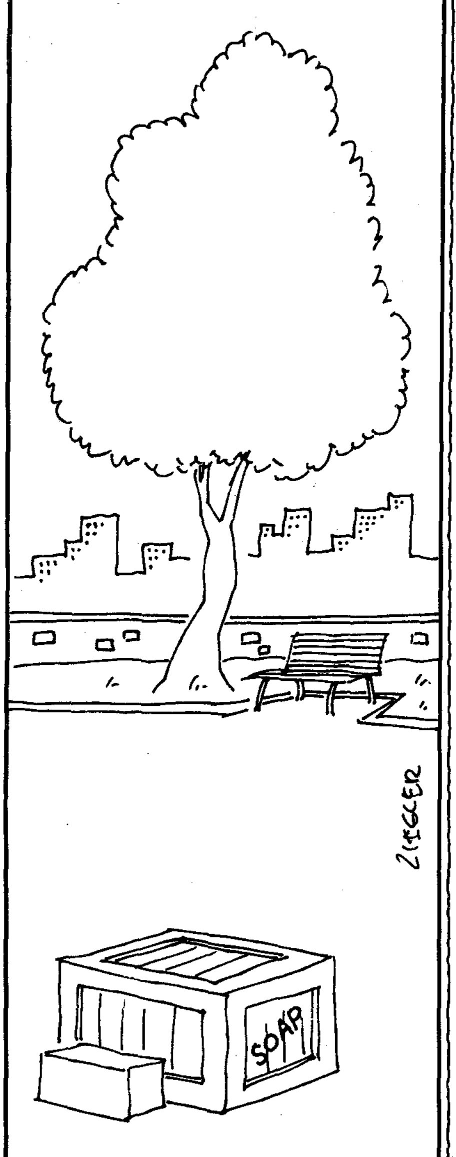

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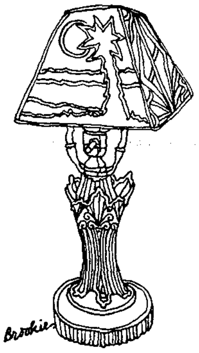
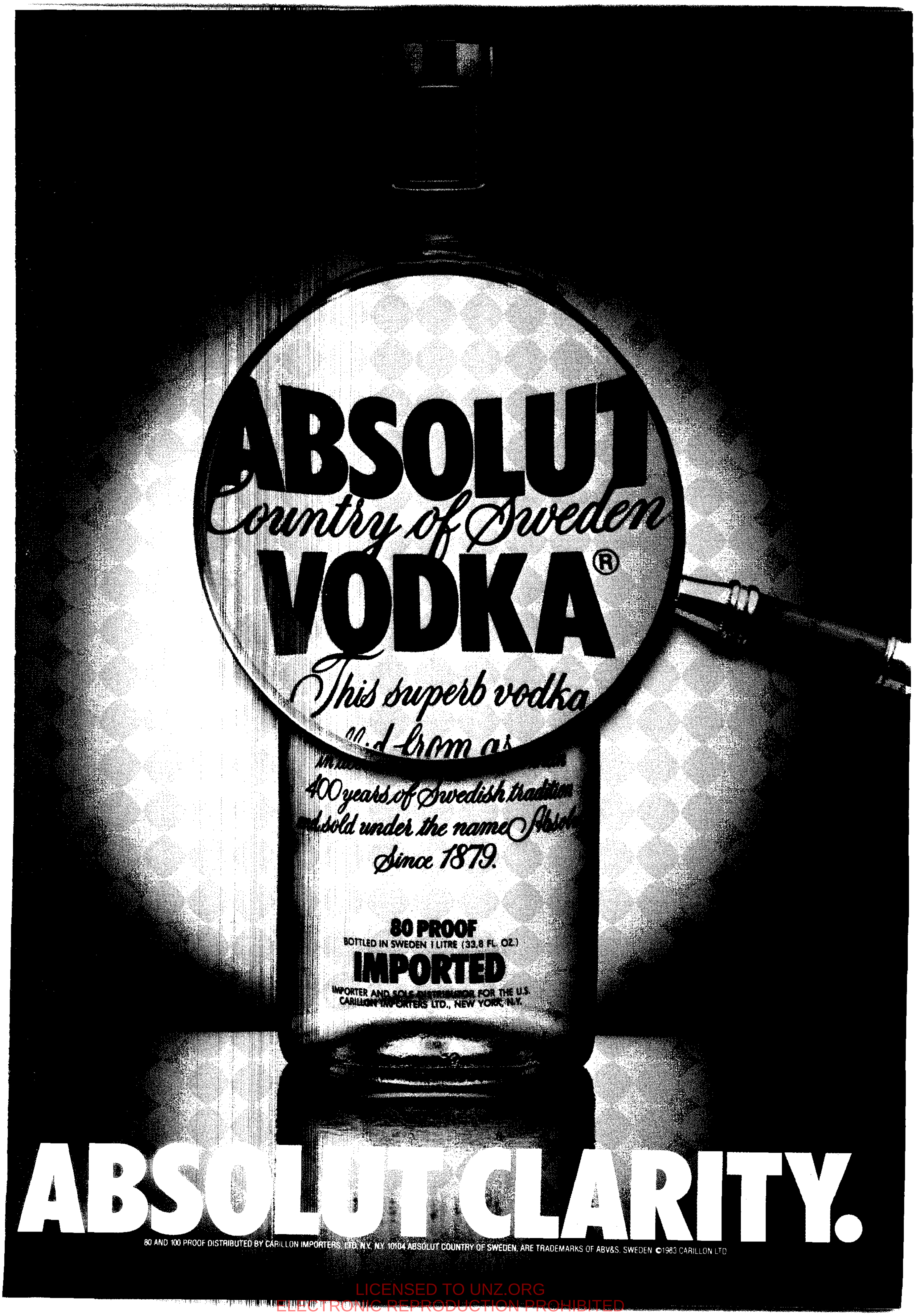
ity University, in Texas, he won the national collegiate championship in 1976, and after turning professional he enjoyed immediate success against some of the top players. His career then became a jumble. He was never at his best in the major championships. He reached the quarter-final round in a major only once—at Wimbledon in 1979. For some seasons now, there has been little love lost between McEnroe and Scanlon, a sturdily built, emotional fellow whose basic style of play is serve and volley. Going into the match, McEnroe had defeated him seven out of nine times, but their last two meetings, which McEnroe won, had been close and bitterly waged. During this match at Flushing Meadow, the air crackled with antagonism. Scanlon was in fine form, having benefitted this year from the coaching of Warren Jacques, an Australian who has his headquarters in Dallas. From the start, he served with power and volleyed crisply, and he was careful about which approach shots to follow into the forecourt. At least as significant, there was a discernible new composure about him. The first set went to a tiebreaker, which Scanlon took handily, seven points to two. McEnroe, who had been playing rather ordinary stuff, was not able to lift the quality of his game in the second set. That, too, went to a tiebreaker, which Scanlon again took seven points to two. However, after McEnroe had won the third set, 6–4, the probability was that he would at last get himself untracked and win the next two sets as well. Not at all. Halfway through the fourth set, he lost nine of ten consecutive points, which cost him two vital games. Scanlon, continuing to serve forcefully and sustaining his determined mood, ran out the set, 6–3, and, with it, won the biggest match of his career. The winning point was a somewhat unusual one. McEnroe, serving into the ad court, got in a fast slice serve to Scanlon's backhand. Scanlon did not exactly rifle his backhand drive right down the line—the almost proverbial description of a vital shot that in any way approximates that type of stroke. His return, hit squarely but not blistered, landed eight or nine feet from the sideline and perhaps ten or twelve feet from the baseline. McEnroe, hurtling in to volley the return, was not able to reach that far over and get his racquet on the ball. Not a Cecil B. De Mille return by Scanlon but under the circumstances a perfect one. Oh, yes. Possibly because he wanted to be certain of being on hand for the Davis Cup match in Dublin, McEnroe, except for some low-key griping, kept himself fairly well under control.

WITH McEnroe gone, the quarter-final round of the men's singles set up like this: In the top half of the draw, it was Scanlon vs. Dickson, the conqueror of Lloyd, and Connors vs. Eliot Teltscher, a Californian who now makes his home in Florida. Scanlon was the winner in a battle of attrition—7–6 in the fifth set. Connors dispatched Teltscher in three sets. Making his way very softly through his quarter of the draw, as is his wont, Connors had lost only one set en route to the semis. In the bottom half of the draw, it was Jimmy Arias vs. Noah, and Wilander vs. Lendl. The Arias-Noah match may have been the best of the championships. It was a question of whether Noah, a tall, powerful man with the acrobatic agility of a Julius Erving, would be able to dominate, with his big serve and tremendous forecourt game, a tough, fast, persistent fighter like Arias, a nineteen-year-old all-court player from the Buffalo area. At five feet nine and a hundred and forty pounds, Arias is on the small side for a tennis player these days, but this year he captured the Italian Open and the United States Clay Court championship, and is just coming into his own. In a match that could have gone either way, Arias eventually prevailed—7–6, 4–6, 6–3, 1–6, 7–5. As for the Lendl-Wilander match, it went much as had been expected—Lendl, 6–4, 6–4, 7–5. A tall, dour, high-strung young man, Lendl, out of respect for Wilander's passing shots, remained at the baseline and waited for either an error or a short return that he could come in on and punish.



In the semifinals, Lendl adhered to much the same game plan against Arias, staying at the baseline and waiting for his chance to break Arias's serve, which has good depth but only average speed. He took the first set, 6–2. Midway through the second, Arias began to take charge of the rallies by hitting out hard with his best



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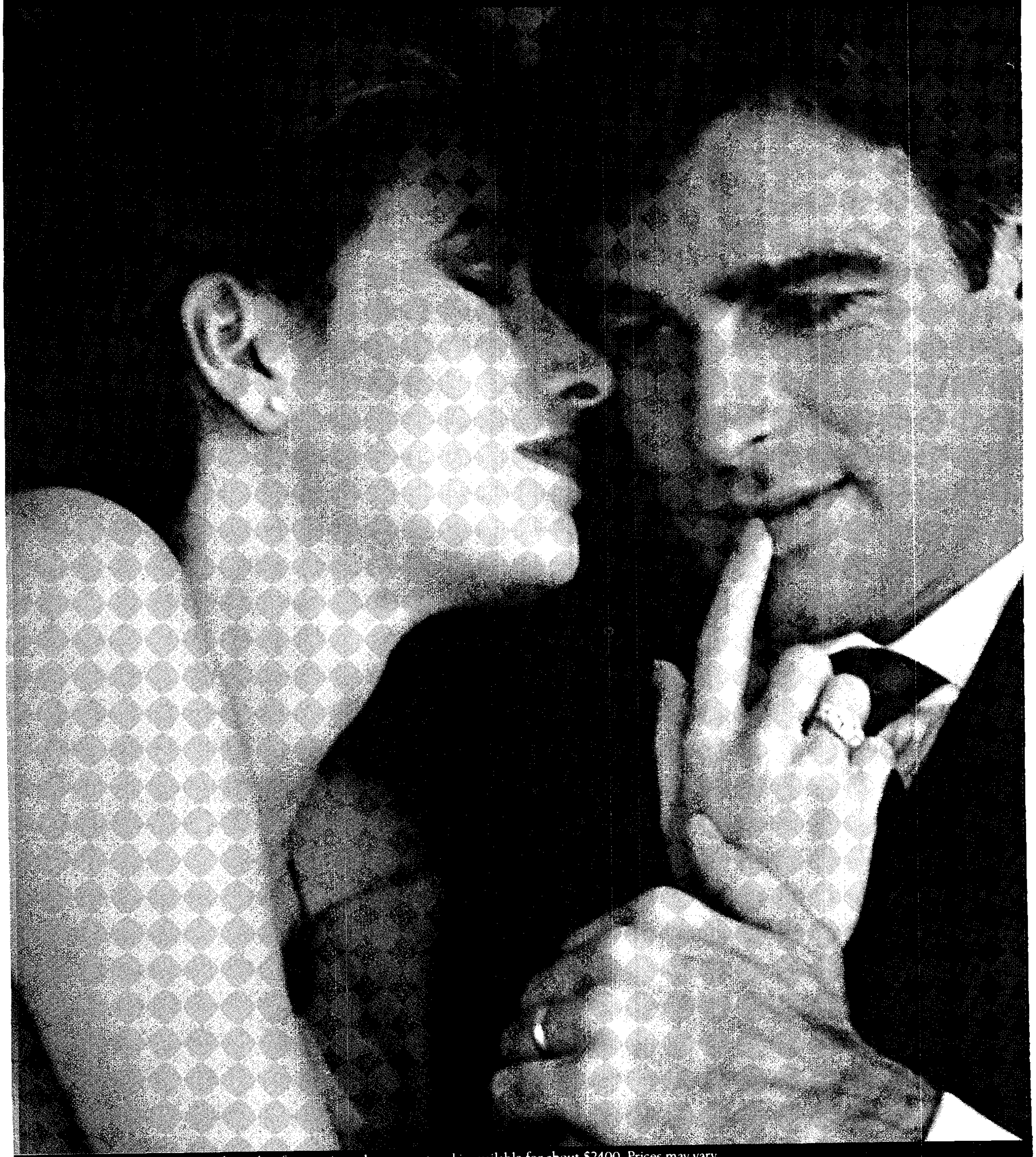

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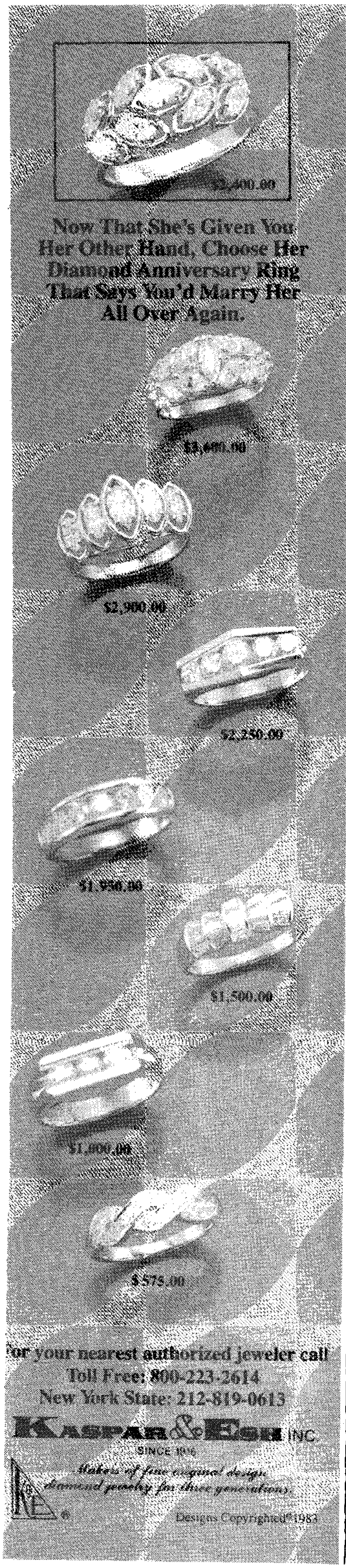
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stroke, a forehand drive that he really flogs, throwing his whole upper right side into the stroke. His big opportunity came in the tenth game, when, leading 5–4, he won the first three points on Lendl's serve to hold triple set point. In this crisis, Lendl, leaning on his tremendous first serve, edged his way back to deuce. He then got in a clean ace and followed it with another wicked serve, which Arias flailed far out of court. Lendl went on to win the set in a tiebreaker, and after that the third set came easily. There was never a moment when the outcome of the other semifinal, Connors against Scanlon, was in doubt. Now thirty-one, Connors, the defending champion, had not had a noteworthy season, but at Flushing Meadow he was gradually nearing his top form round by round. He never allowed Scanlon to get into their match. For years, Connors has been renowned for his return of serve, but he has seldom looked as devastating as he did against Scanlon. He saw the ball early, stepped into it with his Western-grip forehand or two-handed backhand, and, time after time, ripped it low over the net and got good depth on it. In their rallies, he was quick to take advantage of a poorly played shot. He would hit a skidding drive to the far side of the court, hustle in to net, and volley the return away. Connors had previously won our Open in 1974 (against Rosewall), in 1976 (in a superb match with Borg), in 1978 (when Borg could only go through the paces in the final, because of an infection beneath the callus on the thumb of his racquet hand), and in 1982 (when he had too much firepower for Lendl). After the impressive way he had dismissed Scanlon—the scores were 6–2, 6–3, 6–2—there was a growing realization that Connors, who had not been regarded as a probable winner before the tournament, was now playing well enough to take the championship a fifth time.

THE afternoon before the men's final, between Connors and Lendl, the women's final was held. It brought together Chris Evert Lloyd and Martina Navratilova, who, during the prolonged absence of Tracy Austin because of a back injury, have been in a class by themselves in women's tennis. It is difficult to believe that twelve years have passed since Mrs. Evert Lloyd—then Chris Evert—made her first appearance in our national championships, as a practically unknown sixteen-year-old schoolgirl from Fort Lauderdale, and went all the way to the semifinals before losing to Billie Jean King. To get that far, she beat Edda Buding, Mary Ann Eisel, Françoise Durr, and Lesley Hunt, four fairly competent players. She had an ordinary serve, which simply put the ball in play, and no overhead or volley to speak of. She lived on the baseline. She could bang the ball with such pace and precision off both sides—she used a two-handed backhand—that she could pin an opponent in a corner and blast shot after shot at her until she forced an error or brought off a clean placement. She appeared to be nerveless. Against Miss Eisel, for example, she fought off no fewer than six match points. Chris Evert proved to be more than a nine days' wonder. Coming into this year's final, she had won the United States Open six times, the French five times, Wimbledon three times, and the Australian once. Perhaps her greatest triumph is that she has been one of the rare sports celebrities of our time who, while sustaining her career over a long period, has been able to remain an admirable and natural person.

In the last two years, however, there has been a noticeable falling off in the quality of Mrs. Evert Lloyd's tennis, and on the eve of her final against Miss Navratilova one could see this reflected in the record of their head-to-head matches. (It will work better, I think, if henceforth we refer to these longtime rivals as Chris and Martina, as one does in conversation.) Since their first meeting, in 1973, Martina, who was born in Czechoslovakia, had lost thirty of her fifty-three matches against Chris, but since 1979 she had held the upper hand. During this period, she has won seventeen of their twenty-four matches, including their four meetings earlier this year. The fact that Martina is about two years younger than Chris may have something to do with her dominance in recent years, but Martina's supporters can come up with many other reasons. They believe that she has developed into a much better tennis player than Chris and, indeed, into one of the premier woman players of all time. There was a period when one could

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expect Martina to be shaky on the important occasions, but that day has passed, and in the 1983 final she exuded confidence from the outset. She won the first game convincingly, coming to net behind her powerful left-handed serve—the best by far in women's tennis. She then broke through Chris's serve quite easily, and this set the tenor of the match. Martina was the aggressor all the way. She was serving with such force and depth that she often followed her second serve as well as her first in to net and established a strong volleying position. Chris, for her part, seemed tight. Her timing was off on most of her ground strokes, and the only passing shot she hit with anything like her usual sharpness was her two-handed crosscourt backhand. The first set went to Martina, 6–1. Chris made much more of a fight of it in the second, breaking Martina's serve in the fourth game to knot the set at 2–2. It was all over after the eighth game, however. At deuce on Martina's service, a spirited rally took place. Chris played what looked to be the winning shot when she wafted a perfect lob that caught Martina by surprise. Martina tore after it. After the ball had landed softly in the left corner of the court, she caught up with it on the bounce, whirled, and swatted a marvellous forehand drive just inside the sideline for a dazzling placement. The score of the second set was 6–3, and Martina, in her eleventh attempt, had at last carried off her first United States Open. She has won Wimbledon four times and the Australian and the French Opens once each. At the moment, she is, unarguably, in a class by herself. From the first of January, 1982, through the Open, Martina won a hundred and fifty-six matches while losing only four. This year, her record through the Open was sixty-six and one—the one defeat coming in the French Open. She has got where she is by hard work and discipline. Her daily regimen is to practice her tennis for four hours, lift weights for an hour, play basketball for an hour, and run two or three miles. Extraordinarily strong, fast on her feet, and full of drive and stamina, she has made herself one of the finest woman athletes in history.

THIS year, the United States Open was in dire need of a well-played, exciting final between Connors and Lendl. With the exception of the Arias-Noah, Scanlon-McEnroe, and

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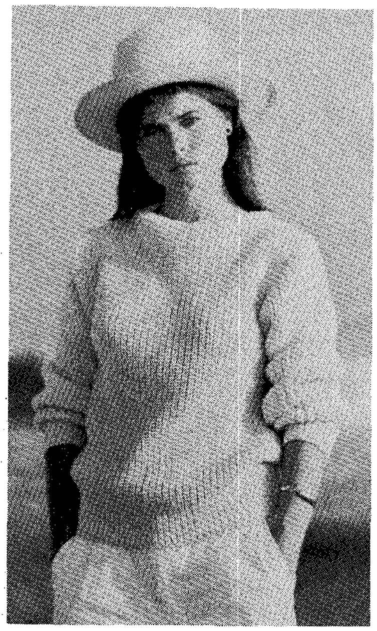

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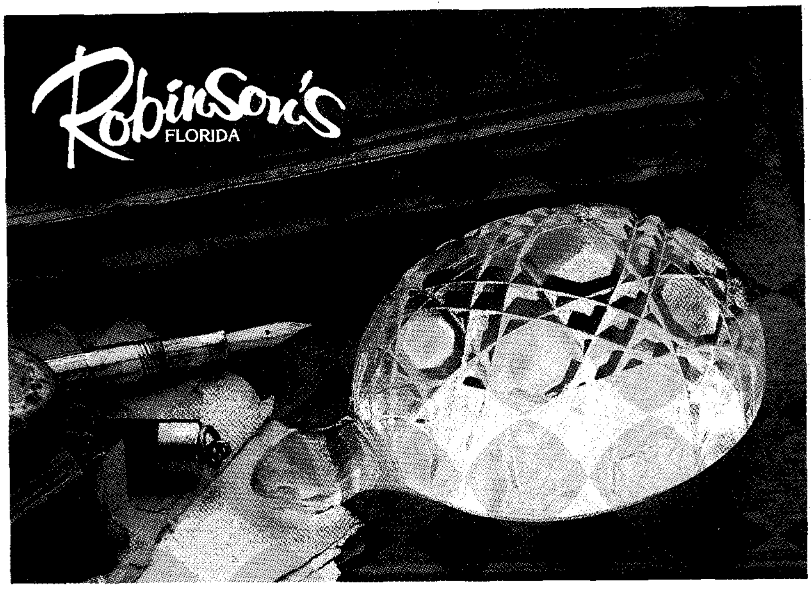
Krickstein-Gerulaitis duels and one or two others, there had been a dearth of good matches in both the men's and the women's divisions. This marked the second straight year that Connors and Lendl would be meeting in the final, and everybody was hoping for a match with a more dramatic core than last year's. As you may remember, Lendl, who had won tournaments galore earlier in the season but had still to win a major championship, came into the Stadium Court so nervously taut on the day of the final that he could not do justice to his bountiful talents, and Connors took care of him without undue exertion, 6–3, 6–2, 4–6, 6–4. Lendl's strokes include an explosively fast serve, a competent backhand, and what on occasion appears to be the fiercest forehand in the game. Such an occasion was the Masters tournament in Madison Square Garden last January, which is played on a Supreme Court carpet, a surface about midway between clay and Deco-Turf II in speed of bounce. In his semifinal match, Lendl defeated Connors, 6–3, 6–1. In closing out the first set with two love games, Lendl, a rangy six feet two, cut loose with a fusillade of brilliant shots that had the old-timers jumping to their feet and comparing him to Tilden and Vines. To prove that this was not just an exceptional evening for him, Lendl's tennis was of this same majestic standard in the final, in which he defeated McEnroe, 6–4, 6–4, 6–2. On the eve of his second final at Flushing Meadow, Lendl had still not won one of the major championships, but the general feeling was that now, at twenty-three, he had gained sufficient experience and would acquit himself ably.

On the other hand, there was no speculation whatsoever as to how Connors would perform in the final. He would play his game, just as he always does. He would crack back his opponent's serve low and fast and deep. Crouched at the baseline, his eyes squinted in concentration, he would pick up his opponent's next stroke early, move rapidly into position so that he could meet the ball on the rise, and belt it back hard. Should his opponent somehow fool him and play a shot he misread, Connors would use every last ounce of energy scrambling to get to the ball, even if this meant flinging himself through the air. Connors' aim is to wear his opponent down by pressing him continuously, keeping the pace as fast and furious as



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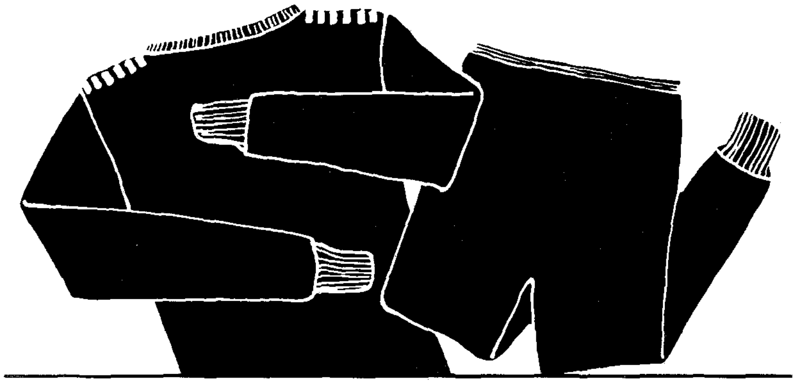

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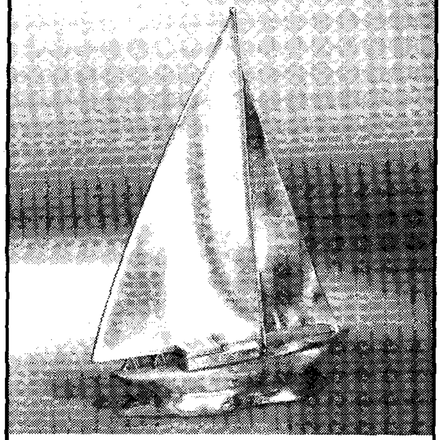

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possible. After a while, his opponent will begin to feel the pressure. Connors knows that there is one man who isn't going to wilt under the pressure and stop pounding the ball—Connors. He is a tough little street urchin, and when his timing is right it takes superlative tennis to beat him.

The afternoon of the final was uncomfortably hot and humid. The temperature on the Stadium Court when the match began was a hundred and two degrees. To make the conditions still more difficult, from time to time a gusty wind swirled around the Stadium. Lendl, it was good to see, looked rather relaxed when the match got under way. During the first few games, he moved easily and fluidly to the ball. Connors was playing his typical hard-nosed stuff. During the first six games—Connors broke Lendl's serve in the second, and Lendl had broken back in the third—there was little to choose between the two men. At 3–3, however, Lendl decided to modify his tactics. In the early games, it seemed as if he were trying to impress on Connors that if he, Connors, is known for the velocity with which he can swat the ball diagonally cross-court from the baseline with his two-handed backhand, he, Lendl, could match him stroke for stroke with his pulverizing forehand. Why he decided to alter his tactics, I do not know. I can only surmise that, having reminded Connors of the power at his disposal, he thought that he might be able to control the match more surely if, staying at the baseline, he worked on keeping the ball in play with his topspin ground strokes and waited for his opponent to make the mistakes during their sustained exchanges. This was the type of game that had proved successful for him against both Wilander and Arias. In the eighth game, however, Connors broke Lendl's service. His first point came when he won an extended rally, his second when he returned a cannonball serve faster than it had come over the net, his third when Lendl netted a backhand, and his fourth when, after getting back another big serve, he slid in a deep approach shot that Lendl was late in getting to. That made it 5–3, and Connors served out at love for the set.

Lendl got off on the wrong foot in the second set by losing his serve in the opening game. Connors, having noted that Lendl was apparently content to try to outsteady him from the baseline, was now coming to net more fre-

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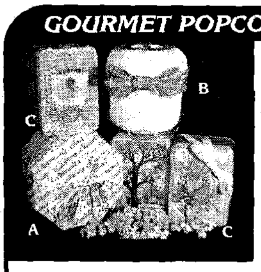

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quently behind forcing approach shots, and Lendl was having his troubles coping with this. The one stroke he still had full confidence in was his serve. Down 0–2 in games and behind 15–40 in the third game, he battled back to deuce and, after saving a third break point, pulled the game out. This bolstered his confidence incalculably. He immediately broke Connors' serve to even the set at two games all. It was a curious set. Over the next six games, each man lost his serve twice, but the level of play was high, and there was some wonderful shotmaking. Lendl, becoming more venturesome, finished off several rallies with sensational backhand and forehand passing shots straight down the line. Connors was seemingly undaunted by these thrusts. Lunging into the ball, he kept smacking it back so quickly that Lendl was nearly always hurried on his ground strokes. Only rarely did he have the time to prepare himself properly for his customary elaborate windup on his baseline drives and to send the ball whistling past Connors as he closed in at net. The set eventually went to a tiebreaker. Lendl played it beautifully. For the first time in the match, Connors could not deal with the succession of power shots that Lendl unloaded, and Lendl took the tiebreaker seven points to two.

Perhaps the weakest part of Connors' game is his service. He arches his back as he tosses the ball over his head, and since his restricted swing limits his power, he is mainly concerned with getting good depth on his serve. Against a right-hander, most of the time in the deuce court he uses a kicker—the ball kicks in on the player—and in the ad court he usually slices the ball away from the player on his backhand side. He served two poor games to start the third set, and lost them both. Nevertheless, he trailed only 1–2 in games—Lendl had lost *his* serve. The fourth game was a critical one. Down love–40, Lendl struggled back to deuce, and then won the next two points for the game and a 3–1 lead. Still up a service break, all he had to do was to hold his serve three more times, and the set would be his. However, the effort it required to win the fourth game had visibly taken its toll on Lendl—or maybe the accumulated exertion of trying to keep up with the pace that the tireless Connors was setting on this enervating day was starting to show its effect. Whatever the reason, Lendl was beginning to look tired and wan. Under the circum-

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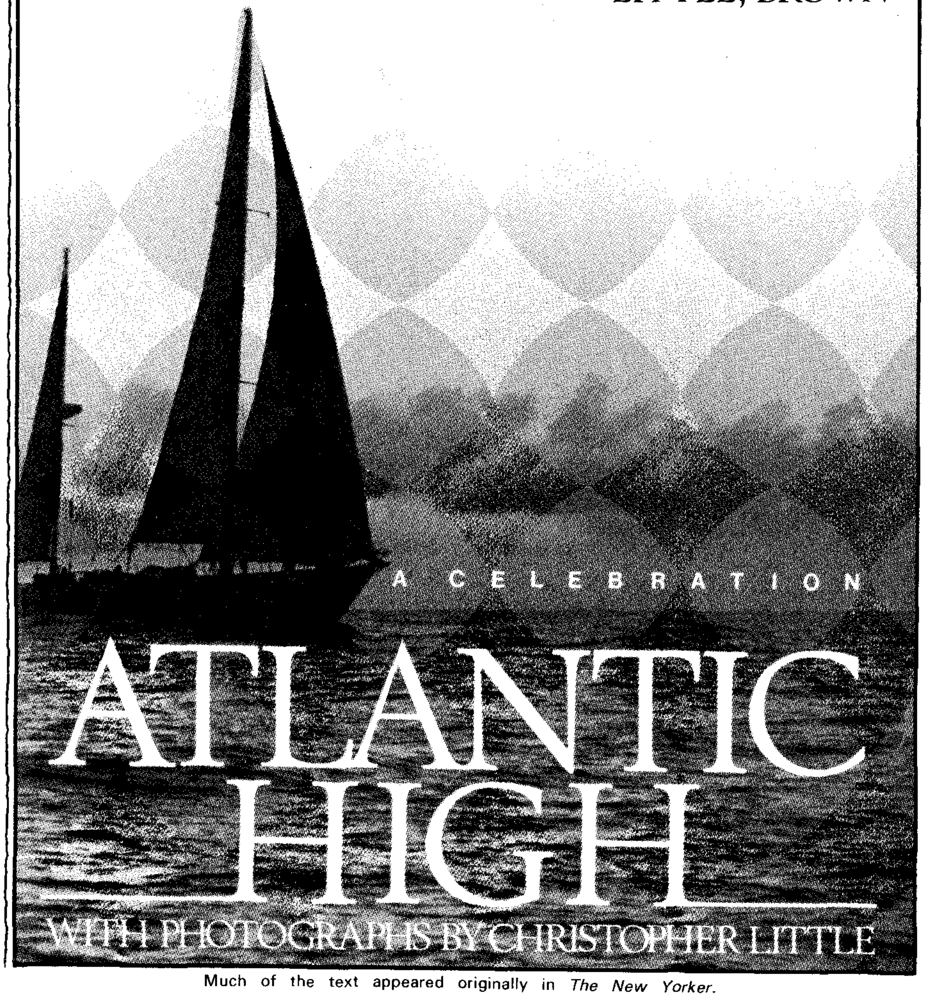

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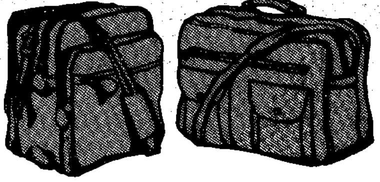

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stances, he did the intelligent thing. He conserved his energy for his own service games, and put up only token opposition in the games that Connors served. He moved to 4–2, to 5–3. At 5–4, after Connors had held serve, Lendl served for the set. Down 30–40, he saved game point and moved to deuce. On the next point, he got in his big serve and put away Connors' return with a crosscourt forehand. Set point. His first serve was long. His second went weakly into the net. Back to deuce. What a costly time to double-fault! The repercussions were instant. On the next point, Connors cruised in to net and volleyed a winner into the open side of the court. On the subsequent point, he ended a brief rally by coming to net and playing another perfect volley. Games were now 5–5. Connors proceeded to run through the next two for the set, 7–5, meeting little resistance from Lendl, whose eyes were glazed, and who moved awkwardly when he moved at all. As Lendl said after the match, "After I double-faulted, I never recovered."

The fourth set was a walk-through for Connors. Exhausted mentally and psychologically as well as physically, Lendl hit a few serves well, and that was about all. Connors got it over with as quickly as possible. The score of the match was 6–3, 6–7, 7–5, 6–0. Connors had won his fifth United States championship—the highest number since the First World War by anyone except Tilden, who won seven. Several things flashed through my mind—and everyone else's, I should think—during that painful final set. First, what a disappointing conclusion this was to a final that had had all the lineaments of developing into a great one! Second, what a shattering experience it must have been for Lendl to come so close to going up two sets to one and then to crumble utterly, like Oliver Wendell Holmes' one-hoss shay! ("All at once and nothing first—/ Just as bubbles do when they burst.") I suppose Lendl will not really know whether he can control his nerves under the tension of a major championship until he has actually won a major championship. Then the others will come much more easily. And, third, what a consummate demonstration of resolution by Connors! Physically, he had not been in top condition for the final. The little toe of his right foot was giving him trouble, and he was suffering from stomach problems. You would never have guessed this from the way that he

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played—chasing everything down, making incredible gets and turning a number of them into clean winners, hitting his two-handed backhand so viciously that on some shots both feet were off the ground at impact, never dwelling on the bad patches, and coming on and on. He can give us all lessons in pertinacity. Connors, by the way, was exceptionally modest in victory. He gave the passionate support of the crowd much of the credit. When he was asked about Lendl's collapse after his double fault, he said, "I can understand it bothering you, but you've got to shake it off. You just can't fall apart. When the crowd's against you, you've got to fight through it, so that they look at you and respect you."

FOR sure—as Björn Borg likes to say in beginning his sentences—the 1983 United States Open will not go down as a championship to conjure with, any more than the 1983 Wimbledon will. But, looking back, how lucky we have been! Over the ten years since 1973—Newcombe won the Open that summer, the last right-handed player to do so—our championships have, with an astonishing frequency, produced superb and fascinating matches in the culminating rounds.

The recent Open, for all its letdowns, was encouraging in many respects. For starters, the tennis establishment had obviously taken to heart some of the criticism that had rained down on it after the sometimes eccentric and frequently inexplicable incidents in the French Open and at Wimbledon. If there was a minimum of acting up by the players at Flushing Meadow, by both the stars and the spear carriers, credit is due to the serious preparation that Hunter L. Delatour, Jr., the new president of the U.S.T.A., and his aides gave to the championship. For the most part, the umpiring was alert, unshowy, and quietly decisive, and, as Harry Hopman has emphasized, if you expect to produce matches that have the fibre and the spirit of tennis at its best you must have superior umpires. As usual, the linesmen and lineswomen left something to be desired. Some calls were terribly late and gurgled, and one kept reminding himself that to call a line is an unenviable job, and never more so than on a surface like DecoTurf II. Without a doubt, the outstanding performance by a linesman was turned in by the electronic device familiarly

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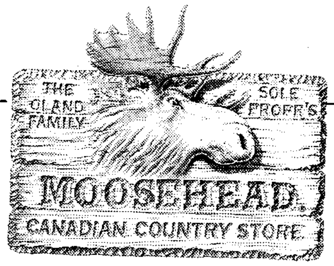

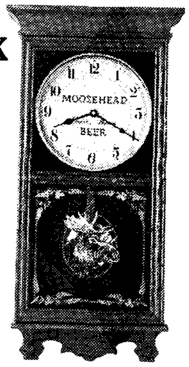

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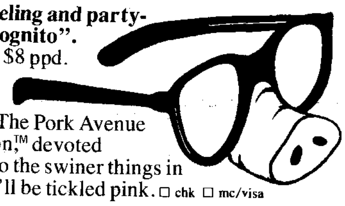

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known as Cyclops, which called the service lines and did it so effectively that no player raised an objection.

The fines for breaches of rules at the Open were announced with appropriate speed by the officials and Council supervisors—a step in the right direction. This served to remind many of us of the imperative need for the I.T.F., the national associations, the A.T.P., and the Grand Prix inner circle—the organizations that devised and that directs the Men's International Professional Tennis Council—to review the soundness of the current code of conduct and, regardless of the stature of the players involved, to insist on the efficient enforcement of the rules by the umpires and the referees. It might not be a bad idea to review thoroughly the function of the Council.

Tennis is likely to remain the multimillion-dollar international business that television has made it. This being the case, it is difficult to envisage how the tennis establishment will be able to stop the payment of appearance money, or even to have the circuit tournaments make public the appearance fees paid the various stars. However, increased commercial restraint in tennis is certainly necessary. For example, many patrons of our Open were offended when, after the final match of each of the separate championships was played, the chairman of the U.S.T.A.'s Championships Committee stepped to the microphone and, over the public-address system, introduced an officer from whichever of the Open's commercial sponsors—say, a shampoo company—had contributed a goodly sum to the prize money awarded the players in that particular division. The sponsor's spokesman then took over the microphone and presented the checks to the runner-up and the winner, who, in their speeches, thanked the sponsor as well as their fans and the U.S.T.A. There is already too much money and fragmentation in tennis without this nonsense. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

To a South Dakota man, who recounted his trip to the Soviet Union, Reagan exulted, "You confirm what I've always felt—that we and the Russian people could be the best of friends if it weren't for the Godless tyranny and imperialistic ambitions of their leaders. I said as much in a handwritten note to Brezhnev. His reply was most disappointing."—*"Letters from the President" in Reader's Digest.*

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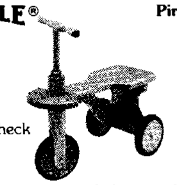

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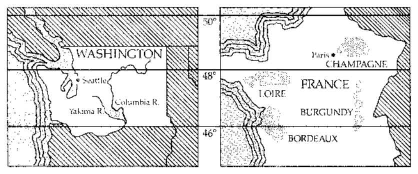

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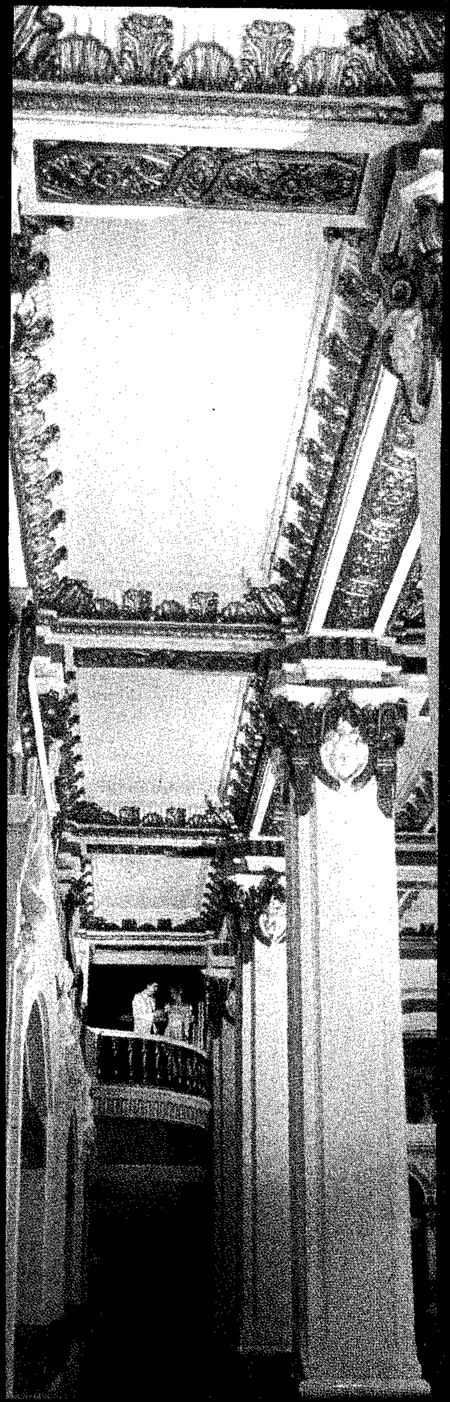

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THE THEATRE

A Grumble of Greeks

"ZORBA," at the Broadway, is a revival of a musical that opened here fifteen years ago. That "Zorba" was based on a movie, "Zorba the Greek," which was itself ased on a popular novel of the same ame, by Nikos Kazantzakis, and peraps it's in part because of this hopcotch ancestry that one feels in the resence, in 1983, of an overfamiliar nd very old-fashioned work of art ineed. Read these words as an indirect nd, I trust, kindly way of hinting that liked the earlier musical much better han I do this one, although the songs music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb) and the book (by Joseph Stein) ppear to have been very little tamered with over the years. My disapointment may spring not only from he inescapable batterings of time but rom the fact that I found the settings, y David Chapman, ugly and cumberome—adjectives that apply with equal orce to the costumes, designed by Hal George. Most of the action takes place n a small village on Crete, and if the atives of that island have always gone bout as grossly bundled up in nubbly and-me-downs as the characters we ncounter at the Broadway, who on arth can have served s models for those avishingly bodiceless oddesses that Cretan culptors fashioned for eir contemporaries ree millennia ago? espite the fact that e director, Michael acoyannis, is himself Greek and knows far ore about that part of e world than I do, it rikes me that he has one out of his way to mphasize its darkling spects rather than its nny ones. For examle, in the earlier veron of "Zorba," diected by the invincily eupeptic Harold rince, I recall the eath of an elderly rothel-keeper, Maame Hortense, as beg a sentimental and et by no means depressg event, but Mr. acoyannis has filled is stage with what must be several hundred yards of billowing black crêpe, which the cast keeps wafting up and down in a manner that might well encourage a Hortense in the rudest of health to plunge gloomily graveward.

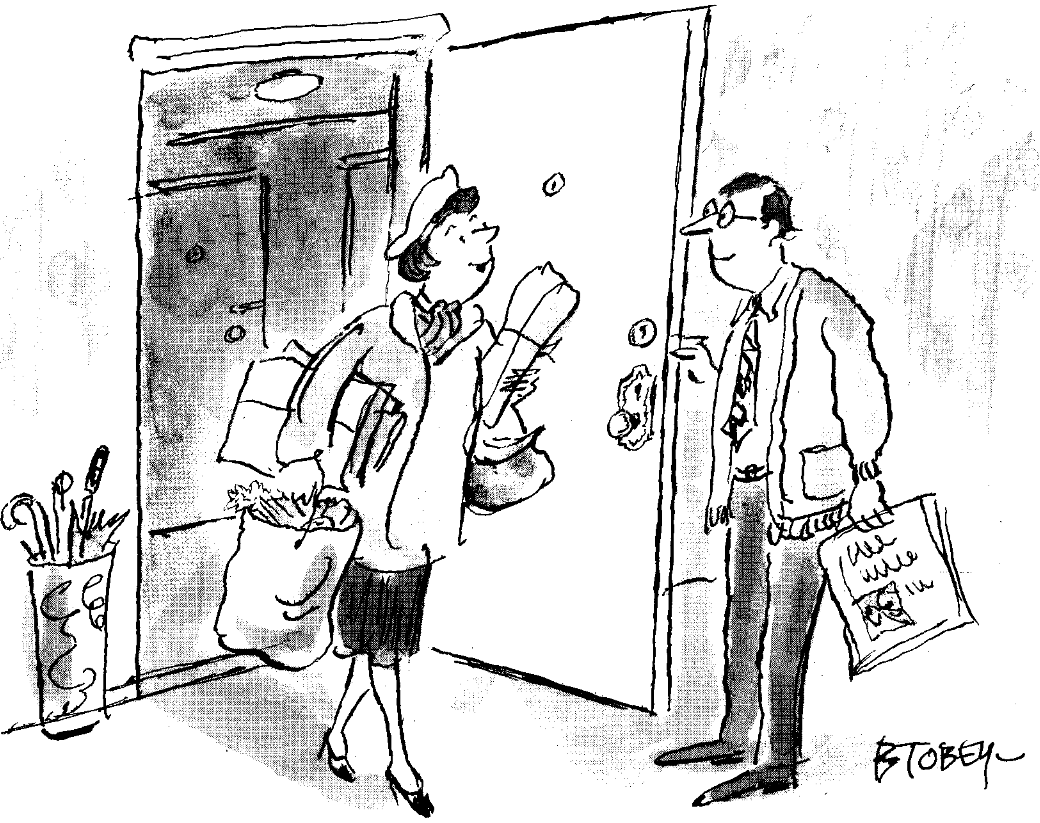
Zorba, our protagonist, is supposed to represent the pre-Christian Mediterranean pagan male, wily and sensual. He is played on this occasion by Anthony Quinn, who also played him in the movie; Mr. Quinn sings a little, dances a little, and even, from time to time, acts a little, but mostly he is a benign presence, the quiddity of Quinnness, whom we would be agreeably entertained by if he were pretending to be Attila the Hun. Madame Hortense is played by Lila Kedrova, repeating the role she is well remembered for in the movie. Robert Westenberg is the stiff-necked, conventional Niko, who evidently represents Kazantzakis as a young man; Taro Meyer is the widow whose beauty leads to a suitor's suicide and to her own bloodily executed murder; and Debbie Shapiro is a figure identified simply as "The Woman," who, standing for all women, tells us in song that life is whatever happens to us—a message not of the greatest possible novelty. The choreography of the show is by Graciele Daniele, and the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Bloodless in Academe

CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON'S "The Philanthropist," an English import, which appeared briefly on Broadway in 1971, and which launches the season at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is a spinoff of "The Misanthrope" in the form of a satiric comedy about a professor of philology named Philip at an unnamed British university. The action takes place in his rooms sometime in the near future, and it begins with a scene in which John, a tyro dramatist, is reading his script to Philip and a colleague and close friend called Donald. John finishes and asks for criticism; Donald raises a few objections, but Philip keeps saying that he rather liked it. This dim praise is obviously more depressing to the dramatist than Donald's reservations are, and John puts a gun into his mouth and pulls the trigger, spattering the wall behind him with blood. The two dons register dismay but nothing more. The rest of the play is given over to a party, presumably that evening, and its after-



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math, next morning. ("You're not brooding about John?" says Donald. "I've never seen anybody die before," says Philip. "The whole evening is a disaster.") During the course of that evening, Philip's fiancée brings the news that the Prime Minister and most of her Cabinet have been assassinated—a tragedy that barely stems the flow of anagrams and tries at epigrams and references to Molière among the academic types assembled. And Philip's passivity, his inability to take any sort of stand or to feel much of anything, and, finally, his impotence—sexual, social, and emotional—become ever clearer. The morning after the party, the fiancée arrives to break off the engagement and discovers that Philip has spent the night in bed (unsuccessfully) with another woman, a female don of notable sexual prowess. Philip confesses that he has never been able to give satisfaction to a woman, and when his fiancée asks him why he wants to get married he says something about being lonely, and tells her that during his whole life he has been eager only to please people and has been terrified that he won't. As Philip tries to bare his soul to her, all he can summon up is a tearful anecdote about a crippled beggar in Hong Kong, and later, when she starts to cry at their parting, he—oblivious as ever—asks, "What's the matter?"

It is evident that the decline of England is as much on Mr. Hampton's mind as it is on David Hare's, and that Mr. Hampton's all-purpose scorn for the intellectual and academic community, of which his constricted, bloodless protagonist is a prime example, has much in common with the all-purpose scorn of the heroine of "Plenty" (and is about as unpersuasive). Persuasive or not, though, "The Philanthropist" has some wit and style, and it has been given a stylish production, under the direction of André Ernotte. David McCallum's performance in the title role is strong and affecting, and Anthony Heald is, as usual, very good as his sympathetic, funny colleague Donald. I also admired Robin Bartlett's tongue-in-cheek acting as the promiscuous female professor, and Glenne Headly as the fiancée, and Brent Spiner as the suicidal dramatist. Benjamin Hendrickson is pretty good, though overboard, as an asinine, garrulous novelist who had to leave the Left Wing for "tax purposes," but the role is way overboard, too. Kate Edmunds has designed a stunning, effective setting.

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The costumes are by Linda Fisher; the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana.

THE production of Ibsen's "The Master Builder," at the Roundabout, is so dim and lifeless and its script ("adapted" by Gene Feist from an unspecified translation) so flat that one is scarcely aware that there is a dramatist present at all, much less the fascinating, complex characters that he went to so much trouble to invent. If budget was the main consideration here—and it must have been for the Roundabout, as it is for other Off Broadway companies—would it not have been possible to use William Archer's translation, with whatever emendations seemed necessary? It may be creaky, and even inaccurate in places, but Archer, at least (to say nothing of Henrik Ibsen), was a writer, and it is surely in the public domain by now. The performance doesn't come to much, in spite of sporadic good work by Laurie Kennedy as Hilda Wangel and Joan Potter as Mrs. Solness. Roger Mooney's setting, lighted by Judy Rasmuson, is extremely impressive, though.

"LIFELESS" is the last word one could apply to "My Uncle Sam," by Len Jenkin, at the Public. "Frenetic" is more like it. The play is compounded of small scenes, music, night-club routines and night-club dancing, sight gags, dialogue, stretches of poetic philosophy, and humor, and it is supposed to be a reminiscence by a character called Young Sam reënacting the life of his Uncle Sam, who went off on a quest to find the missing brother of his fiancée, a trampy go-go dancer. Uncle Sam (I doubt if the name is an accident) lived in a hotel in Pittsburgh when he was not out on the road selling novelties, and much is made of trick noses and trick eyeglasses, a rubber banana, and a luminous crucifix. The kaleidoscopic action, directed by the playwright, is interrupted from time to time by the character of Capability Brown, who discourses at great length on gardens and landscapes, to what purpose I cannot tell you. The actors double and triple, and much guff is spoken; yet there are funny and original stretches, too. The acting is all right, but the true stars of the occasion are John Arnone, who designed the scenery, Frances Aronson, who designed the lighting, and Kurt Wilhelm, who designed the costumes.

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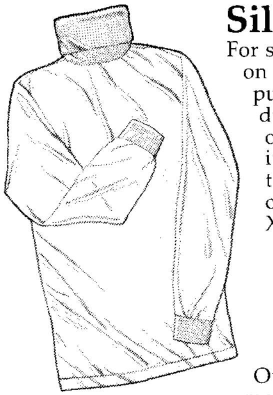

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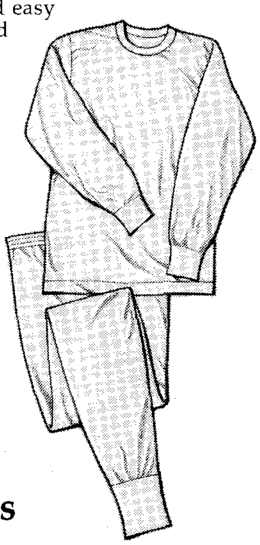

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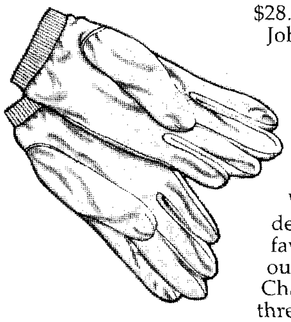

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ta Ta Ta Ta Ta . . . Dear Maelzel

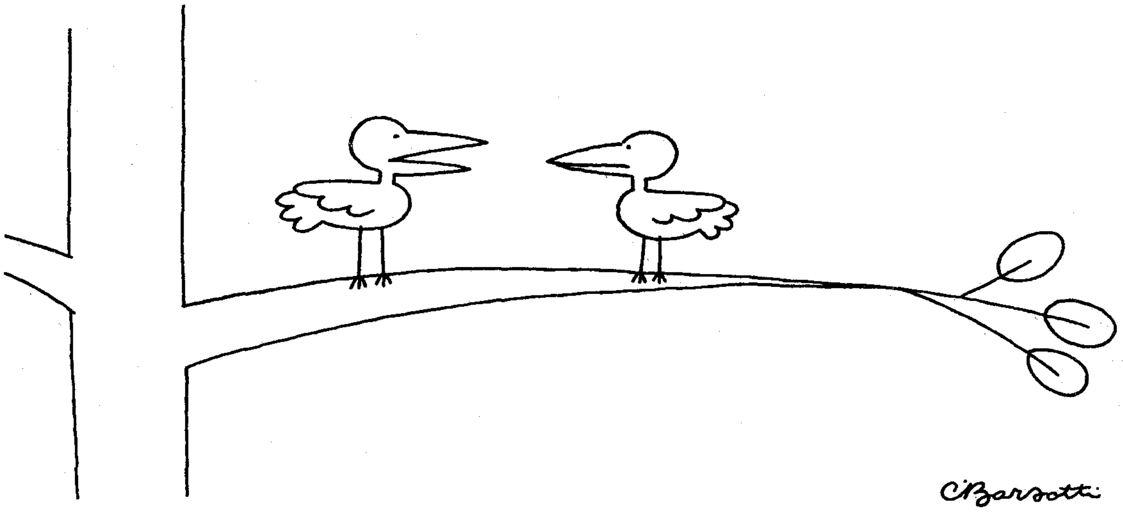
WHEN a work of Beethoven's was performed, his first question was always "How were the tempi?," according to his biographer Anton Schindler: "Every other consideration seemed to be of secondary importance." In December, 1826, the composer wrote to his publishers, B. Schott's Sons, asking them not to bring out the Missa Solemnis until he had sent them the metronome markings for it. "In our century, such indications are certainly necessary. Moreover, I have received letters from Berlin telling me that the first performance of the [Ninth] Symphony was received with enthusiastic applause, which I ascribe largely to the metronome markings. We can scarcely have *tempi ordinari* anymore, since the ideas of unfettered genius must be respected." Beethoven had long been a champion of tempo indications more precise than the conventional Italian designations allegro, allegro ma non troppo, allegro assai, etc. In 1812 or 1813, he met J. N. Maelzel, whose metronome was still in the future, but who had already invented a graduated ticktock device for setting tempo. Beethoven endorsed it eagerly, as we learn from letters and from an article in the *Wiener Vaterländische Blätter:*

> Herr Beethoven looks upon this invention as a welcome means with which to secure the performance of his brilliant compositions everywhere at the tempi conceived by him, which to his regret have so often been misunderstood.

Maelzel began manufacture of his metronomes in 1816, and Beethoven soon acquired one. He urged their "universal use and distribution." Henceforth, he said, he would attach Italian descriptive terms to a composition only to indicate its "spirit," and provide metronome markings to define its tempo, which is "more like the body." He published Maelzel Metronome figures for the first eight symphonies, the first eleven string quartets, and the septet. He published the "Hammerklavier" sonata, in 1819, with M.M. markings. "Metronome highly necessary," he jotted down in 1825 apropos of a passage in Opus 132. The evidence of his continuing trust in the metronome should be stressed, for at least two reasons. First, Schindler, who thought that he alone held the secrets to true Beethoven performance, sought to discredit the markings, claiming that the composer himself had in later life disowned them, and buttressing the assertion with forged entries in the Beethoven conversation books. (The famous canon "Ta ta ta ta ta . . . lieber Maelzel," on the Allegretto theme of the Eighth Symphony, may well be another Schindler forgery.) Second, surprisingly few of Beethoven's metronome markings are observed by Beethoven performers. When there is consensus that about half of them are impossibly fast, and a few of them impossibly slow, something has gone wrong. Was it Beethoven's metronome, his employment of it, or his perception of tempo? Or is it present-day interpretation?

The extent of the divergence between markings and interpretation was startlingly revealed by Peter Stadlen in an article in *Soundings* (1982). He undertook a survey of the nine symphonies as performed on record by eight conductors; of the eleven string quartets as performed by six quartets; of the "Hammerklavier" as played by seven pianists; and of the septet as played by four ensembles. And he determined that of the hundred and thirty-six Beethoven M.M. markings involved only seventy are observed in at least one of the performances. Of the remaining sixty-six markings, sixty-two are faster than in any recording and four are slower.

Was Beethoven's metronome at fault? It seems unlikely. When it went wrong, he had it repaired (as letters of 1819 and 1825 attest). Stadlen worked with metronomes of Beethoven's day and found that they are pretty precise; if anything, they go just a shade too fast—which would result in readings too slow, not (as in most cases) too fast. He tried slowing a metronome down by oiling it with green olive oil adulterated with dust and allowed to oxidize—the most unsuitable lubricant, the British Museum Clock Room told him, that Beethoven could have got hold of in Vienna—and it still kept time. In any case, metronomes that beat too slow also beat erratically, in a way that no musician can fail to notice. So he sought other explanations. He found that the instrument's calibrating scale can be misread by parallax: looking up at a metronome, as from a keyboard, one can read too low a mark on its scale; standing above it and looking down, one too high. But this was still not enough in itself to account for the wider divergences between the markings and their usual execution. Stadlen added the factor of "acoustical delusion." Slow music, he says, sounds slower when played on the piano than on strings. And while Beethoven was nearly deaf by 1817 "it is quite conceivable that after a long career as a pianist, his fingers had retained sufficient keyboard sensitivity to compensate instinctively, in such passages, by playing them



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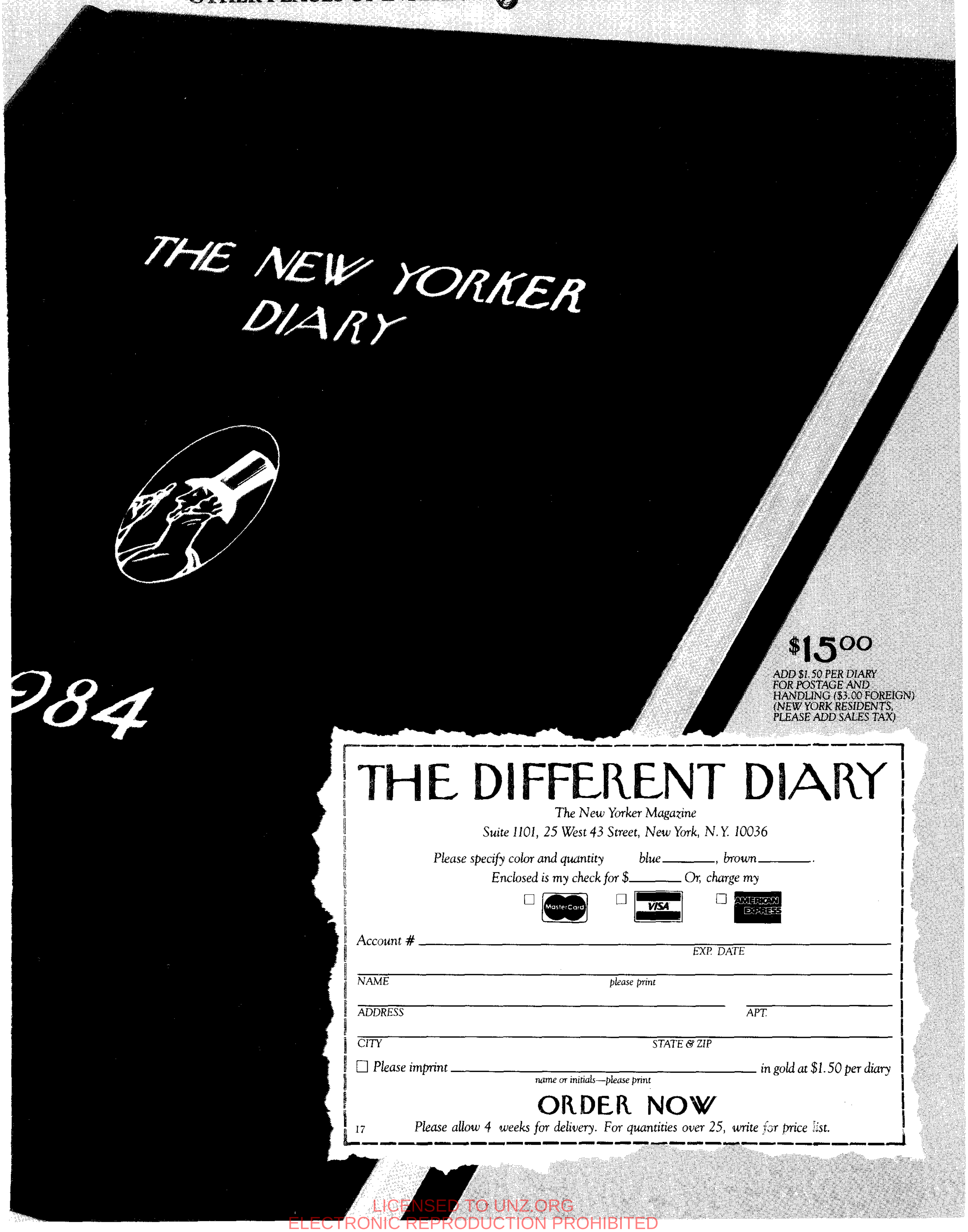

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a little faster while he was determining the tempo of a symphony or quartet at the keyboard." (Another possible acoustical delusion, surely—one Stadlen does not consider—is that when "performing" a piece in one's mind one is apt to set a slightly faster tempo than at a live performance with instruments.) At any rate, by combining (with a delicacy that this summary of his careful work does no justice to) the factors of possible small mechanical error, possible parallax, and possible acoustical delusion, Stadlen determined that sixty of Beethoven's "absurdly fast" figures can be adjusted to be brought within "the realm of the possible." Of the four figures that are "too slow"—all four in the Ninth Symphony—he ascribes one to parallax, one to clerical error, and one to a compound of both. The fourth—the prestissimo at half note=132—he considers to be correct, "and the usually adopted faster tempo . . . certainly wrong."

Another view is possible, although it takes courage to maintain it against the massed, mutually supportive evidence that Stadlen has collected from so many great musicians, Schnabel, Weingartner, Toscanini, and Furtwängler among them: that Beethoven meant exactly what he wrote, and that our performing traditions are wrong. Benjamin Zander, the conductor of the Boston Philharmonic, argues this case in an essay, "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the Metronome," which was distributed to the audience for the performance of the Ninth—an "argument in sound"—that he and the orchestra gave in Carnegie Hall last week.

TEMPO and timing matter very much in the Ninth. Its opening, as Tovey says, has been "a radiating point for all subsequent experiments for enlarging the time-scale of music." Beethoven's 1826 letter is testimony to the importance he gave to the metronome markings. But Stadlen's tables reveal that of the sixteen markings in the score Beethoven sent to Berlin only seven are accepted by one or more of the eight conductors in his survey—who are Weingartner, in 1935, and, from the quarter century 1952 to 1977, Furtwängler, Toscanini, Erich Kleiber, Walter, Szell, Kempe, and Karajan (twice). Eight markings are unanimously rejected—four as too fast, four as too slow. (One marking, the finale's brief reminiscence of the opening—allegro ma non troppo,

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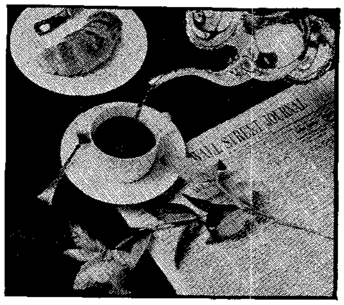

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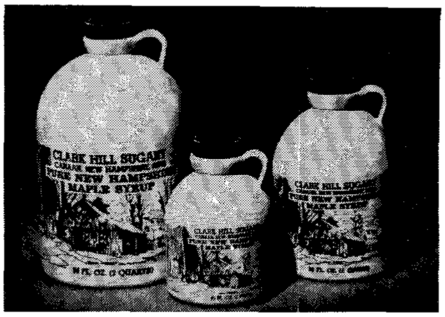

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quarter note=88—is, for some reason, unsurveyed.)

For many years, various scores of the Ninth were bedevilled by misprints that clouded discussion of the tempi. The most significant were whole note (instead of half note)=116 at the trio of the scherzo, and dotted half note=96 (instead of 66) at the start of the finale. Back in 1922, the composer C. V. Stanford had pointed out the first error (in a letter to the London *Times*), yet in 1966 Pierre Boulez essayed the resultant double-speed reading, endeavoring to make one bar of the trio equal to a bar of the scherzo. It's much too fast a tempo; but Beethoven's marking—Stadlen's eight conductors agree—is too slow. (The slowest performance, Furtwängler's, gets down only to 138.) Several conductors pay lip service to the composer's equation of a trio bar with a scherzo half bar; none of the eight surveyed practice it, however. Mr. Zander did, with an almost altogether satisfactory and convincing result. (I say "almost" because it is a long movement to hear at a single pulse.) As for the 96 of the finale: Weingartner worked from a score with this reading and declared it (in his handbook on the performance of the symphonies) too fast for the recitative, though not for the fanfares. The 96 is a simple misprint introduced by the Schott engraver (who was on page 96 at the time). Most conductors remain close to Beethoven's 66.

There were various other little puzzles about the figures. About twenty years ago, I tried to clear them up by consulting, in the German State Library, the pages of the conversation book for the day—September 27, 1826—on which Beethoven and his nephew Karl established the speeds for the symphony. (I had learned of the pages' existence from a passing footnote in Alexander Thayer's biography which no Beethoven scholar—despite all the controversy about the markings—seemed to have followed up. In fact, Stadlen was already at work on them, and in an important *Music and Letters* article in 1967 he published the pages in facsimile, along with the letter to Schott—slightly misrepresented in Emily Anderson's edition of the letters—in which Karl set out the M.M. markings he and his uncle had arrived at.) I compared the pages with the Berlin score into which Karl had entered the markings. And the figures that Beethoven had decided on—however "impossible" they may seem to his

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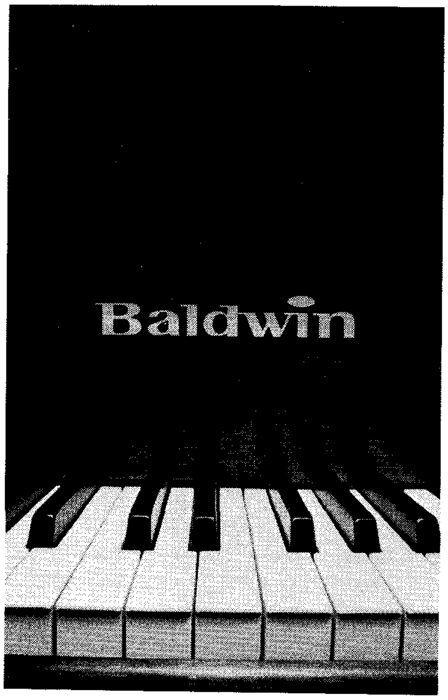

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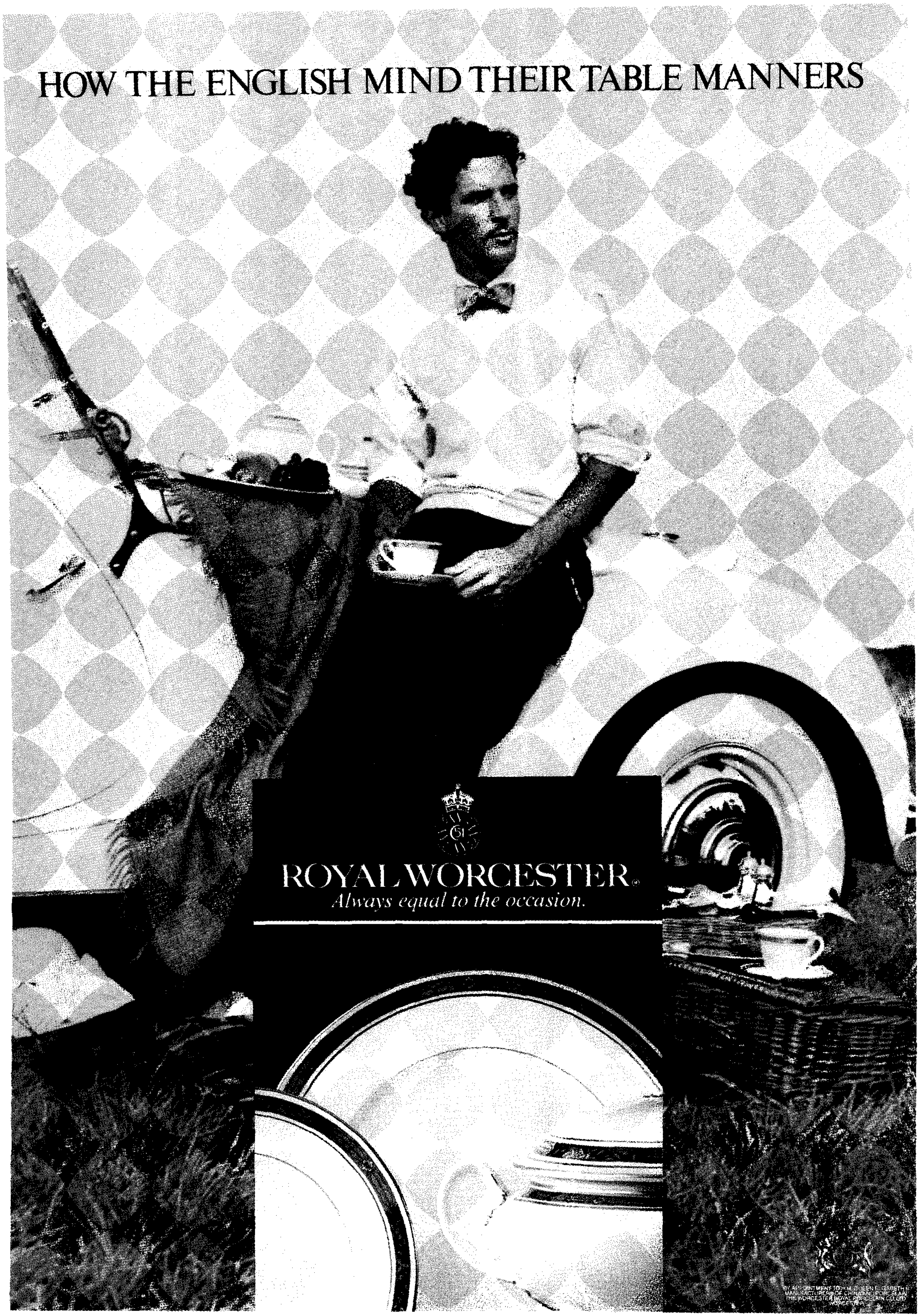
modern interpreters—were no longer in doubt. Most of the figures are in Karl's hand, and a few (I think) are in Beethoven's. The pair worked in haste: the next day they were leaving Vienna for a stay in Gneixendorf, and they wanted to have the Berlin copy—a luxuriously bound presentation volume for Kaiser Friedrich Wilhelm III, to whom the symphony is dedicated—ready for dispatch. But their work was careful, and they checked. The last entry (in Karl's hand) reads, "You took it faster than 126./132/ That's how we did it this morning." And "*Wohin?*"—"Where must I enter it?"—Karl asks against the quarter note=80 tempo for the "Joy" theme. He entered it in the Berlin copy at the first sounding of the theme, on the woodwinds, at bar 77 (which is marked allegro moderato in some modern scores—Stadlen follows suit—but is allegro assai in the Berlin copy). He did not reënter the indication—but some modern scores do—when at bar 92 the cellos and basses take up the theme (marked allegro assai in the Berlin copy, but with a pencilled alteration to allegro moderato). All the surveyed conductors then slacken the pace when the singers, led by the baritone, take up the "Joy" theme: Weingartner drops from 100 to 72, Furtwängler from 80 to 54. But Mr. Zander delivered all three statements at Beethoven's quarter note=80, and his triple affirmation made excellent sense.

At the alla marcia, Mr. Zander adopted Beethoven's dotted quarter note=84, and it sounded fine. Both Stadlen and Erich Leinsdorf, in his "The Composer's Advocate," suggest that the dotted quarter note is a mistake for a dotted half note, which would give a tempo twice as fast; but Leinsdorf's "simple conclusion that in some early copy the half note got some ink into its center and became thereby a quarter note" is invalidated by unblotched, unequivocal quarter notes in Karl's hand. Karl was not immune to scribal error, it is true: in the Berlin score and the Schott letter he gives the scherzo unit as half note=116, where only a *dotted* half note is possible; and in the allegro energico of the finale he omits in the Berlin score—but not in the conversation book or the letter—the dot that his half note=84 requires. His penmanship is immaculate to the point of omitting even necessary spots.

In the prestissimo, Mr. Zander was faithful to Beethoven's half note=132, which Weingartner deemed "impossible . . . in this passage of boundless enthusiasm" and increased to 152. (The slowest here of Stadlen's conductors, Toscanini, sets 144, though he drops to Beethoven's mark by the fifteenth bar; Karajan and Szell both adopt 168.) In sum, of the eight disputed M.M. markings in the symphony—those unobserved by any of Stadlen's conductors—Mr. Zander, I reckoned, was faithful to six: the "fast" andante of the slow movement and the "Joy" statement; the "slow" trio, alla marcia, allegro energico, and prestissimo. In the adagio molto, he was much faster than anyone else, though not quite as fast as Beethoven's quarter note=60. For the first movement, marked quarter note=88, he adopted the 76 recommended by Weingartner and practiced by Toscanini and Walter.

STADLEN left it "to future investigations to draw comparisons between metronomized movements that resemble one another structurally or poetically." Mr. Zander, in his essay, notes that the only other adagio molto in 4/4 that Beethoven "metronomized" (nine years earlier), the slow movement of the second Razumovsky, bears the same "too fast" figure—quarter note=60—as the adagio molto of the Ninth, and opens with a theme of similar gait and character. Coincidence? Zander argues that the half notes of both themes are indeed "very slow" at Beethoven's tempo—so slow as to be, at 30, right off the metronome's scale. So "body" (M.M.) and "spirit" (the Italian phrase), he says in effect, are not opposed. But in Stadlen's tables only the Budapest Quartet, in 1951, approaches the Razumovsky marking, and most conductors take the symphony movement at half speed. Arguments about tempo remain abstract until they are put to the test of performance. But I'm not ready, yet, to assess Mr. Zander's Ninth Symphony properly. For one thing, since student days I've been under the influence of a Furtwängler Ninth that—the phrase is trite but true—changed my life, and Furtwängler represents in excelsis the inspired, free, slow-movements-slower, fast-movements-faster approach that has given Beethoven's metronome a bad name. (As a "corrective," I turn to the irresistible Toscanini recording, which treats the markings less extremely but hardly less freely.) For another, alerted by Mr. Zander's essay, I went to Carnegie Hall with a modern, elec-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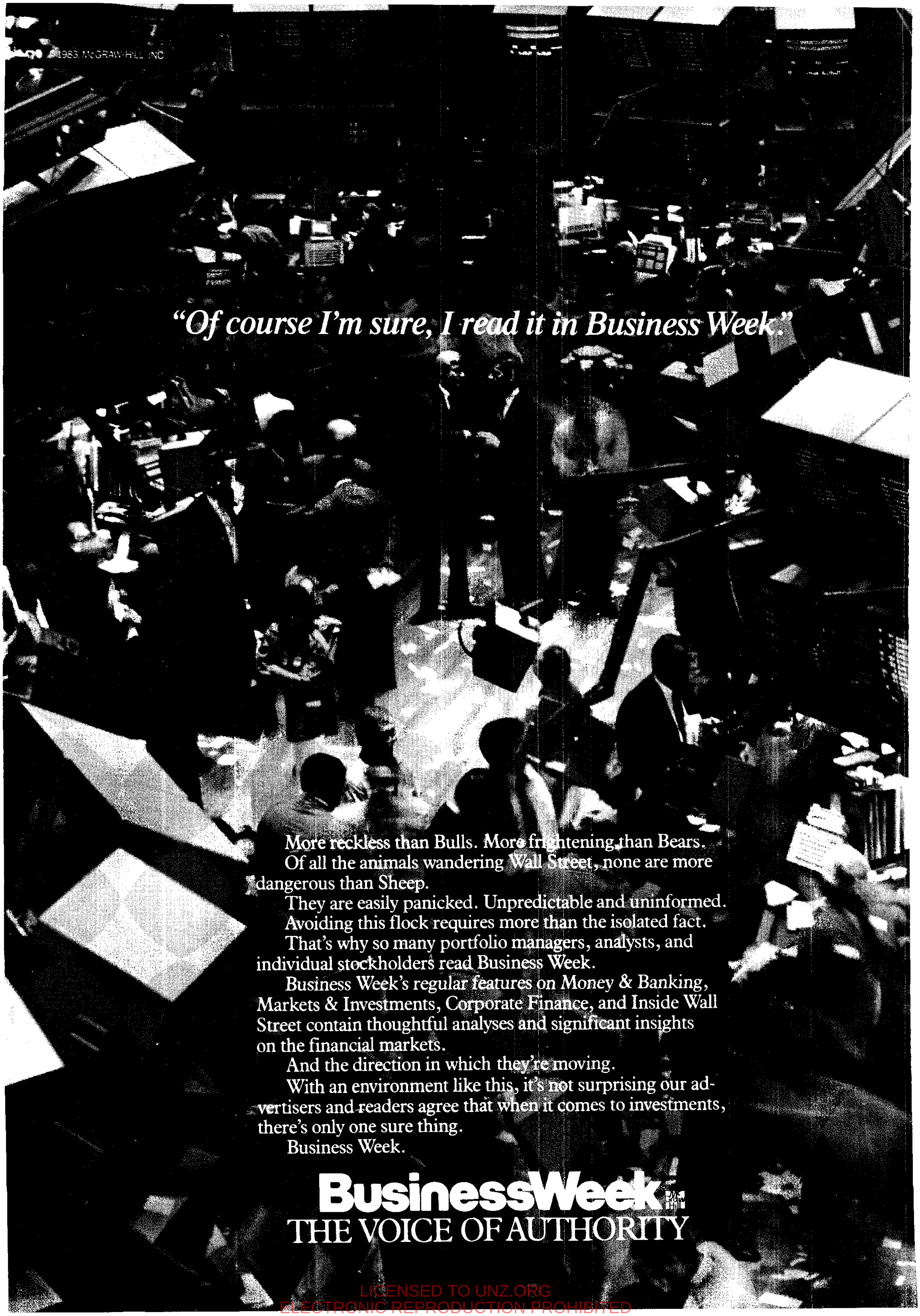
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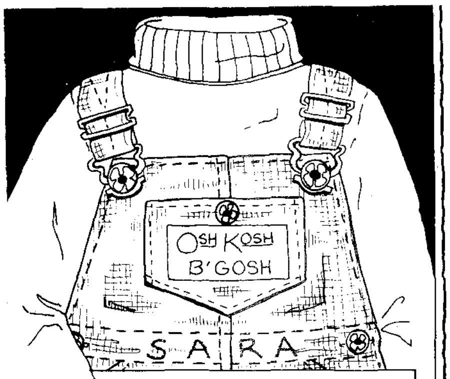

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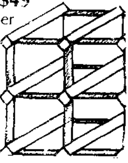

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tronic metronome in hand, and full attention—surrender—to the music was inhibited by glances at the instrument's winking light. On the conductor's part, too, there must have been an awareness that the performance was also a demonstration, a making of points. Moreover, I was slightly disappointed by the playing of the Boston Philharmonic, about which I've heard good things, and which I have admired (on tape) in Mahler.

Stadlen, starting from the presumption that half Beethoven's metronome markings—despite his championship of the device—belie his intentions, sought and found explanations of why this should be. Mr. Zander, believing that Beethoven intended what he wrote, sought to realize *all* Beethoven's markings for the Ninth, not just half of them. His performance, I understand, may be recorded. I hope it is. The points were well and clearly made, but one would need to hear more performances at these speeds before one could find them proved; the weight of familiarity, of years of being stirred by great interpretations at the traditional tempi, is not lightly shed. One would like to hear the other symphonies treated in this way; they contain twenty-one metronome markings faster than any adopted by Stadlen's interpreters. The string quartets contain thirty-four. Other factors need study, too. What effect may our modern, louder instruments, richer-toned playing techniques, and larger concert halls have had upon tempi? All Stadlen's surveyed pianists play the "Hammerklavier" on a modern concert grand, not on a hammerklavier. These matters are not minutiae, for if Mr. Zander is right we have been hearing the music of the greatest composer only in misrepresentation.

—ANDREW PORTER

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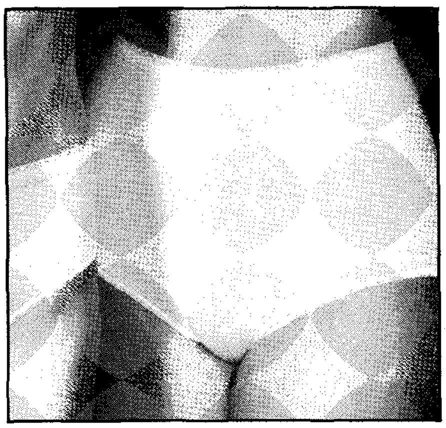

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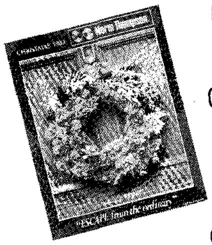

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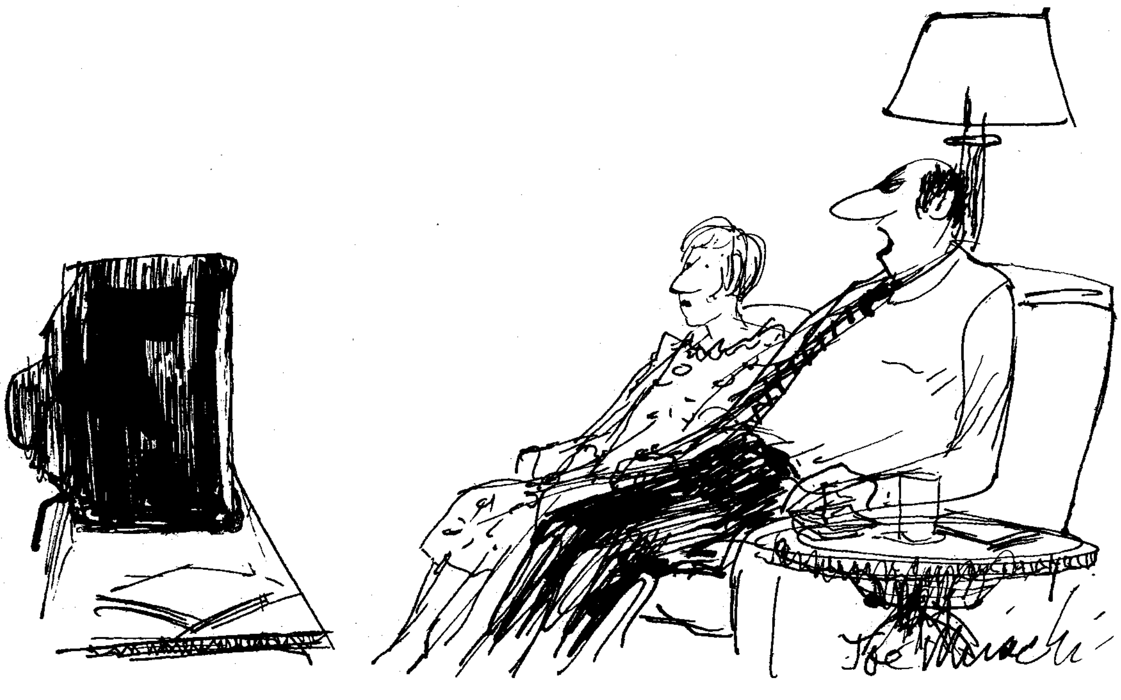
To Be or Not to Be

"The Moral Essays," or "Operette Morali," by the poet Giacomo Leopardi, translated from the Italian by Patrick Creagh (Columbia; $25), is a brief, thoughtfully arranged sequence of short prose pieces—skits, parodies, flights of fancy—which is funny, philosophical, and beautiful: a rare and beguiling fusion of qualities, achievable *only* by a very great writer. Leopardi is often described in handbooks and textbooks as "Italy's greatest modern poet" or—as Mr. Creagh puts it in his introduction—"the greatest Italian poet since the Renaissance." This didactic rating of artists is useful as a way of conveying to beginners that the poet is not the equivalent of, say, Colley Cibber or James Whitcomb Riley. "Operette Morali" was first published in 1827 (Leopardi's dates, by the way, are 1798-1837), and this superb translation is the first of five projected volumes, which will bring most of Leopardi's writings to readers of English. Mr. Creagh's introduction tells us that Leopardi—the eldest son of an impoverished noble family that lived in isolation and bigotry in a small town in the Papal States—was a sickly hunchback and a largely self-taught prodigy. He mastered the science of his day (he wrote a "History of Astronomy" when he was fifteen) and seven languages besides Italian. At the age of twenty, he was, Mr. Creagh says, "one of the most erudite men in Europe." His learning, however, is neither pedantic nor obtrusive; we need Mr. Creagh's very good notes to inform us, for example, that one of these pieces, a prose poem called "The Canticle of the Wild Cock," demonstrates Leopardi's familiarity with Hebrew rabbinical writings. Leopardi's artistry is subtle. He controls his prose so as to control his reader, and writes with the economy and exactness we associate with good drama. Like a playwright, he constructs; his jokes are, so to speak, built, and the voices in his dialogues and parodies are always distinctive. "Announcement of Prizes Offered by the Academy of Sillographers" is, Mr. Creagh tells us, intended to parody the "officialese" of Leopardi's day; it reads like a modern foundation's announcement of its grants policy. The personages who speak or write or figure in these pieces may be mythical (Jove), historical (Plotinus), or invented, but they all work for Leopardi, serving his artistic and philosophical purposes. Because of his great patriotic poems, he is invariably mentioned in history books as an inspirer of the Risorgimento, but he is not a political writer. Indeed, his Italian nationalism seems mainly to have reflected his detestatio of the reactionary governments th ruled the divided Italy of his day an appear in retrospect to have compete with one another to see which coul do the most damage to intelligenc Leopardi rejected the alternative political faiths of his time—particularl those offered by the Italian libera he knew, who believed in huma progress and perfectibility. He did n believe in man, and, an atheist, h did not believe in God, either. "Th Moral Essays" is a thoroughgoing unsentimental demonstration of unbelief which is scarcely consoling but, a magnificent writing, is exhilarating Leopardi wraps his bleak message i entertaining similes. In "The Dialogue of Fashion and Death," for ex ample, Fashion claims sisterhood wit Death on the basis that "both of u equally aim continually to destroy an change all things here below;" and i "The Dialogue of Nature and an Icelander," after Nature has disclaime responsibility for the sufferings sh has inflicted, the Icelander rejoin "Let us suppose that someone of h own free will invited me to his hous in the country [and I] found that m room was a wretched ruined cell, continuing through a comical list c sufferings endured by a singularl unfortunate house guest as a portra of mankind's precariou and uncomfortable existence on our planet.



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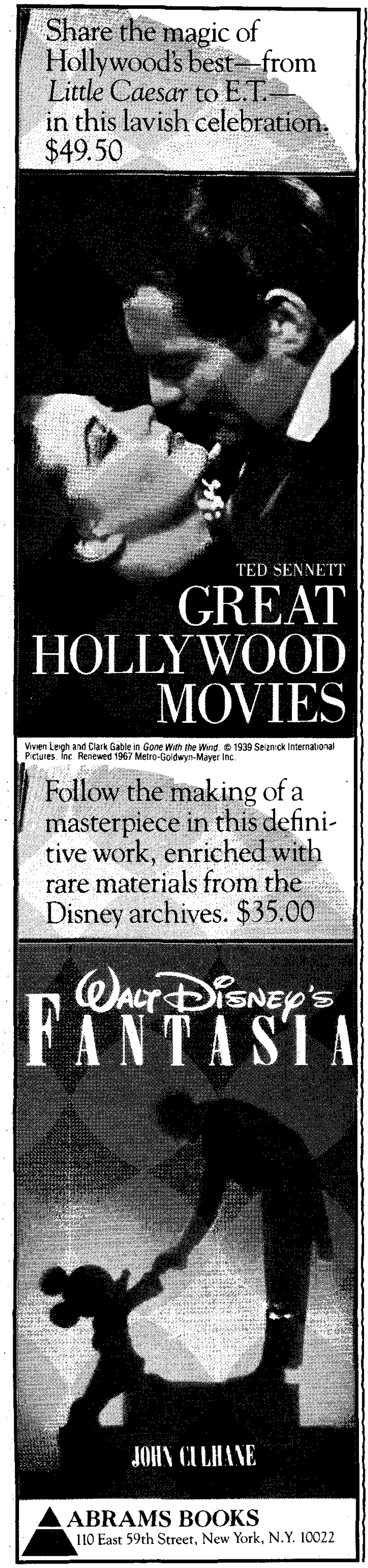
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artists—most notably, perhaps, our poets. This commonplace is often adduced to imply that the great poets of the past were content with political and religious orthodoxy, though many were not; Milton, for one example, was a revolutionary, and Racine, for another, was a Jansenist. The modern difficulty seems more likely to have arisen from all modern creeds' insistence that poets become their spokesmen. Many artists have tried to serve faiths and causes, but it has not always been easy for someone whose gift is his own peculiar vision to express other men's received opinions. Leopardi's vision was uncompromising; he believed that man's restlessness and self-centeredness made him unhappy, and that although human beings took themselves very seriously indeed, the universe did not. He tells us that matter is eternal and follows its own laws of creation and destruction, and that when, according to those laws, the solar system collapses into the sun something else will replace it but nothing in the universe will notice mankind's disappearance. He comments that in the short term—man's own course on earth—the hope of being appreciated by posterity rests on the doubtful assumption that future generations will be superior to one's own. Leopardi's melancholy vision does not sour him; it makes him playful. "Copernicus" is a kind of sci-fi spoof, whose premise is that the Sun has decided that he no longer wants to get up every day and run around the Earth. He sends for Copernicus: "The quickest and surest way is to find a poet or else a philosopher to persuade the Earth to move," since "they can do practically everything for us."

A problem of theology and philosophy—or belief and unbelief—is that we do not know where we are in human history. If mankind has before it as many ages on this planet as it has already passed, our conceptions and convictions may in time seem barely distinguishable from those of neolithic men. Astronomy has enlarged the scale of the universe since Leopardi's day, yet cosmologists allow us to think of it as having been created in time by a creator—or, if we like, Creator. On the other hand, matter has lost its solidity since physicists took the atom apart, and for the moment it seems an unsatisfactory ultimate reality—some kind of eccentric, mobile lace continually in the weaving. Then, too, evolution, anthropology, and archeology have changed our view of man so that

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teleological thinking (Leopardi shies a half sentence at the famous teleological absurdity that God created noses so that men could wear spectacles) no longer seems inherently naïve. Toolmaking, a key to human survival, results from thinking purposefully. It is also hard to describe what our species has become since its origins without using the word "progress." Every intellectual opening nowadays shifts or destabilizes our knowledge and ignorance, certainty and uncertainty, so we are forced to be skeptical even of our skepticism. Leopardi's philosophy is neither conclusively supported nor definitively refuted by contemporary thought. No matter. What he is doing in "The Moral Essays" is putting the worst possible case in the best possible way. If mankind has no future and human life is unhappy, why live? Why not commit suicide? Leopardi asks that question sometimes by implication and sometimes directly. Self-destruction has been a preoccupation—a temptation, unfortunately, not always resisted—of many modern artists. This fact of history is always saddening, though perhaps we should expect it, since in war casualties are high in the avant-garde, and in modern times artists have been scouts and skirmishers—forward observers—moving ahead of society. Leopardi, I think, speaks for many poets when he writes of the agonies of boredom, of his longing for concentration and vitality and for density of experience and expressiveness in the thin gruel and prattle of everyday life.

Despite ill health, poverty, and lack of faith, Leopardi did not commit suicide, and through his glistening display of nullity we glimpse some reasons for living. Love is one—"the most blessed condition attained by man." Not only romantic love—he adduces loyalty to friends and responsibility to dependents as reasons for not killing oneself. There is human solidarity, and there is the reverse of solidarity—self-assertion, the will of the ego to contest the proposition that "individuals have disappeared before the masses, as modern thinkers elegantly put it." There is daring, as in "The Dialogue of Christopher Columbus and Pedro Guttierez," where Columbus justifies his voyage. In a sense, of course, "The Moral Essays" exemplifies daring, or courage: the author believed he did not matter, but by writing so well he behaved as if he did. Mr. Creagh tells us that "In Praise of Birds" has been explicated in diverse

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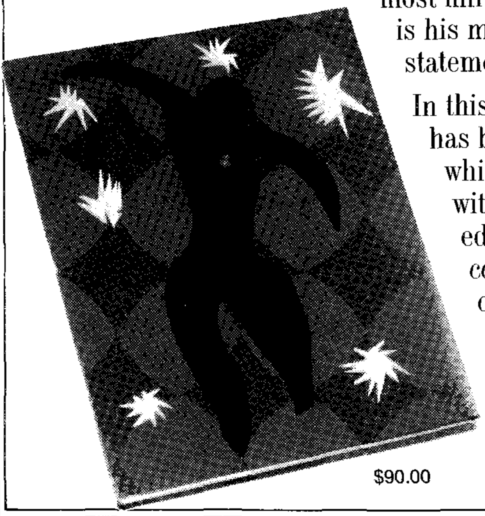

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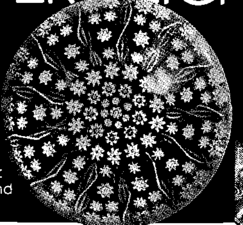

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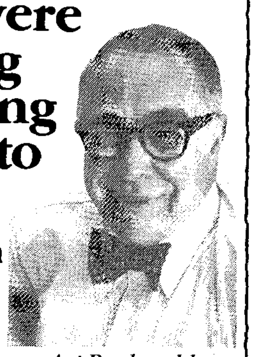
Art Buchwald

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Instead of joining you for lunch, I'd like to ask you to join me...in giving up lunch for one day. Let's have a kind of national **non**-lunch together.

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ways; I read it as a lyrical antic telling us that momentary pleasures are pleasures nonetheless. The motives for living—love, ego, discovery, delight—seem akin to those for writing. Leopardi never says so, but it looks as if life might be justified by poetry.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DESERT ROSE, by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). A full-length portrait—sad and sweet yet rigorously unsentimental—of a still beautiful, still shapely, but dangerously aging (almost thirty-nine) lead showgirl at the Stardust casino in Las Vegas named Harmony. Harmony, for all her street smarts, is an innocent, almost as innocent as she was at sixteen, when she came to Las Vegas on a bus from Tulsa and soon found herself a local star. She looks on the bright side of things, she smiles at everybody and everything, she ignores defeats and never tires of sunrise in the desert, she finds strength in passivity, and she puts up with a series of born-loser lovers and the scorn of her even more beautiful and talented sixteen-year-old daughter, Pepper, to whom she seems tacky, silly, and tasteless. Nothing much happens, but there is real intensity here: Mr. McMurtry has the power to clutch the heart and also to somehow exhilarate. Harmony's prospects are glum, and though Pepper's immediate future is brighter her life will probably turn out to be much like her mother's, and the other people we meet here will continue to struggle and hope. Oddly, though, and impressively, there is no handwringing, no self-pity. Rather, there is a kind of bedrock acceptance of life which seems peculiarly (at least in contemporary fiction) to distinguish the American West from the East.

CAL, by Bernard MacLaverty (Braziller; $12.95). The setting is a small town near Belfast, and the time is the awful present. The hero is a nineteen-year-old youth named Cal Mc Crystal, who lives with his widower father and is on the dole. The Mc Crystals are Catholics in a largely Protestant neighborhood. Cal has become involved against his wishes in the anti-British terrorist movement, and is trying to get out. There is a young woman. Mr. Mac-

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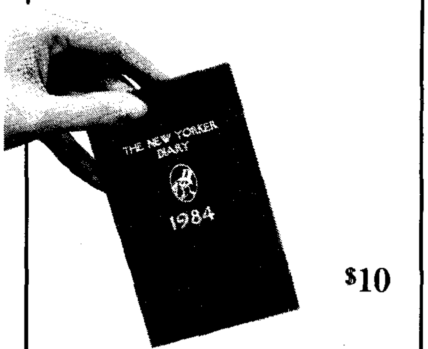

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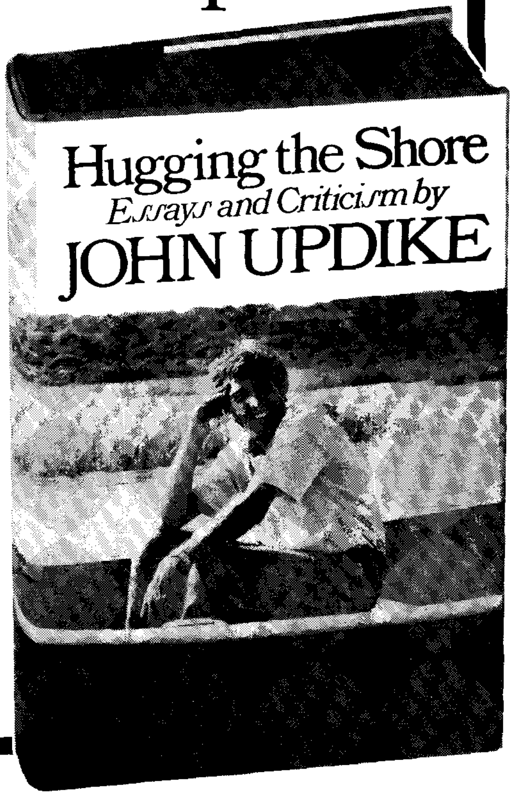
Laverty's account of Cal and his problems is short, perfectly pitched, entirely convincing, and extremely painful.

TWO & TWO TOGETHER, by Julia Whedon (Congdon & Weed; $13.50). Miss Whedon writes of a departure, a separation: "Their final words to one another seemed to hang in the air like skywriting—only slightly less distinct than before." Her new novel is witty and alive and funny. It has to do with the gathering and unravelling of human relationships: an American book publisher and his wife, the Englishman he hires, and the companionable trio they make through a series of summer weekends; the publisher's teen-age son by a first marriage; and the Englishman's grownup twin daughter and son back in England. It has its faults (the ending is perhaps a little pat and ironic), but it is rich in feeling. The scene is New York City, chiefly, and Paris, London, and Brighton.

A GATHERING OF OLD MEN, by Ernest J. Gaines (Knopf; $13.95). Early in this eloquent novel, which focusses on one hot day in Louisiana in the late nineteen-seventies, a sheriff is summoned to a certain sugarcane plantation, where he finds one young white woman, about eighteen old black men, and one dead Cajun farmer. The sheriff is sure he knows who killed the Cajun—although each of the men is toting a twelve-gauge shotgun, only one of them could hit a barn door—but threats and slaps fail to change their stories. Each one claims guilt, and all but one promise to provoke a riot at the courthouse if the sheriff tries to make an arrest. In the meantime, they wait for the lynch mob that the dead man's father—like his son, a notorious brute—is sure to launch. The old men's grievances against this family, which they take turns recalling, go back about forty years; the woman, who has inherited the plantation, shares their indignation that white men with tractors have always run black men with mules off the land. There is an extraneous subplot, involving two L.S.U. football players and a game against Ole Miss scheduled for the next day; the showdown at the plantation is the one that matters. Before it is over, everyone involved has been surprised by something: the old black



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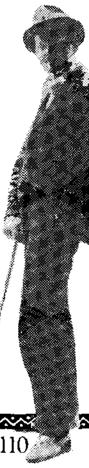

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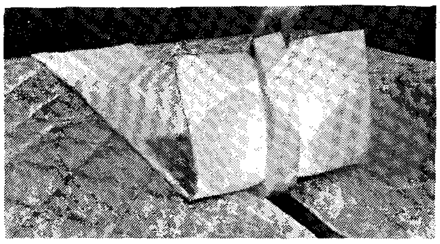

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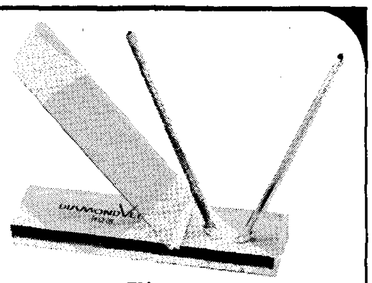

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men not least of all, by their first taste of power and pride.

GENERAL

OUTRAGEOUS ACTS AND EVERYDAY REBELLIONS, by Gloria Steinem (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $14.95). Essays that trace the author's evolution as a feminist. Miss Steinem is a gifted writer—witty, pithy, cogent, vivid. Her memoirs of her mother, for example, and of George McGovern are touching; her report of her experiences as a young journalist posing as a *Playboy* Bunny remains an entertaining, convincing, and fresh picture of exploitation. The later pieces, mainly arguments or opinions, are less absorbing, possibly because—thanks in part to Miss Steinem's own efforts—their concerns are familiar.

VANESSA BELL, by Frances Spalding (Ticknor & Fields; $22.95). The painter Vanessa Bell (1879-1961) was Virginia Woolf's older sister, and their Victorian girlhood was punctuated by funerals and dominated by tyrants of both sexes. The young women succeeded in freeing their lives from archaic demands, but Vanessa seems to have adopted the role of her self-sacrificing mother, and devoted herself to her husband, lovers, and children as intensely as to her art. Her homes were havens or asylums for friends and family. She knew tragedy—her oldest child, Julian Bell, was killed in the Spanish Civil War, and her sister's suicide was a grave loss—but she worked dauntlessly. Frances Spalding's narrative recaptures details of everyday life and the growth of an artistic career, and the illustrations—some in color—show us the nature of Mrs. Bell's achievement.

NOTE: "Caution: Small Ensembles," a collection of drawings by Edward Koren, has been published by Pantheon ($9.95). All the drawings originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

Who's afraid of Richard Wagner? Anne Ewers, that's who, and it's a shame, because the production had its special moments and a number of fine performances. Roger Roloff was magisterial as Wonton, a bass baritone with a clarion tone and an encompassing sense of musical momentum that demonstrated how, over the course of three operas, a god can grow in self-knowledge.—*Cambridge (Mass.) Tab.*

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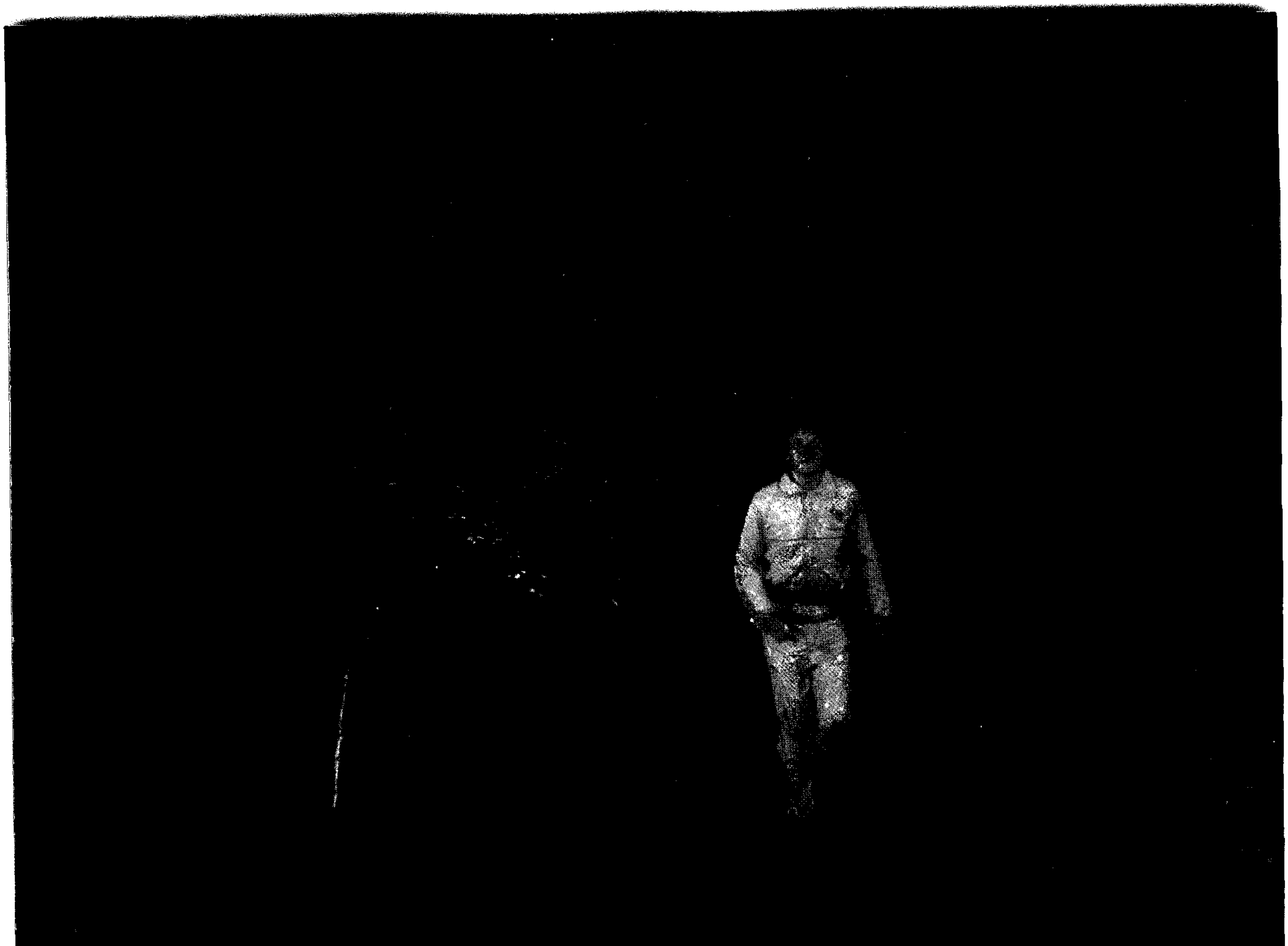

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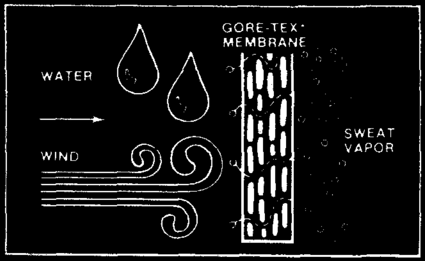

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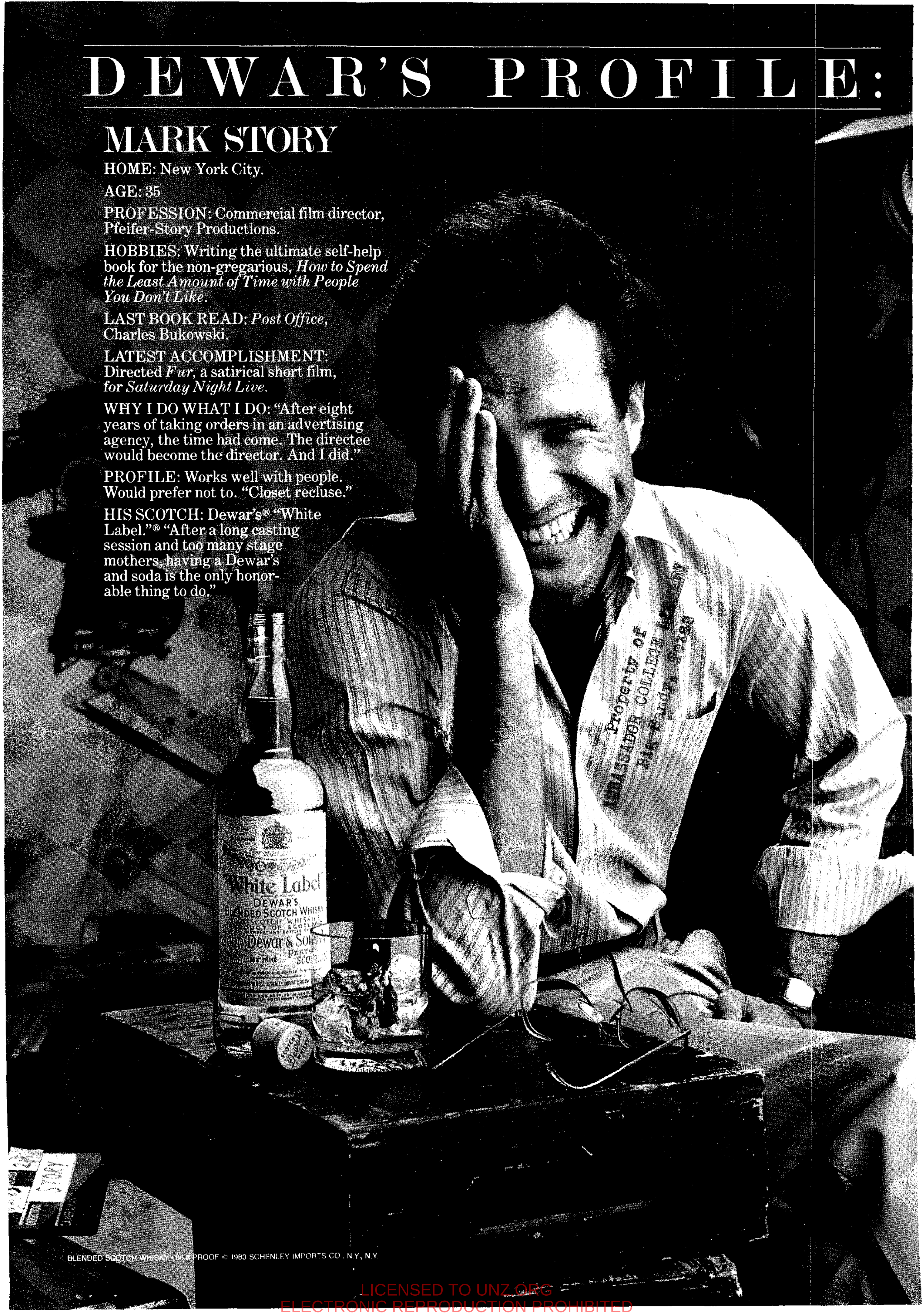

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MARK STORY

HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeifer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like.*

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